"OBITER DICTA"

Don Laycock

Don Laycock: "OBITER DICTA" 1979

Obiter Dicta = OD 1949 ff-1979

OBITER DICTA

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A U S T R A L I A

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Page 1 - 239 : January 1959: for pages 1-156.
[= (two-up) 120f.] "Additions" 1962 :pages 157-206.
"Limericks" 1963 :pages 207-239.
Pages 240-*ff.* : "Odds & Ends"1979:pages 240-256.
[= (one-up) 17f.] final retyping 1979

Total sheets:
137f.

Date of
PLACE KEY: - Collection:

A: Adelaide, Australia
C: Canberra "
→ EB: (Elder brother b.1931) hjx
G: (Graffiti)
H: High School, 1949-53.
L: Sydney Libs. 1959-62.
N: Newcastle, NSW.
P: Primary School, to 1948.
Q: (originals by DCL.)
S: Army Austral. 1955-7.
U¹: University, 1954-57 (*for* pages 1-156).
U²: United States, 1962-3 Indiana Univ. (*for* pages 157 *ff.*)
WW1 & 2: World Wars 1 & 2.

[Don C. LAYCOCK]

OBITER DICTA

— o —

A COLLECTION

OF

OBSCENE & UNUSUAL

VERSE

[Newcastle, N.S.W.
JANUARY, 1959]
[Collected 1949 – 1979]

Additional notes (October 1979) thruout in RED.

This represents my original wee collection, as far as it was typed to January 1959 - in fact, a photocopy * of exactly this section was lodged with the State Library of South Australia on that date. Additional material will be found in the second bundle.

Abbreviations for sources, places, and dates: [b. 1936? - 1988?]

N = Newcastle, (NSW).
P = Primary school (to 1948)
H = High School (1949-53)
U = University (1954-57)
S = Army (National Service, 1955-7, 3 months per year)

(ORIGINAL MS.) // "ADDITIONS" (1961-62)
*PAGES 1 – 156. // PAGES 157 – 206.
"LIMERICKS" (1962-63) 207-239 // "ODDS & ENDS" (1979) 240-256.

A = Adelaide 1958
C = Canberra Postgraduate study 1959-62
L = Sydney Libertarians ('The Push'), by frequent visits 1959-62
U = US (Bloomington, Ind. + Chicago) 1962-3.
Later dates irrelevant for this collection.

Also:

Q = items written by DCL.
W2 = World War 2.
W1 = World War 1.
EB = an elder brother (born 1931).

STUDENT AND PARTY SONGS.

G = lavatory wall (+ similar places) graffiti.

Note 1. S overlaps with U, as it was - University regiment, and many of the people were the same. The songs in an all-male camp differed, however, from those sung at mixed parties.

Note 2. Many of the items labelled Q are very much juvenilia, are unesthetic, + have never had any relevancy. They should not be further perpetrated — however, they are included here just in case they ever turn up elsewhere.

ABDUL ABULBUL EMIR

Tune: 'Abdul Abulbul Emir'.

O the harems of Egypt are fair to behold,
And the maidens are fairer than fair -
And the fairest a Greek, who was owned by a sheik,
One Abdul Abulbul Emir.

A traveling brothel was brought to the town
By a Russian who came from afar;
He issued a challenge no one could outride
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Now Abdul would ride with his bride by his side,
His face all flushed with desire;
He wagered a buck that he could outfuck
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

A spectacle great was arranged for the date;
Twas agreed on by even the Czar;
The streets were all lined with harlots entwined
Round Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The Sultan rode by with a wide open fly,
Expecting the women to cheer;
But his twelve inches looked sick beside the
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir. /great prick

They met on the track with their tools hanging
The starter's gun punctured the air; /slack,
Both quick on the rise, all gasped at the size
Of Abdul Abulbul Emir.

The women were shorn, and no frenchies were worn,
Abdul's arse revved like a car;
But he could not compete with the long even beat
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Now Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun,
And bent down to polish his pair,
When he felt something hot pass right up his blot-
'Twas Abdul Abulbul Emir.

The harlots turned green and the men shouted
They were ordered apart by the Czar; /'Queen'
But alas, they were stuck - it was jolly hard luck
For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The cream of the joke when at last they were br
Was laughed at for years by the Czar;
For Abdul the fool had left half his tool
In the arse of Skavinsky Skavar.

The moral, dear friend, of this pitiful end,
Is plain for all who hear:
Whenn seeking your bit, don't get stuck in the
Like Abdul Abulbul Emir!

SAM.

Sam, Sam, lavatory man,
Chief superintendent of the craphouse pan!
He changes the ppper and washes the towels
As he works to the music of the rumbling bowels
Hot Shit! I got the craphouse blues!
Hot Shit! I got the craphouse blues!
Hot Shit! I got the craphouse blues today; tod
tod

A TOAST.

Here's to the breezes
That blow through the treeses
And lift the chemises
Above the girls' kneeses
And show us the creases
That oozes and squeezes
And teases and pleases
And ~~[illegible]~~ And pays (the) doctor's fee
Be Jesus!

ANOTHER TOAST.

Here's to the girl that I love best;
I love her best when she's undressed;
I fuck her sitting, standing, lying,
And if she had wings, I'd fuck her flying.
And when she's dead and long forgotten,
I'll dig her up and fuck her rotten.

AND ANOTHER!

Here's to the girl lives over the hill,
If she won't do it, her sister will.
HERE'S TO HER SISTER!

= BLINDED WITH SHIT

CHARLOTTE AND THE NIGHTWATCHMAN. Tune: Villikins and his Dinah.

Way down in Texas where the bullshit grows thick
I was riding one day with my hand on my prick
When I suddenly met up with the girl I ddeee-
Twas Charlotte the harlot, the cowpunchers' whore.

She was easy, she was greasy, she was always on
Whenever you met her she'd be on the street; /heat;
One fuck for a dollar, take less or take more,
That's Charlotte the harlot, the cowpunchers' whore.

Now Charlotte was up in her bedroom one night,
When all of a dudden she wanted to shite,
So she up with the window and out with her arse,
And pity the poor bastard who happened to pass!

Now the ppor old nightwatchman was making his round
When all of a sudden he heard ominous sounds,
So he cocked back his head and looked up in the sky,
And a great lump of shit hit him fair in the eye.

Now the poor old nightwatchman is blinded for life,
With ten poxy kids and a syphilitic wife,
And he stands on the corner of Market and Pitt
With a sign round his neck saying:
BLINDED BY SHIT.

ARSOLE-CHARCOAL (A Party Game). (Tune: Vicar of Bray)

Two tom-cats by the fireside sat
Around a bucket of charcoal;
Said one tom-cat to the other tom-cat
'Let's blacken each other's arsole'.
Arsole charcoal arsole charcoal,
So one took a piece and the other took a piece
And they blackened each other's arsole.

Three tom-cats by the fireside sat
Around a bucket of charcoal;
Said one tom-cat to the other tom-cats,
'Let's blacken each other's arsoles'.
Arsole charcoal arsole charcoal, &c.
So one took a piece and the others took a piece
And they blackened each other's arsoles.

Four tom-cats... etc!

THE FINEST FAMILY. Tune: The Road to the Isl

(Sung with a heavy Scots accent!) place to gae

If ye're ever doon in London and ye hae na pl
And ye canna find a spot to sit ye doon,
For a penny on deposit
Ye can hire a water-closet
And a season ticket costs but half-a-croon.
There's a gentlemen's convenience on the corn
And a ladies' one a little further doon; /Wa
If ye've an achin' in yer heart
Ye need a penny for a fart -
We own every public lavatory in toon.

D'ye ken me sister Tilly, she's a whore in P
And me mither runs a brothel in the Strand,
And me father hawks his arsole
Roond the walls of Windsor Castle -
We're the finest fookin' family in the land.
At the slightest provocation we indulge in m
We all are ardent followers of Freud;
For the price of copulation
Is the risk of population,
And dependants are a thing we must avoid.

(Suck me, fuck me, lick me sweaty crutch, were the biggest pack of bastards in the land)

corner of Waterloo

Piccadilly

masturbation

EVERY NICE GIRL -. (Parody)

Every nice girl loves a candle,
~~[illegible]~~ For a candle
For there's something about a candle
That reminds her of a prick.
Nice and greasy, slips in easy,
It's a maiden's pride and joy;
For there's something about a candle
That reminds her of a boy.

So if you want to fuck yourself is got a wick
Take a candle off the shelf
And slip ahoy, slip ahoy!

DRURY LANE. Tune: One Man and His Dog.

Down in Drury Lane
There are naughty women
Who will give you what you want
If you've got a shilling;
Army half-a-crown,
Air Force half-a-guinea,
Big fat men, two pound ten,
Little boys a penny.

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT (2). Tune: (Tarpaulin Jacket = The Dying Stockman)

Charlotte the Harlot lay dying,
A pisspot supported her head;
All round her the poofters were lying,
As she raised up her left tit and said:

'I've been fucked by the Jews and the Germans,
I've been fucked by the Irishmen too;
And now I've come back to Australia,
To be fucked by big bastards like you.'

THE KING'S CROSS HARLOT'S BALL.
Tune: Darktown Strutters' Ball

Well I fucked in Cuba and I fucked in Spain
And I fucked all over the Spanish Main
But the best fuck of them all
Was when I fucked my mother-in-law
Last Saturday night at the ~~Darktown Strutt~~
Kings Cross Harlots' Ball
Without her pants on

Well they lined up a hundred against the wall
And I bet five quid I could do them all
But when I got to ninety-eight
I thought my poor old cock would break
So I went down town and ate a plate of stew
And came back there and did the other two.
And if you think that is a joke
You should have heard the old boy croak
Last Saturday night at the King's Cross Harlots'
Ball.

And then I went on down to hell
Cos me and Nick we got on well;
I asked him for a glass of water
When he went out I fucked his daughter
When he came back with the glass
I shoved that glass right up his arse
And if you think that was a joke
You should have heard my penis croak,
Last Saturday night at the King's Corss Harlots'
Ball.

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT. Tune: Tarpaulin Jacket

Charlotte the harlot lay dying,
A pisspot supported her head;
All the bludgers and poofters and bastards
Had gathered to hear what she said:

'O I've been fucked by the British and Scottish
I've been fucked by the Aussies so tall;
I've been fucked by the butcher and baker,
In fact I've been fucked by them all'.

THE VERY BEST COMPANIES. Tune: My Bonny lies over the ocean (Jean Edgar - Beth Noye)

I've shares in the very best companies,
In tramways, tobacco and tin,
In brothels in Rio de Janeiro -
My God how the money rolls in.

With wealth in the big German steel works,
No wonder I helped Hitler win,
For when he suppressed the trade unions -
My god how the money rolls in.

My father sent field guns to Franco,
My brother raised loans for Berlin,
My uncle sent scrap iron to Tojo,
To make sure that the money rolled in.

My cousin's a starting-price bookie,
My mother makes synthetic gin,
My sister sells sin to the sailors -
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a curate in Sydney,
He saves little girlies from sin;
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar -
My God how the money rolls in.

We've started an old-fashioned gin shop,
A regular palace of sin;
The principal girl is my grandma -
My God how the money rolls in.

My grandmother's well over eighty,
But can still urinate in a tin;
We sell it as patented corn cure -
My God how the money rolls in.

My dad manufactures french letters,
My sister makes holes with a pin;
My uncle arranges abortions -
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poofter in King's Cross,
You can't hear him jerk for the din;
My auntie makes lotion for sore bums,
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother makes beer in the bathtub
My mother makes synthetic gin
My sister makes love on the sofa
My God —

My mother's a boardinghouse keeper
Each night as the [street] lights go dim
she hangs a red light in the window
My God —

50 SONGS
NGS OF THE CAMP AND CAMPFIRE.

THE BALL AT KERRY MOOR. (i.e., KIRRIEMUIR!)

O the ball, the ball, the ball at Kerry Moor,
There were four and twenty prostitutes a-dying on the floor,

CHORUS

Singing 'Who'll do me this time, who'll do me now?
The one that did me last time must've used a plough!'

First lady forward, second lady back,
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.

Mostly S, some additions J, Cand L

There was rooting in the rafters, there was rooting in the ricks,
And you couldn't hear the music for the swishing of the pricks.

There was rooting in the bedrooms, there was rooting in the halls,
And you couldn't hear the music for the clanging of the balls.

There was rooting in the doorways, there was rooting on the stairs,
And you couldn't see the carpet for the cum and curly (pubic) hairs.

There were four and twenty virgins from the state of Inverness;
And when the ball was over there were four and twenty less,

Singing 'Who'll do me this time, who'll do me now?
The one that did me last time had to show me how!'

The village harlot she was there, keeping the boys in fits,
By swinging from the chandeliers and landing on her tits.

Annie Laurie she was there, the girl of Scottish fame,
And though she had the rags on, they fucked her just the same.

The farmer's daughter she was there, a dirty little runt,
A ring of roses round her tits and a mousetrap up her cunt,

Singing 'Who'll do me this time, who'll do me now?
The one that did me last time practised on a cow!'

The village blacksmith he was there, a-sitting on the mat,
Amusing himself by abusing himself and catching it in his hat

The village ~~idiot~~ cripple he was there, he wasn't up to much:
Lining 'em up against the wall and stuffing 'em with his crutch.

The village ~~idiot~~ he was there, up to his usual trick
Of pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling down his prick.

Winston Churchill he was there, down behind the bar,
And when he couldn't raise a fat, he used his big cigar.

The papal delegate he was there, he lectured to the room:
'The vagina, not the anus, is the right way to the womb'.

The newly-wedded bride was there, explaining to the groom
That just before the rectum is the entrance to the womb.

And when the ball was over, we all went home to rest;
We said the music wasn't bad, but the fucking was the best.

Singing 'Who'll do me this time, who'll do me now?
The one that did me last time has had enough for now.'

The village postman he was there, with addresses hard to find
But the only letters that he had were of a foreign kind.

Tarzan of the Apes was there, acting like a fool,
Jumping from the rafters and swinging on his tool.

Jack the parson he was there, it was a bloody shame,
Fucked a shiela thirty times and never knew her name.

THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI.

There's a crack winding back
From her belly to her back
On the road to Gundagai;
There's a Yank there beside her,
You bet your balls he'll rdde her
Beneath the starry sky.
With a frenchie on his big prick
He'll ride her with ease
As he scratches up the gravel
With both of his knees.
Though the time will come to pass
Then he'll wop it upx her arse
On the road to Gundagai.

Though the time will come to pass
When he'll whop it up her arse
On the road to Gundagai.

Popular Australian parody that goes back to at least the 30s, and perhaps more. I think I learned this, at least partially, in High School (or even P).

Henry Ford, how he roared
with a frenchie on his sword
on the road to Gundagai.

fragment

CHARLOTTE, JOYCE AND JOY. Tune: The Wild Colonial Boy

It's of three harlots that I sing, who came from Castlemaine;
They traveled round Australia, a living for to gain
They stopped me in the street one day, when I was but a boy;
And that was how I came to know this Charlotte, Joyce and Joy.

When I was 16 years of age I met this famous three
I thought at first I'd take me Joyce, but Joy said 'Please try me';
So I stuck six inches deeply into the cunt of Joy,
And that's the way I had my first in the bush of Budgewoi.

(An early + naive attempt at faking an Australian bandy folksong) [WHY IS WRITING A SONG "FAKING"? — GL]

LITTLE ANGELINE. Tune: Little Angeline.

H

She was sweet sixteen, little Angeline,
Pure and innocent was Angeline;
A virgin still, never had a thrill,
Poor little Angeline!

Now the village squire had but one desire,
Dirtiest bastard in the whole damn shire:
He had set his heart on the vital part
Of poor little Angeline!

'Twas the village fair and the squire was there,
Masturbating in the village square,
When he chanced to see the shapely knee
Of poor little Angeline!

She had lifted her skirt to avoid the dirt
That floated in the middle of the squire's last
The sight he saw made his prick red raw, /squirt;
Poor little Angeline!

He raised his hat and said 'Your cat
Has been run over and is laid out flat;
Now my car's in the square and I'll take you there'
Poor little Angeline!

Now they hadn't gone far when he stopped the car
And took poor Angeline into a bar
Where he gave her gin for to make her sin,
Poor little Angeline!

When he'd oiled her well he took her to a knell,
And there proceeded to give her hell;
Poor little Angeline! [Q: The sight of his prick made the girl feel sick]

It happened that way that the very same day
The village blacksmith had been locked away
For cumming in his pants at the local dance
At poor little Angeline.

Now the blacksmith's cell overlooked the dell
Where the squire was giving little Angeline hell;
~~Hextextxtxxx

Tune: County Girls.

OUR GOODMAN.

H

The first night of my return
My darling wife to see
I saw a hat upon the rack
Where my hat ought to be.
I asked my darling wife
To explain this thing to me,
How this hat got upon the rack
Where my hat ought to be.

'You're pissed, you're drunk, you silly old cunt,
You're blind and cannot see;
It's nothing but a pisspot that
You kindly gave to me'.
'In all my years of traveling,
A thousand miles and more,
I never saw a pisspot
With a hatband on before.'

The second night of return
My darling wife to see
I saw a hand upon the tit
Where my hand ought to be.
I asked my darling wife
To explain this thing to me,
How this hand got upon the tit
Where my hand ought to be.

'You'fe pissed, you're drunk, you silly old cunt,
You're blind and cannot see;
It's nothing but the baby that
ou kindly gave to me.'
In all my years of traveling,
A thousand miles or more,
I never saw a baby
With nicotine on before.'

The third night of return
My darling wife to see
I saw a thing within the thing
Where my thing ought to be.
I asked my darling wife
To explain this thing to me,
What was this thing within the thing
Where my thing ought to be.

'You're pissed, you're drunk, you silly old cun
You're blind and cannot see;
It's nothing but the rolling-pin
You kindly gave to me.'
'In all my years of traveling
A thousand miles and more,
I never saw a rolling-pin
With balls on it before.'

Note: The melody I have called 'County Girls', from the song 'County Girls are pretty' (elsewhere in this collection) I have never quite identified. It is very similar to the US Depression song 'We are three bums, three jolly old bums, we live like royal Turks'. This is not a bad version.

*Note p.27 he indicates "Country Girls" as tune for "Derbyshire Ram."

MOBILE !

21

MOBIL. Tune: She'll be coming round the Mountain.

O the parson is perverted in Mobil (In Mobil)
O the parson is perverted in Mobil (in Mobil)
O the parson is perverted
And his morals are inverted
And there's thousands he's converted in Mobil.

CHORUS: Singing I will if you will so will I,
Singing I will if you will so will I,
Singing I will if you will,
I will if you will,
Singing I will if you will so will I.

O the bishop is a bugger in Mobil (2)
O the bishop is a bugger
And his brother is another
And they're always up each other in Mobil.

There's a girl called Lady Dina in Mobil (2)
There's a girl called Lady Dina
And you'll say once you've tried her
That she's got the best vagina in Mobil.

O the eagles they fly high in Mobil (2)
O the eagles they fly high
And they shit right in your eye
Thank Christ the cows don't fly in Mobil.

Frenchies are in short supply in Mobil (2)
Frenchies are in short supply
And that's the reason why
They hang them out to dry in Mobil.

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobil (2)
There's a shortage of good whores
So they stick it in the doors
And there's holes in all the floors in Mobil.

Timber is in short supply in Mobil (2)
So they sedimentate the bogs
And they wait until it clogs
And they saw it up for logs in Mobil.

O she has a lovely pair of big blue eyes (2)
O she has a lovely pair, she has a lovely pair,
O she has a lovely pair of big blue eyes.

HSU

But there's keyholes in the doors
And rathales in the floors ...

in the doors
the floors

How I love to see that bosom pal o' mine (2)
How I love to see that bosom, how I love to see that bosom,
How I love to see that bosom pal o' mine.

O she has a lovely naval uniform (2)
O she has a lovely navel, she has a lovely navel,
O she has a lovely navel uniform.

O she has a lovely bottom set of teeth (2)
O she has a lovely bottom, she has a lovely bottom,
O she has a lovely bottom set of teeth.

O she loves to see a pianist perform (2)
O she loves to see a penis, she loves to see a penis,
O she loves to see a pianist perform.

O she has a lovely country residence,
O she has a lovely country residence,
And the flowers in the garden
Are just like the vale of Arden,
O she has a lovely country residence.

Mixed company bawdy

O I gave my girl a baby Austin car, (2)
O I gave my girl a baby, I gave my girl a baby,
I gave my girl a baby Austin car.

O I'd like to take her pants down to the cleaners (2)
O I'd like to take her pants down, I'd like to take her pants down,
I'd like to take her pants down to the cleaners.

O I'd like to give her a length of Durex tape (2)
O I'd like to give her a length, I'd like to give her a length,
I'd like to give her a length of Durex tape.

O her father is the village constable (2)
O her father is the village cunt, her father is the village cunt,
Her father is the village constable.

Virgins are very rare in Mobil (In Mobil) (2)
Virgins are very rare
Cos when they get their pubic hair
They get rooted by the mayor in Mobil.

There's a man called Dirty Keith in Mobil (2)
There's a man called Dirty Keith
And he wears a laurel wreath
Of pubic hairs around his teeth in Mobil.

There's a bastard called Strater in Mobil (2)
There's ~~xx~~ a bastard called Strater
He's the biggest masturbator
Fornicator, cunt-inflator in Mobil.

PENFRIENDS. * func: 'Humoresque' Humoresque

The Mother to the Salesman:

I could tell that you were pushin'
By the imprints on the cushion,
By the footprints on the dashboard pointing down;
Since you met my daughter Nellie
She's having trouble with her belly
And ~~I~~ wish ~~xxxxx~~ you'd never visited this town.

The Salesman replies:

I'm the one that did the pushin'
Left the bloodstains on the cushion
Left the footprints on the dashboard pointing
Since I met your charming daughter /down;
I'm having trouble with my water
And I wish to God I'd never seen your bloody town

THE FLICK SONG.

How can you be sure
You have no crab lice ~~xxxxxxx~~ in your bore
Pox marks from your whore
Siphylis galore?
Have a flip, man, there's your answer,
One FUCK - and you're gone!

(By courtesy of W.A.FLICK and Company,
manufacturers of FLICK - RID).

parody of advertising jingle.

A NATIONAL TOAST

Here's to America, land of the push
where a bird in the hand is worth two
in the bush; OD-24

Here's to Australia, the promised land
where a push in the bush is worth
two in the hand.] two in the hand.

prov. obsc.

RRR BLUES. Tune: 'Humoresque.

'Passengers will please refrain
From using toilet while the train
Is standing at the station for a while';
We believe in constipation
While the train is at the station -
Passengers please hold it for a while!
Bladders extended,
Bowels torn and rended
~~Kitxkmpxmmxxmtxtixmmxxixmmxxmdxfrmmhx~~
Will keep our stations clean and free from sickly smell.

Kidneys all aching,
Shit already caking
Must be borne or stations will become a living hell.
Though it dribbles down your legs, you must resist temptations;
Thought it stains your underpants, remember: not at stations!

Though your clothing starts to smell,
Hear the plaintive pleading:
You must not think about relief
Although your piles be bleeding.
'Passengers will please refrain
From using toilet while the train
Is standing at the station for a while'!

Recorded by a schoolgirl approx. 1953.

THE DOG NAMED BEN. Tune: 'Rule Brittannia'.

There was a little dog and his name was Ben,
Had 9 fucks and jolly near had ten;
He wasn't very big and he wasn't very small,
And the poor little bugger only had one ball.

Rule Brittania! the Kaiser fucked the cat!
Britons never never shall know that!

ANTONIO'S SONG. Tune: Funiculi Funicula.

O my name is Antonio Agostini,
I pull-a da pud;
It feel-a so good;
O my name is-a da Tonio Agostini,
I use-a da hand;
It feel-a so grand.
First I - use-a da- long stroke,
And den-a da short,
Just like I been taught;
Den I use-a da short stroke,
And den-a da long
(It make-a me strong!)

Bash it, crash it, belt it on the floor,
Tease it, squeeze it, make it give some more!
Some go in for buggery, and some think shagging's grand,
But for personal enjoyment I prefer to use da hand.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD. Tune: Silver Threads Among the Gold.

Darling, let me tie your garter,
Half an inch above the knee,
And if my hand should wander, me.
Please be patient, dear, with ~~me~~.

On your ~~slip~~! are hairs of silver,
On your pfft! are hairs of gold;
Let me mingle them together,
Silver hairs, among the gold.

tune: Dixie.

OD-27

THE WOODPECKER'S SONG.

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
The woodpecker said 'God bless my soul!
Pull it out! Pull it out! Pull it out!
Re-move it!'

I ~~took~~ removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
The woodpecker said 'God bless my soul!
Put it back! Put it back! Put it back!
Re-place it!'

I ~~put~~ replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
The woodpecker said 'God bless my soul!
Turn it round! Turn it round! Turn it round!
Re-volve it!'

I ~~turned~~ revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
The woodpecker said 'God bless my soul!
Turn it back! Turn it back! Turn it back!
Re-verse it!'

I ~~turned~~ reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
The woodpecker said 'God bless my soul!
Pull it out! Pull it out! Pull it out!'
Re-move it!'

I ~~took~~ removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
The woodpecker said 'God bless my soul!
Have a whiff! Have a whiff! Have a whiff!'
Re-volting!

[illegible] later versions:

Pull it out! Put it back! } Re-ciprocate it!
In and out! In and out!

Slow it down! Slow it down! Re-tard it!
Think it over! Think it over! Re-live it!
Think it over! Think it over! Re-live it!

THE DERBYSHIRE RAM.

tune: County Girls.

EB
ca. 1951

Hickory dickory Derbyshire,
Hickory dickory day,
The finest lamb in Derbyshire,
The bugger was reared on hay.

When this lamb was one year old,
He grew two horns of brass;
One grew out of his shoulder-blades,
The other grew out of his

Hickory dickory Derbyshire,
Hickory dickory day,
The finest lamb in Derbyshire,
The bugger was reared on hay.

When the lamb was two years old
He learnt a funny trick,
Jumping over a barbed-wire fence
And landing on his Hickory dickory Derbyshire, etc

When the lamb was three years old
They put him in a pit;
When they came to get him out
The pit was full of Hickory dickory Derbyshire, et

When the lamb was four years old,
They put him in a truck;
And all the girls from Bondi beach
Came round and had a Hickory dickory Derbyshire, e

When the lamb was five years old
They buried him at St. Paul's;
It took ten men and a Bramble's truck
To carry off one of his Hickory Dickory Derbyshir

(local Newcastle truck company)

OD-28

MR. WINKELSTEIN

OD-29 29

MR. WINKELSTEIN. Tune: Chant + Augustin.

The monk stood in the Priory Hall;
The monk stood in the Priory Hall;
The monk stood in the Priory Hall -
Bashing his balls against the wall!
The old BASTARD! The odd SOD!
What'll we do with him? FUCK 'IM!
FUCK 'IM AGAIN!
Glory, glory, Hallejujah!
SHIT!
Balls to Mr. Winkelstein, Winkelstein, Winkelstein
Balls to Mr. Winkelstein, dirty old man.
For he keeps us waiting while he's masturbating,
So balls to Mr. Winkelstein, dirty old man.
He ups 'em, he downs 'em, he fucks 'em, he drowns /'em,
So balls to Mr. Winkelstein, dirty old man.

There passed a maid with downcast eyes (3)
He flashed his hand between her thighs.
The old BASTARD! etc.

The other monks they cried with shame (3)
And wished that they could do the same.
The old BASTARDS! etc.

The bishop in repentance sat (3)
Pulling himself into his hat.
The old BASTARD! etc.

(C, L.)

The friar invited a girl to supper (3),
And in a flash the bastard was up her.
The old BASTARD! etc.

There was a monk called Thomas Aquinas (3)
who always drank whisky out of vaginas.
The monks they thought their life complete (3)
Because the nuns were always on heat.
There was a lady they called the Madonna (3)
and all the bishops used to get on her.

(C,L)

EB

THESE FOOLISH THINGS. Tune: 'These Foolish Things'.

A smear of lipstick on an old french letter,
A case of syphilis that won't get better,
And when I piss, it stings -
These foolish things remind me of you.

A book on birth control, with well-worn pages,
A prophylactic that's been used for ages,
A bed with well-oiled springs -
These foolish things remind me of you.

The horsehair sofa that we had our shags on,
The bloodstained carpet that you threw your /rags on
(How the smell of it clings!)-
These foolish things remind me of you.

OD-30

and all the bishops used to get on her.

THE LAST TIME I SAW HER.

Tune: Villikins (variant) 31

The last time I saw her she was all dressed in
black,
All in ~~black, all in black~~, I got my money back,
Down in the ~~dark~~ alley where she followed me.

The last time I saw her~~e~~ she was all dressed in
pink,
All in pink, all in pink, she made my finger stink
Down in the dark alley where she followed me.

The last time I saw her she was all dressed in
yellow,
All in yellow, all in yellow, fucked by some
other fellow,
Down in the dark alley where she followed me.

The last time I saw her she was all dressed in
red,
All in red, all in red, O how her hymen bled!
Down in the dark alley where she followed me.

— buff
I put her up the duff. *

— puce
I put her up the sluice. *

— blue
I put her up the flue.

— mauve
fucked by some other cove.

(impregnated her)

*impregnated her

REVELING IN THE JOYS OF COPULATION.

Tune: Tod. Tobys Pool

SU

The old kangaroo, how he loves a do,
He'll have a naughty with any old roo,
And when he comes, he comes like glue -
Reveling in the joys of copulation.

CHORUS: Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tile
Cats with syphilis, cats with piles,
Cats with their arsoles wreathed in smile
Reveling in the joys of copulation.

The odd crocodile, he lives on the Nile,
He has a naughty onee in a while,
And when he comes, he floods the Nile,
Reveling in the joys of copulation.

The old rhinocerous is just like us,
He'll have a naughty without any fuss,
And when he comes, he comes like pus,
Reveling in the joys of copulation.

The donkey's just a silly old moke,
But he dearly loves to have a poke,
And when he comes, he lets it soak,
Reveling in the joys of copulation.

The hippopotamus, like us, it seems,
Very seldom has wet dreams;
But when he does, it comes in streams,
Reveling in the joys of copulation.

More verses on Oscar Brand record, in Snatches & Lays.

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

'Twas on the good ship Venus,
By Christ you should have seen us;
The figurehead was a moll in bed
Sucking a big red penis.

CHORUS: Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging
We're frigging in the rigging 'cos there's fuck all else to do.

The captain's name was Mugger,
A dirtyminded bugger;
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
Upon an ocean lugger.

The cabin boy's name was Nipper,
A dirty little flipper;
They filled his arse with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.

The first mate's name was Morgan -
A homosexual gorgon;
Six men could ride with legs astride
Upon his sexual organ.

The second mate's name was Abel,
Whose arsole bore this label:
'I'll give the crew their daily due
Though I'm no Betty Grable

The steward's name was Topper,
Boy did he have a whopper;
Twice round the deck, once round his neck,
And up his arse for a stopper.

The cook's name was O'Malley;
He didn't dilly-dally;
He shot his bolt with such a jolt
He whitewashed half the galley.

The captain's wife was Mabel,
Who fucked wherever able:
Behind the door, or on the floor,
Or even on the table.

The captain had a daughter;
She fell into the water;

Ecstatic squeals revealed that eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

The ship's cat's name was Kitty,
Her arse was black and shitty;
Her feline twat was kept red hot
By a crew who knew no pity.

The bosun's name was Andy,
A bastard bold and bandy;
They filled his bum with boiling rum
For pissing in the brandy.

'Twas at the China station,
By way of celebration,
We sunk a junk with jets of spunk
By mutual masturbation.

The captain's daughter Harlet,
She was a filthy harlot,
When she went to bed
Her cunt was red,
And in the morning scarlet.

The ship's mascot was Rover,
The whole crew did him over;
They pound and pound that poor old hound
From Land's End round to Dover.

A SOLDIER ONCE -

A soldier once before he died
(I think the bastard must've lied)
Told me his wife had a cunt so wide
She could not be satisfied.
So he built a prick of steel,
Attached it to a great big wheel,
Two balls of brass he filled with cream
And the whole fuckin' issue was driven by steam.
Round and round went the great big wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel,
Till at last in joy she cried:
'Stop, stop! Enough! I'm satisfied!'
But now we come to the bitterest bit,
For there was no stopping it,
It split her up from arse to tit
And the whole fuckin' issue was covered in shit.

SING A SONG OF SYPHILIS. Tune: Sing a song of sixpence.

Sing a song o' syphilis, a penis full of pus,
Four and twenty black scabs just about to bust;
And when the scabs begin to bust the pus begins to ooze,
Running down your trouser legs and down into your shoes.

JOHN BROWN'S PENIS. Tune: John Brown's Body.

John Brown's penis is a bloody horrible sight,
Covered up with syphilis and little bits of shite,
But the funny thing about it is it seems to work all right,—

Now he's gone to a far better land.

He's gone to a land of everlasting bliss
Where there ain't no gono and there ain't no syphilis,
Constrictions of the arsole and constrictions when you piss,
He's gone to a far better land.

THE SOLDIER'S CHURCH-SERVICE.

Let's have a hymn for the General!
FUCK HIM!
Let's pray for his soul!
ARSOLE!
Let's have a prayer for his bread!
BROTHEL-BRED!
And another for his head!
SHIT-HEAD!
And finally, one for his truck!
CUNT-STRUCK!

A WAR-CRY.

Ooli-ooli-ardray, whop it up the padre,
Which way? This way!
Any fucking way!

S

THE LATRINE SONG. Tune: Begin the Beguine.

My job is to clean an Army latrine,
I'm a man with a plan for each pan
That everyone uses;
The paper is there, on each side the news is,
To read while you're in my latrine.
I scrub it all day, and half of the night,
I keep it that way, the way you'd expect it,
And when it gets high, I just disinfect it,
Terrificáály clean is my latrine.
I scrub it again at four in the morning,
My cobber joins in, we polish the chain,
And there we are, scrubbing away together
And wondering whether
We'll get out the stain.
What raptures I've seen, what movements divine -
But the crowd comes along and we find
Our efforts are wasted;
The walls and the floor that were clean
Are literally pasted -
You see what I mean in my latrine.
O they can't keep it clean, that bloody latrine,
~~Ever the new seat is dredged~~
~~And it's making it right for the next bugger to~~
dredge.
I draw maps for the chaps that lay craps in
In every direction;
I lay grass for each arse that cannot e
Establish connexion;
But it all goes unseen in my latrine.
If a man is a freak and must leak like a creek
Make him pay!
For the seat is all wet like an artist's palette
Round the edges;
And I'm thinking it might even be a job
For the dredges;
But I still stand aloof -
They can't reach the roof -
It's the only place clean in my latrine.

Tune: You're in the Army Now.

JOHNNY BATISSE.

O Johnny Batisse you beast,
O Johnny Batisse you beast,
O Johnny Batisse you beast you greased
Your little dog's arse with tar ha-ha he-he he-he
Bow wow.

In Mesopotamia
In Mesopotamia
In Mesopotamia you greased
Your little dog's arse with tar ha-ha he-he he-he
Bow wow.

Because he had diarrhoea
Because he had diarrhoea
Because he had diarrhoea I greased
My little dog's arse with tar ha-ha he-he he-he
Bow wow.

Tune: You're In the Army Now,
See version in 'The Cherry Tree'.

Australian tune is always Cielito Lindo [Gay Caballero]

THAT WAS A CUTE LITTLE RHYME.

That was a cute little rhyme;
Tell us another-y, just like the other-y
Tell us another-y, do.
Yes YOU!

There was a young girl called Alice,
Who pissed in the Pope's favourite chalice;
But it wasn't dire need
That inspired the deed,
But pure Presbyterian malice.

There was a young girl called Alice,
Who used dynamite for a phallus;
They found her vagina
In North Carolina
And the rest of her somewhere in Dallas.

There was a young man from Australia
Who painted himself like a dahlia;
The colours were true -
Red, white and blue -
But the smell of his arse was a failure.

There was a young girl from Azores
Whose cunt was all covered in sores;
The dogs in the street
Used to eat the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

O, that was a cunt of a rhyme!
Tell us another-y, filthy as burgery,
Tell us another-y, do.
Guess who?

There was a young man from Bengal,
Who had a rectangular ball;
The square of his date
Plus his penis times eight
Was two-fifths of five-eighths of fuck all.

There once was a fellow called Bill
Whose penis it just wouldn't fill;
He still managed to scrape
With some spunk from an ape
And a pump and considerable skill.

A virile young parson named Bings
Never went in for sheilas and things;
He staked his desire
In boys of the choir
With arsoles like velvet on springs.

There was a young man from Blackpool
Who had a red ring on his tool;
He went to a clinic,
The doctor, the cynic,
Said 'Wipe off the lipstick, you fool!'

A learned young Bishop of Buckingham
Wrote a treatise on 'Six Ways of Fucking 'Em'
But a man from New York Gentleman Turk
Did more valuable work
On 'Arsoles and Ten Ways of Sucking 'Em'.

There was a young man from Calcutta,
Who had a fuck with his girl in the gutter;
The heat of the sun
Burnt the hairs on his bum
And turned all his cum into butter.

There was a young man from the Cape
Who fucked a barbarian ape;
The result was most horrid,
All arse and no forehead,
And one little ball like a grape.

There was a young fellow named Dave,
Who fucked a dead moll in a grave;
He said 'I admit
I'm a bit of a shit,
But look at the money I save.'

There was once a reverend dean,
Who invented a fucking machine;
At the ninety-ninth poke,
The bloody thing broke,
And whipped his balls to cream.

There once was a soldier called Hamp,
Whose genitals fell off in camp;
The next thing he knew
They turned up in the stew,
And his semen was used in the lamp.

There was a young fellow from Sydney
Who could put it right up to her kidney;
But a man from Quebec
Put it up to her neck -
He had a big one, now didn't he?

There was a young girl of ~~Estucca~~ Nambucca
Whose father attempted to fuck her;
But she seized on the cat
And said 'Father, fuck that;
She's got to keep earning her tucker'.

(Some literary source)

There was a young fellow named Nerkin,
Who always was jerkin' his gherkin;
His mother said 'Nerkin
Stop jerkin' your gherkin,
Your gherkin's for firkin', not jerkin''.

while those who were brave would take out + wave Re distinguishing marks of their sex at her.

There was a young fellow called West
Whose family went in for incest;
With father and brother
He fucked sister, grandmother,
And mother and aunts and the rest.

There was a young man named Wenzel
Whose penis was shaped like a pencil;
It went through an actress,
A sheet and a mattress,
And finished up in a bedroom utensil.

There was a young girl called Roda
Who lived in a Chinese pagoda;
She adorned all the walls
With the spawn and the balls
And the tools of the fools who bestrode her.

} the walls of the halls were festooned with the balls

There was a young lady of Wantage
Of whom the town clerk took advantage;
Said the borough surveyor
'Of course you must pay her,
You've totally altered her frontage'.

There was a young man of Cremorne ~~Yallourn~~
Who woke up one horrible morn
To find out that ants
Had chewed through his pants
And gobbled ~~up~~ off half of his horn.

Yallourn

There was an old lady of Tottenham
Who used to make pies and put snot in 'em;
When she couldn't get this
She used to pee piss
Or jerk little doggies off in 'em.

There was a young poet of Thusis
Who took twilight walks with the Muses.
But these nymphs of the air
Are not quite what they were,
And the practice has led to abuses.

There was a young lady from Exeter
And all the young men craned their necks at /her
But one, I am told,
Exceedingly bold,
Stood waving his organ of sex at her.

There was a young bishop of Birmingham
Who fucked all the girls whilst confirming 'em;
Midst roars of applause
He'd pull down their drawers
And stick his episcopal wormx in 'em.

There was a young man of Bombay /A lonely young poster named Hay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay;
The heat of his prick
Turned the clay into brick
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There was a young lady of Dover
Who used to have shags in the clover;
She needed no man
To accomplish her plan -
'(Whistle) Here, Rover!'

There was a young lady of Arden /named Harden
~~Who was shagged by her dad in the garden.~~
Who [illegible]
When they said 'Tell us, Flo,
Just where does it go?'
She said '(Gulp) Beg your parden?'

A long-legged girl from New York
Once had intercourse with a hawk;
Though fun while it lasted
She gave birth to a bastard
With feathers and legs like a stork.

Who sucked off a boy in the garden.
Asked he, in a huff
'Do you swallow the stuff?' /Said she (Gulp) —

There once was a cop from the Junction,
Whose penis had long seased to function;
For years of his life
He deceived his poor wife
With intelligent use of his truncheon.

There was a young fellow from Kent,
Whose tool was most horribly bent;
To save himself trouble
He put it in double,
And instead of coming, he went.

The MO while on an inspection
Of the grea of Number 1 section
Fell arse over tit
In a pit full of shit,
And now he requires disinfection.

Written by a friend (S), + included only out of courtesy.

There was a young girl called Matilda,
Who went up on the roof with a builder;
She said, for a joke,
'Will you give us a poke' -
He did, and it fucking near killed her.

There was a young girl from Novgorod,
Who thought that all babies came from God;
But it wasn't the Almighty
Who lifted her nightie -
It was ROGER the LODGER, the SOD!.

A pretty youngthing from Cape Cod
Said 'Good things come only from God'

There was a young man from Newcastle
Who wrapped up a turd in a parcel;
He sent it to Spain
With a note to explain
That it came from his dirty black arsole.

There was a young fellow called Ned,
Who fucked a young girl who was dead;
His tool was soon caught as
In set rigor mortis,
Which means that he's stuck in there yet.

Q

There once was a young girl galled Myrtle
Who had intercourse with a turtle;
At the crack of dawn
She gave birth to a prawn,
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young man from Peru
Who lived on spunk, spittle and spew;
When he couldn't get these
He'd eat the green cheese
That under his foreskin he grew.

There once was a fellow from Perth,
The dirtiest bastard on earth;
When his wife was confined
He drew down the blind
And sucked up the afterbirth.

An eager young soldier on picket
Started pulling himself into a thicket;
At the very last thump
His ball hit his stump,
And he was caught on the old sticky wicket.

Q

There once was a young girl of Rome
Who went to the dentist alone;
In a fit of depravity
He filled the wrong cavity,
Now she's nursing her filling at home.

There once was an Arabian Sheik
Who fell arse over tit in the creek;
His testicles cracked,
And each night in the act
He never could patch up the leak.

There was a young monk from Siberia
Who of virtue got wearier and wearier;
One night just for fun
He slept with a nun
And made her a Mother Superior.

There once was a fellow called Sprocket
Who sat on a lighted skyrocket;
The rocket went bang,
His balls went clang,
And they found his cock in his pocket.

A pervert when tired of sucking 'em,
Sat down on the great bridge at Buckingham,
Where he watched all the stunts
Of the cunts in the punts
And the tricks of the pricks who were fucking 'e

There was an old man of Cape Horn
Who wished he had never been born.
He wouldn't have been
If his father had seen
That the end of his frenchie was torn.

A broadminded
There was a young lady called Starky
Who had intercourse with a darky;
The result of her sins
Was quadruplets, not twins -
One white, one black and two khaki.

There was a young lady called Dorrie
Who fell arse over tit in a quarry;
She fell on her back,
Spreadeagled her crack,
And in drove a forty-ton lorry.

There was a young girl from Kilkenny
Who'd take on the boys for a penny;
For half of that sum
You could take on her bum,
Which was a great saving for many.

An anaemic
There was a young man from Duntroon
Who was born about three months too soon;
He hadn't the luck
To be born by a fuck
But a wet dream fed in with a sppon.

There was a young man of Gosham
Who took his balls out to wash 'em;
His wife said 'Jack,
If you don't put 'em back,
I'll tread on the bastards and squash 'em'.

There was a young lady of Gloucester
Whose parents both thought they'd lost her;
But they found in the grass
The prints of her arse
And the knees of the bastard who'd crossed her.

There was a young man from the Cape
Who attempted to rape an ape;
The ape said 'You fool,
You've got a square tool,
You're pushing my arse out of shape'.

There was a young man called Borger
Whose penis was shaped like an auger;
When his girlfriend wore rags
He'd still have his shags
By using his drill to uncork her.

There was a young man of Whittingham
Who'd fill kitbags with what he could fit in
He'd sometimes use spew -
When this wouldn't do,
He'd out with his arsole and shit in 'em.

There was a young judge in Assizes
Whose balls were two different sizes:
One was so small
It was no good at all,
The other so big it won prizes.

There was an old Virgin called Hulda
Whose arse was as big as a boulder;
She cleaned her vagina
With a vacuum cleaner
And kept up her corsets with solder.

(by a friend -S)

There was a young man named Sylvester
Whose penis had started to fester;
The great flood of Pus / turned over a pus
And wrecked the night train from Chester.

There was a young man from Liverpool
Who had a triangular tool;
?
Was nothing at all, you fool!

There was a young man from Boston,
Who bought himself a New Austin;
There was room for his ass
And a gallon of gas,
But the rest hung out and he lost 'em. (Battle Cry)

(?)

There was a young man from Verdunk / Podunk
Who fell sound asleep in a / bunk / trunk
He dreamed that Venus
was tickling his penis ~~in~~ a trunk full of gunk.
And awoke / all covered in spunk / in a trunk full of gunk. /

THE UNIVERSITY
ADELAIDE

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Alphabetical List.

Alice
Alice
Arden
Assizes
Australia
Azofes
Bengal
Bill
Bings
Birmingham
Blackpool
Bombay
Borger
Buckingham
Calcutta
Cape
Cape
Cape Horn
Dave
dean
Dorrie
Dover
Duntroon
Exeter
Gloucester
Gosham
Hamp
/Hulda/
/inspection/
Junction
Kent
Kilkenny
Matilda
Myrtle
Nambucca
Ned
Nerkin
Newcastle
New York
Novgorod
Perth
Peru
picket
Roda
Rome
Sheik
Siberia
Sprocket
Starky
sucking 'em
Sydney
Tottenham
Thusis
Wantage
Wenzel
West
Whittingham
Yallourn
Boston

etc!

THE SYPHILITIC'S SONG. Tune: Tavern in the Town.

There is a brothel in the town, in the town,
And there my mistress lays her down, lays her down,
And takes on men in any quantity,
And never ever thinks of me.

Fare thee well for I have caught it,
I'll never know the skunk who brought it,
I'll hang my tool in a doctor's surgery,
And may the cure go well with me!

She left me for a poxy Jew, poxy Jew,
Each second night they used to screw. used to
And now my whore, who once was true to me/screw,
Has given me all his scabs - for free.

Fare thee well for I must leave thee,
I have caught a dose of V.D.,
My tool dropped off in the local cemetery,
So now it's time to bury me.

O dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put frenchies at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my stone just carve two sagging cocks,
To show the world I died of pox.

Fare thee well, and heed my story;
Refrain from all promiscuous whoring;
And pick a maid each time you have a fuck
(And even then I wish you luck!)

ok
stet
[prob by Laycock]

OLD KING COLE IN THE ARMY. Tune: Old King Cole

(Sung progressively to this stage):-

S

Now Old King Cole had a hairy arsole,
And a hairy arsole had he,
And he called for his wife in the middle of the night,
And he called for his adjutants three;
'You'll all get shot up the ding' said the adjutant
'Where the hell's that keg' said the major,
'Don't use such strong words' said the chaplain,
'Can't get a drink in the mess' said the captain,
'We do all the work' said the subalterns,
'Charge that man' said the sergeant-major,
'Move to the right in threes' said the sergeant.
'Left right left right left' said the corporal,
'Beer beer beer' said the privates,
Jolly men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare
With the boys of the infantry.

RIFLE LESSON NO. 1.

S: training sergeant's rhyme -

This is my rifle, this is my gun,
This is for fighting, this is for fun.

MYSTERY MAN.

S: a catchphrase.

There he goes upon his toes,
Where he's going no-one knows -
After arsoles, I suppose.

TIGHT AS A DRUM.

S

Tight as a drum, never been done,
He's the queen of the Fairies!
O ain't it a pity she'd only one titty
To feed the baby on;
The poor little bugger he'll never play rugger,
He'll never be very strong;
And when he gets older and bigger and bolder
And takes himself in hand,
The reason why, the reason why
He'll never understand.

They tried him in the infantry,
They tried him over land and [redacted] sea,
They tried him all over without success,
And all he made was a bloody great mess,
And now he's OC of D Company.

Tight as a drum,
Never been done,
Never been interfered with!

This goes to a common army march, but I don't know its name.

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY. Tune: The Bells of St Mary's

The balls of O'Leary (Bob Menzies)
Are wrinkled and crinkled (massive & hairy)
Spacious, curvaceous
Like the dome of Saint Paul's. S
The people all muster
To gaze at that cluster,
And the girls all stare (That dirty great pair all covered in hair)
At the outsize pair
Of O'Leary's balls balls balls balls
Of O'Leary's balls.

HAD A WET DREAM LAST NIGHT. Tune: Don't get around much any more

Had a wet dream last night,
Cum all over the floor,
EB Cleaned it up with my toothbrush,
Don't clean my teeth much any more.

Missed the window last night,
P(?) Perked all over the floor, [=Puked]
Cleaned it up with my shirt-tail,
Don't wear that shirt much any more.

101.

101, never been done,
Queen of all the virgins!
Go home to your mothers you fed-headed bugger,
You don't belong to me;
You might think you're pretty but we think you're
You son of a pregnant bee! /shitty
You want to rooted but nobody will
So come to us and get your fill,
You'll be done, you'll be done, you'll be done,
Done, done, done!
O, you'll see them rooting
That poor virgin fair, the virgin fair,
They lower themselves on a smooth and silken hair,
a smooth and silken hair,

cf. version on previous page -

(This is a Boy Scout version)

THE BALLS SONG.

Tune. Colonel Bogy march.

Don't throw the pisspot at him,
Wait till he gets out of bedd and grab his
Knackers, and bash 'em on the deck;
Knackers, you wrap 'em round your neck,
Knackers, they stink like crackers,
Without knackers, you're a wreck.

Hitler had only one left ball,
Rommel had two but very small,
Himmler had something similar,
But poor old Goebbels had no balls at all.

Where was the engine driver
When the boiler burst? They found him
~~Thexxfxxxxdxhim~~ Buried beneath a pile of hay,
His bollocks, a thousand miles a way;

Bollocks, they make a man of you,
Bollocks, they taste good in a stew,
Bollocks, they're you're hydraulics,
See 'em on the monkeys at the zoo!

A BIG BLACK -[SAUSAGE]

S: Recitative (Gregorian chant)

A is for A, A-A, A

B is for Big, Big, A-A Big

B is for Black, Big Black, A-A Big Black

S is for Sausage, Black Sausage, Big Black Sausage, A-A Big Black Sausage

U is for Up, Sausage Up, Black Sausage Up, Big Black Sausage Up, A-A Big Black Sausage Up

M is for My, Up My, Saugage Up My, Black Sausage Up My, Big Black Sausage Up My, A-A Big Black Sausage Up My

S is for Sister's, My Sister's, Up My Sister's, Sausage Up My Sister's, Black Sausage Up My Sister's, Big Black Sausage Up My Sister's, A-A Big Black Sausage Up My Sister's

C is for Cat's, Sister's Cat's, My Sister's Cat's, Up My Sister's Cat's, Saudage Up My Sister's Cat's, Black Sausage Up My Sister's Cat's, Big Black Sausage Up My Sister's Cat's, A-A Big Black Sausage Up My Sister's Cat's

A is for Arsole, Cat's Arsole, Sister's Cat's Arsole, My Sister's Cat's Arsole, Up My Sister's Cat's Arsole, Sausage Up My Sister's Cat's Arsole, Black Sausage Up My Sister's Cat's Arsole, Big Black Sausage Up My Sister's Cat's Arsole, A-A Big Black Sausage Up My Sister's Cat's Arsole

T is for Twice, Arsole Twice, Cat's Arsole Twice, Sister's Cat's Arsole Twice, My Sister's Cat's Arsole Twice, Up My Sister's Cat's Arsole Twice, Sausage Up My Sister's Cat's Arsole Twice, Black Sausage Up My Sister's Cat's Arsole Twice, Big Black Sausage Up My Sister's Cat's Arsole Twice, A-A Big Black Sausage Up My Sister's Cat's Arsole Twice

D is for Daily, Twice Daily, Arsole Twice Daily, Cat's Arsole Twice Daily, Sister's Cat's Arsole Twice Daily, My Sister's Cat's Arsole Twice Daily, Up My Sister's Cat's Arsole Twice Daily, Sausage Up My Sister's,[&c.]

.....Cat's Arsole Twice Daily.

THE QUARTERMASTER'S STORE.

There was beer, beer, beer you couldn't get near.
In the store, in the store,
There was beer, beer, beer you couldn't get near
In the Quartermaster's Store.

Chorus: My eyes are dim I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me,
I have not brogght my specs with me.

HSU

There was meat, meat, squashed up on the seat.
There were rats flies, flies, mixed up in the pier ... fucking lady cats.

(Barrett fucking a great big carrot;
Smithy packing a great bigh shitty;
Sams shitting in the hams;
Brock sucking a frenchied cock;
Miller rooting the Green Gorilla;
Johnnoh- what a bloody homo;
Spruce sucking maiden's juice;)

Brothlived addtnal verses - in S

A DANGEROUS PLACE%

Recitation H (fragment), S [=ex "Lehigh Valley"]

'Twas just across the border
On the bank of the Kangaroo,
My uncle owned a brothel,
And a fucking beauty too.

Resting her head in a spunk-filled bed
Was Nellie, sucking a roarer,
While on the floor, jacked up a whore,
Was my uncle Dan McGraw.

Suddenly

The lights went out
A shot rang out
A women screamed
Plop
Her guts fell out
I got out
What a cunt of a hole that was.

THE BASTARD FROM THE BUSH - Usual Version.

fragments known H, completed U

cf. original version, page 81

"Who's that coming down the track?"
Said the Captain of the Push.
"Why, fuck me dead, it's Foreskin Ned,
The Bastard from the Bush!"

"Have a cigarette"
Said the Captain of the Push.
"I'll take the fucking packet"
Said the Bastard from the Bush.

"Ever kissed a girl?"
Said the Captain of the Push.
"I've knocked 'em down and fucked 'em"
Said the Bastard from the Bush.

Note: These responses are mainly 'toppers', a well-known genre.

"Ever fucked your sister?"
Said the Captain of the Push.
"I've even fucked me brother"
Said the Bastard from the Bush.

"Would you knock a man down and rob him?" cf. also Barnacle Bill the Sailor.
Said the Captain of the Push.
"I'd knock him down and fuck him"
Said the Bastard from the Bush.

"Would you take a maiden's baby?"
Said the Captain of the Push.
"I'd take a baby's maiden"
Said the Bastard from the Bush.

"If you had a moll to keep you
Would you swearss off work for good?
And the Bastard from the Bush replied:
"My fuckin' oath I would!"

Would you fuck a woman in distress?
...
I'd fuck a woman in any dress
...

'can you play a game of snooker,
'can you pot 'em off the cush?'
'you can fuck me when I miss 'em',
said ...

'Can you cannon off the pocket,
'can you cannon off the cush?'
'I can cannon off the shithouse',
said ...

'Are you game to break a window?'
...
'I'll knock the fucking house down'
...
'These things are sent to try us' [hymn]
...
'These things are sent to fuck us'
...

'Are you game to pick a copper?'
...
'I'm game to pick his arsehole' OD-56
... [I'd hit him with the bottle!]
'would you hit a man with glasses?']
...
'I'd hit him with the bottle!' ...

Tune: Mademoiselle from Armentieres. OD-57

THREE GERMAN SOLDIERS CROSSED THE RHINE.

Three German soldiers crossed the Rhine,
Yo-ho, yo-ho; (Repeat)
Three German soldders crossed the Rhine,
They fucked the women and drank the wine,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers,
Yo-ho yo-ho yo-ho!

'O Landlord have you a daughter fair,
With bright blue eyes and golden hair?'

'O yes I have a daughter fair
ith bright blue eyes and golden hair'.

'But I consider she's far too young
To be fucked by every son-of-a-gun'.

'O father dear I'm not too young,
I've done it before with the parson's son'. } Sung falsetto except for chorus.

Arm in arm upstairs they went,
And when they came down their legs were bent.

Three months later all went well,
Six months later she started to swell.

Nine months later she gave a grunt
And a little black bastard popped out of her cunt.

The little black bastard grew and grew,
Yo-ho, yo-ho; (Repeat)
The little black bastard grew and grew,
He fucked the women and his mother too,
Yo-ho you buggers, yo-ho you buggers,
Yo-ho yo-ho yo-ho!

OD-57

* Down by the G.P.O ... (?fragment)

MY SISTER ELIZABETH. Tune: The Ash Grov

My sister Elizabeth has gonorrhea and syphil
And the hairs on her dinky-dido
Hang down to her knees;
One red one, one white one,
And one with a bit of shite on,
The hairs on her dinky-dido
Hang down to her knees.

US

I've stroked 'em, I've poked 'em,
I've even rolled 'em up and smoked 'em,
And the hairs etc.

I've seen 'em, I've cleaned 'em,
I've actually been between 'em,
And the hairs etc.

She lives on the mountain and pisses like a
And the hairs etc.

She lives on a cattleranch and fucks like a
And the hairs etc.

She lives on the waterfront
And the water spurts up her cunt,
And the hairs etc.

a bloody fountain
a bloody avalanche

I've sucked 'em, I've plucked 'em,
I've actually gone and fucked 'em.

She went to Port Kembla
and there got a knee-trembler

She went to Newcastle
and there got it up the arsehole

she went to the Varsity
and there lost her fucking chastity [ca-stati]

I've touched it, I've felt it
It felt like a bit of velvet.
It felt like a bit of velvet

OD-58

SCHOOLBOY RHYMES AND TAGS.

IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL.

Tune: Tarpaulin Jack
Twee Little Home in Old Country Town. or Prisoner's song. = Tarpaulin Jacket.

If I had the wings of an angel,
Or the balls of a brass kangaroo,
I'd fuck all the dames in creation,
And send the results to the zoo,

A SOLDIER I WILL BE. (Soldier's Song - Faust)

Arsole, arsole, a soldier I will be,
To piss, to piss, two pistols on my knee,
Fuck you, fuck you, for euriosity,
To fight for my cunt
To fight for my cunt
To fight for my count-e-reel

AN EPITAPH.

Beneath these walls lies Deadwood Dick,
The only man with a corkscrew prick.
He searched the world from back to front
To find a girl with a corkscrew cunt.
But when he found her he dropped down dead.
She happened to have a left-hand thread.

DON'T KNOW WHY.

Tune: Don't Know why. = Stormy Weather

Don't know why, got no buttons on my fly,
Got a zipper,
Cos me and my gal think it's quicker.
Keep getting up her all the time.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY.

(Tune: Madamoiselle from Armentieres

Down in the valley where nobody goes
There stands a young maiden without any clothes
Up comes a swaggie bold as a brick,
Down with his strides and out with his prick.
Three months later all went well,
Six months later she started to swell,
Nine months later she gave a grunt
And a little black bugger popped out of her cun

The first piece of bawdry I ever learnt - 1946! D. Laycock (died of AIDS, 1988)

DEADWOOD DICK. [Tune: "Old King Cole"]

Deadwood Dick with the forty-foot prick
Showed it to the lady next door;
She thought it was a snake and hit it with a rake,
And now it's only four foot four.

TELL IT TO THE MARINES. Tune: My Bonnie.

Bullshit, bullshit,
It all sounds like bullshit to me, to me;
Bullshit, bullshit,
It all sounds like bullshit to me!

MULTIPLE BIRTH. Tune: Tararara-boom-de-ay.

Tar-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,
My wife had twins today,
Sucked all her tits away,
Tara-ra-boom-de-ay!

MRS. MURPHY. Tune: Country Girls.

'Good morning, Mrs. Murphy, bless yer heart and soul
I came to fuck your daughter but I couldn't find her hole;
And when I found her hole, all red and long and thin
Be buggered, Mrs. Murphy, I couldn't get it in!
And when I got it in, and wriggled it about,
Be buggered, Mrs. Murphy, I couldn't get it out!
And when I got it out, all stiff and red and sore -
Be buggered, Mrs. Murphy, I'll never fuck her no more!

Re second piece I learnt - 1946!

A DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

Don't let your dingle dangle in the dirt,
Wrap it up in paper and stuff it in your shirt
And - then - it - won't - get - hurt.

DAN.

Dan, Dan, the dirty man,
Washed his face in the lavatory pan,
Combed his hair with the leg of a chair
And cleaned his teeth with the prick of a bear.

CAPTAIN COOK.

Captain Cook the dirty chook
Did a poop behind the door;
A rat came up and ~~kk~~ ate it up
And said 'I want some more'.

THE STREET OF A THOUSAND ARSOLES.

In the Street of a Thousand Arsoles,
By the Sign of the Swinging Tit,
Lived a poxy Chinese maiden
By the name of Hoo Fluhg Shit.

She was waiting there for her lover,
The dashing Dan McGrew,
When who should round the corner
But that bastard Hong Flong Shoo.

She stepped into a doorway,
Hoping that he would pass;
But that bastard ducked behind her
And whopped it up her arse.

(This is a fragment. Many years ago I saw a fairly full version - in circumstances where I could not get a copy).

THE MUNICIPAL DUNNY-CART

The municipal dunny-cart was full up to the brim
The municipal dunny-man fell in and couldn't swim
As he was a-sinking, a-sinking like a stone,
He passed a flock of maggots singing
'There's no place like home'.

(dunny = lavatory.
dunny-cart - truck for removing & emptying lavatory pans in unsewered areas).

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

SIGN LANGUAGE.

Les noms des jous
Sont écrits partout !

MARY, MARY.

(very early - ca. 1950)

Mary, Mary, very hairy,
How does your mollshop go?
With vaginal jelly
Just under my belly
And prostitutes all in a row.
With frenchies for fools
To put on their tools
And harlots at ten bob a go.

June: Dancing Dolly had no sense.

I GAVE HER A PENNY.

I gave her a penny
She wouldn't have any

I gave her a trey
She said 'Go away'

I gave her a pound
She lay on the ground

I gave her a zack
She opened her crack
And in popped Hairy Willie.

NOTICES.

SOCIETY NOTICE } This is where the nobs hang o

CARPENTERS BEWARE - Many tools have been pinch here.

NOTICE TO GOLDDIGGERS - Don't leave your nugget on the seat.

COMMITTEE ROOM } This is where the big heads hand out.

WARNING TO TENNIS PLAYERS - Watch out for your balls!

NOTICE TO FISHERMEN - The crabs are biting well today.

What are you looking down here for, you dirty bastard?

Don't shit on the seat; you're not at home now.

You are now shitting at an angle of 45°.

THE CONSTIPATED'S LAMENT.

Here I sit all broken-hearted
Paid a penny and only farted.

THE ARCHITECT'S PLEA.

I built this little shithouse,
I built it clean and neat;
So please control your arseles
And don't shit on the seat.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN.

You came to shit, not play the {Be a man and not a} fool,
So pull the chain and not your tool.

ANOTHER PLEA.

We aim to please;
You aim, to please
The Shithouse Cleaner.

NOVELETTE? from a Merevether Gunpit.

THIS IS
WHERE I
LOST IT
SO BEWARE, GIRLS,
IF YOU ARE
A VIRGIN.

(Merevether: a suburb of Newcastle with gun emplacements facing the sea)

THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

Here I sit and cup a caper: (caper)
Cannot find a bit of paper.
My train is in, I cannot linger;
Guess I'll have to use my finger.

TYPES.

Some come here to sit and wonder,
Some to shit and fart like thunder.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

Jack Sprat he raised a fat,
And it was long and lean;
He stuck ten inches in his wife
With his mother-in-law between.

Recited (omitting last word) on radio by comedian Jack Davy, in late 1940s or early 1950s — an art which about

SUCH IS LIFE.

No matter how you jump and dance
The last drop always goes down your pants.

It's no use standing on the seat,
The crabs here jump fifteen feet.

ADVICE MEDICAL AND SOCIAL.

Better to fart and bear the shame
Than hold it in and bear the pain.

CAREERS ADVISER.

A man's ambition must be small
To write upon a shithouse wall.
A girl's ambition must be worse
To carry french letters in her purse.

I WISH I WERE.

I wish I were a diamond ring
Upon my girlfriend's hand,
Then every time she wiped her arse
I'd see the promised land.

INCOMPATABILITY.

This bloody shithouse is no good at all;
The seat is too high and the hole too small.

To which I make the obvious retort:
Your arse is too big and your legs too short.

REINCARNATION.

One would think by all this wit
That Shakespeare's ghost came here to shit.

ROSES.

Roses are red, violets are blue,
You fuck me and I'll fuck you.

When roses are red they're ready to pluck,
When girls are sixteen they're ready to fuck.

VIRILITY.

Be a fool and not a man,
Pull your prick whenever you can.

THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

If you shit in this hall
Use the paper not the wall.
If no paper can be found
Wipe your arse along the ground.
If the ground is too hard
Don't wipe it at all, pard.

NEXT TO GODLINESS.

Be a man and not a bone,
In the pan not on the floor.

Gentlemen, be seated, and let the matter drop.

DID HE MEAN IT?

If you are not satisfied with Australia, go back to the shithouse you came from.

VOCATION.

Some come here to write their wit,
Others come here to have a shit.

Don't despise the shithouse poet;
He may be great and you not know it.

Some come here to sit and think,
But I come here to shit and stink.

BEWARE!

If you want a cool surprise,
Pull the chain before you rise.

Men who enter please be alerted;
That man's mind is sure perverted.

MORE NOTICES.

Bucks with short horns, please stand close.
(From a Zoo lavatory!) (Sydney Zoo 1950s)

SURPRISE?

Here I sat in the evening mist
Listening to the trickle of piss,
When a deafening fart I heard,
Found I'd dropped a rumbling turd.

OD-67

DO IT YOURSELF.

If you want to shit with ease
Place your hands upon your knees,
Give a grunt and then a squeeze,
And out she slides like rotten cheese.

INDICTMENT = (Humoresque II)

You're the cunt who fucked my daughter,
Bucked her hole and stopped her water.

A VARIATION.

I paid 2d.
and wasn't broken-hearted
cos I didn't only shit
but I also farted.

YET MORE NOTICES.

Piss if you like
Shit if you like
BUT DON'T MISS!

AN HONEST MAN!

Some come here to write their wit,
Others come here to have a fit;
But actually, without any bull,
I come here to have a pull.

BIOGRAPHY.

My name's John Brown, I drink and smoke,
And lend my bum to any other bloke.

SLAVEDRIVER!

You don't come here to pull and fuck /=jerk?
But to have a shit and back to work.

THE PURPLE-PEOPLE-EATER.

A purple people eater is a cock sucker with high blood pressure.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS $B4i\sqrt{u}\frac{Ru}{16}$

$B4i\sqrt{u}\frac{Ru}{16}$: Before I root you are you over 16?

OD-68

04106 : 0 for one naughty! [of page 32]

DISCOURAGEMENT.

If you come here at Nature's call,
Don't write your name on the shithouse wall;
For if you do attempt your wit,
You only shine where others shit.

IS IT A RIDDLE?

Be ~~me~~ a man and not a fool;
Suck your cock and not your tool.

PSCYHOANALYST'S ADVICE.

Help yourself to overcome strain:
Pull your tool before the chain.

WHY WONDER?

Here I sit and shit, and wonder
~~Why~~ my prick stood up like thunder.

LAYING A GHOST.

If Shakespeare did come here to shit
The smell was stronger than the wit.

AMBITION.

A man's ambition must be great
To fuck a girl by her front gate.

A man's ambition must be poor
To write upon a shithouse door.

A woman's ambition must be worse still
To let a man just for the thrill.

LITERARY LAPSES.

THE FOUR. Ogden Nash?

I'm an autocratic figure in these democratic states,
I'm a dandy demonstration of hereditary traits;
As the children of the baker bake the most delicious breads,
And the sons of Casanova fill the most exclusive beds,
As the Barrymores and Roosevelts, and others I could name
Inherited the talents that perpetuate their fame,
My position at the summit of society I owe
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.
My pappy was a gentleman, and musical to boot:
He used to play the piano in a house of ill-repute.
The Madame was a lady, and a credit to her cult;
She enjoyed my pappy's playing, and I was the result.
So my mammy and my pappy are the ones I have to thank
That I am now the chairman of the National City Bank.

CHORUS:

Oh our parents forgot to get married,
Oh our parents forgot to get wed;
Did a wedding-bell chime, it was always a time
When our parents were somewhere in bed, tra la la
When our parents were somewhere in bed.
Oh thanks to our kind loving parents
We are kings in the land of the free,
Your banker, your broker, your Washington joker,
Three prominent bastards are we, tra la la,
Three prominent bastadds are we.

In a cozy little farmhouse, in a dozy little dell
A dear oldfashioned famer and his daughter used to dwell.
She was pretty, she was charming, she was tender, she was mild,
And her sympathy was such that she was frequently with chil
The year her hospitality attained an all-time high

This circulated in typescript during S — [also?] as, oddly enough, the Neville Coghill translation of Chaucer's Miller's Tale typed up straight from the [illegible] available edition in Penguin

A published version can be found in Louis Untermeyer's A Treasury of Ribaldry.

She became the happy mother of an infant, which w
She became the happy mother of an infant which who I. I
Whenever she was gloomy I could always make her gri
By childishly inquiring who my pappy could have be
The hired man was favoured by the girls in mother's set
And the traveling man from Scranton was an even-money be
But such were mother's morals, and such was her allure
That even Joe McCarthy wasn't altogether sure.
Name here varies!
Well, I took my mother's morals, and I took my father's cru
And I grew to be the founder of the Chase Investme Trust
On a cozy little chaingang on a dusty Southern ro
My late lamented pappy had his permanent abode.
Now some were there for stealing, but my pappy's only fault
Was an overwhelming weakness for criminal assault.
His philosophy was simple, and free ffom moral tap
Seduction is for sissies, but a he-man wants his rape.
Dad's total list of victims was embarrassingly ric
And though one of them was mammy, he couldn't tell me which
Well, I didn't go to college, but I got me a degre
I reckon I'm a model of a perfect S.O.B.
I'm a debit to my country but a credit to my da
I'm the most expensive senator the country ever had.
I remember Daddy's warning that raping is a crime
Unless you rape the voters a million at a time.

I'm an ordinary figure in these democratic states,
A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits.
As the children of the cops possess the flattest kind of feet
And the daughters of the floozies has a waggle in her seat,
My position at the bottom of society I owe
To the qualities my parents bequeathed me long ago.
My father was a married man, and what is even more,

He was married to my mother - a fact which I
deplôre.
I was born in holy wedlock, consequently by and by
I was rooked by every bastard with plunder in his
eye.
I invested, I deposited, I voted every fall,
And if I saved a penny, the bastards took it all.
At last I learned a lesson, and I'm on the proper
track:
I'm a self-appointed bastard, and I'm out to get
it back!

THE BRIDE'S LETTER. Lord Byron?

Typescript obtained from a Jeweller in Adelaide 1958.

Dear Bella,
At parting I promised to write
And confess to you all that happened that night
That Frank and your Emma were joined hand in hand
And allowed to fulfil all that love can demand.

Ah, Solomon's wisdom has never portrayed
The wonderful ways of a man with a maid!
Be assured, they can only be shown
By lessons in bed with a man of your own.

See Ginzburg "An Unusual History" "Erotica" - says this poem published Paris 1911. 1917.

However, I'll tell you as well as I can
Of all I've been shown of the ways of a man,
So that you (little innocent damsel!) may learn
How the game must be played when it comes to
your turn.

When breakfast was over, Frank's carriage and four
Well-appointed and handsome, drove up to the door,
And we started for Brighton, exactly at noon,
To spend in seclusion our sweet honeymoon.

Bright sunshine was with us the whole of the way,
And dear Frank appeared most amorous and gay -
So excited indeed, that, although in the carriage,
He began to indulge in the freedom of marriage.

After drawing the blinds and removing my wrap
He lifted me bodily into his lap;
I snuggled against him, my head on his shoulder;
I kissed his dear lips, and that made him bolder.

For with passionate kisses his lips mine pressed;
His hand, 'neath my chin, quickly stole to my
breast.

Blushing crimson, I struggled with all my might,
And begged him, protesting, to wait for the night.

But he laughed at my fears and said no one could
see,
As suddenly he parted my legs with his knee.
Then his bold daring fingers crept up tween my
thighs,
While his other hand held me unable to rise.

I was frightened and shocked, but what could I say?
So I nestled against him and gave him his way.
Roaming and teasing, his hand remained there,
Caressing me gently and tickling the hair.

His frivolity lasted for over an hour,
And, reclining, I gave myself into his power
And resisted no more; just between you and me,
I felt rather thrilled - though I tried not to be.

Then we reached our hotel, and found all prepared:
Our apartments were cosy and thoroughly aired,
And dinner was served - but my appetite had vanished
For really, excitement all other things banished.

How the evening was spent, 'tis superfluous to write
For I know you'd read on till you see the word
'night'.
Well, attend and I'll draw the dark curtain aside
And reveal you the ways of a man and his bride.

You remember how often we longed to discover
What sensations were found in the arms of a lover?
Well, now was my chance, but I only felt faint,
And blushed and looked nervous, despite all restraint

Frank saw my condition, and tenderly said:
'You look tired, Emma darling, so run off to bed.
You know where the room is, you're sure of the
Number;
Make haste and I'll come to watch over your slumber.'

The sly naughty boy! but I knew what he meant;
So, modestly blushing, I kissed him and went.
I was scarcely undressed and prepared for my doom
When I heard the door open - he'd entered the room.

Still and silent I lay, between wonder and dread
While he threw off his clothes and climbed into bed.

In an instant I felt myself clasped in his arms,
And quickly lost most of my girlish alarms.

He soothed me so fondly, and gave me such kisses,
That my blood seemed to crave for more exquisite blisses.
Then, taking my nightie, he slipped out my arms
And drew it right off me without any qualms.

Well, perfectly naked, I lay by his side
And vainly endeavoured my blushes to hide
As his hand wandered o'er me and gently caressed -
ere, my pen cannot write, but I think you have guessed.

But reserve quickly vanished, and love, unrestrained
By shyness or fear, triumphantly reigned.
All his passionate kisses I freely returned,
For flame of desire in me irresistibly burned.

Soon his arms went around me, and without more delay
He held me firmly beneath him, as a lion its prey.
Then his knees pushed at mine till he forced them apart;
I felt something touch me like the point of a dart.

He manoeuvred it gently, and brought it to rest
With the tip at the entrance, then lay on my breast
Cuddling me closely he pressed with his lance
Till closer and closer I felt it advance.

The pressure increased, till I cried out with pain
And implored him to stop - but I pleaded in vain,
For, helpless beneath him, in frightened submission,
I felt a sharp pain: the dart gained admission.

So severe was the pain that I begged with a sigh
'Please don't push so hard, or I'm sure I will die'.
But tears and entreaties alike went unheeded
As intent on his purpose the despoiler proceeded.

Although he was armed - as I thought - like a giant,
Apparently nature has made us quite pliant,
For I found myself yielding to every aggression,
And before very long he gained total possession.

But O what a wonderful weapon that lance is,
Surpassing by far our most ladylike fancimes!

So resistless its power, so surprising its length,
I felt its dimensions and its terrible strength.

Now I found, my dear Belle, that saying to be true
That a man and his wife are one and not two,
For a union so close all description surpasses,-
Can scarcely be believed by you innocent lasses.

Of course, by this time I'd forgotten my fright,
For the pain was replaced by thrills of delight,
As with my knees partly flexed round his legs I
And in passionate rhythm our bodies combined.

With his knees pressing mine he began the att -
First drawing it out, then pushing it back,
While with arms round his neck and thighs wide apar
I thrilled to each stroke of the rapturous dart.

Each passionate stroke was delightfully given
And I seemed to be wafted enchanted to heaven
As his weapon of bliss, with strong steady motion,
Did its work with exquisite skill and devotion.

Thus we reveled in joy, till our transport at last
Reached the climax of Hymen's delightful repast.
I thought I'd be crushed as Frank sank on my breast
But a rapture untold seemed to add to my zest.

I could feel deep within me the conqueror swelling,
Throbbing with the strength of an outburst impellin
So to his vigorous frame like a tendril I clung,
While our lips with lascivious kisses I clung.

For a moment ecstatic dissolving we lay;
Then a fountain of love seemed to burst into pla,
And there thrilled through my veins an o'erpowering sensation
As I felt the warm pledge of our love's consummatio

Although the first tempest of his passion was spent
My beloved on further achievement was bent,
For he still kept possession, with ardour subdued,
And, embracing me closely, the pastime pursued.

Delighted I felt the keen impulse again
And returned with fresh ardourx the strokes of my swain,
Who, more temperate now, played his amorous part,
Restraining the force of his soul-stirring dart.

He pushed it in hard, till it fitted quite tight,
Then paused there, as if to prolong the delight;
But, panting with pleasure, my breath almost gone,
I longed for brisk action, and murmured 'Keep on'.

All attention, my summons was quickly obeyed,
And again the warm tribute of ecstasy paid,
As, pulsating with love, his stalwart erection
Delivered within me its thrilling injection.

We abandoned ourselves with intensified zeal
To delicious sensations, so wonderfully real,
'ill, exhausted and faint, with our passion quite spent,
We lay side by side in blissful content.

Thus the first act of wedlock was brought to a close,
And, naked, we rested in quiet repose.
But my dreams so reflected our amorous game
That I started and woke with my blood all aflame.

Refreshed by the sleep, my first thought on waking
Was the knowledge that more could be had for the taking;
So I cuddled to Frank with warm ardent kisses
As a hint that I sought a renewal of blisses.

This action awakened my ardent young swain,
With desire all aroused for excitement again,
For he rested my hand on the source of our pleasure
The pride of his manhood, and a woman's best treasure.

It was soft and quite firm, but attached to its base
Were two little globes, enclosed in a case.
I couldn't resist it, but gave them a squeeze,
While my darling lay smiling in sensuous ease.

His purr as I fondled him seemed to grow stronger
Till at last he was able to stand it no longer,
For he cuddled against me, and with one quick tilt
Plunged the weapon right in me, up to the hilt.

Once again we pursued our delightful employment,
Straining each nerve to increase the enjoyment,
Whilst murmurs of ecstasy marked each stroke
And the bed, by its creaking, our ardour bespoke.

At last we attained love's complete invocation
And poured out together Hymen's great libation.
Thus alternately sporting and sleeping we lay
For the rest of the night and well into the day.

Six times we indulged in this amorous riot;
(My love by now seemed disposed to be quiet)
But, to tell you the truth, if we'd had half a score
I would have coaxed him, and coveted more.

But he thought it more prudent and wise to observe
The maxim of keeping a force in reserve.
Besides, he could scarce do his utmost best
If his strength weren't renewed and replenished by rest.

Still I nestled against him, with quenchless desire,
And fanned the wan embers of love's waning fire.
Growing bolder and bolder, I teased with one roving hand,
Till I felt my dear playfellow grow and expand.

Very soon it had reached its former perfection,
And proudly it stood in its proudest erection.
But Frank (lazy boy!) just lay on his back
And declared it my turn to commence the attack.

So I mounted at once, after parting the hair,
And placed the dart in position with infinite care,
Then extended my body full length on his chest,
Determined to please him by doing my best.

Astonished, he said 'You're a hot little devil!
You're not a bit backward in joining the revel!'
From the first he'd imagined I wouldn't be cold,
But seemed quite delighted to find me so bold.

He said he was happy and pleased beyond measure
To think that he'd won such a lovable treasure.
My work thus receiving such encouraging praise
I continued the effort with no more delays.

After letting my elbows press close to his side
I moved up and down slowly, still riding astride;
Then with long rapid strokes very soon I succeeded
In obtaining the pleasure we both sadly needed.

After lying there a while in the upper position
I gently commenced on a second editon.

I managed the task with such workmanlike skill
That soon I experienced the most wonderful thrill.

Then, grasping my loins, he pushed further inside
As the fountain of love shot into his bride.
The morning thus dawned, but I still longed for more,
But the maid knocked outside and opened the door.

Before she could see us Frank pulled up the sheet
And smiling I thanked him for being so sweet.
Though I didn't mind him seeing me lying there nude,
I hated to have any stranger intrude.

After taking some tea and some hot buttered toast
I begged him to give me just one more at most.
So he laughingly suggested a change of position
- And, of course, I was ready for any condition.

He lifted me easily out of the bed
And told me to stand with my hands on my head;
Then, moving behind me, to show me the pose,
Bade me bend slowly and reach for my toes.

Obeying, I bent, with legs well apart;
Then with one thrilling push he inserted the dart.
As he leaned on my back it was certainly nice,
For I squeezed him inside as though in a vice.

Though at first this position seemed rather rude
I soon felt our pleasant sensations renewed
As, rising on tiptoes, he seemed to have pressed
further than ever, in amorous quest.

Then, with hands on my breasts, and a fast final shove,
He emitted within me his warm liquid love.
But the thrill of this action exhausted me quite,
And dear Frank seemed himself in a similar plight.

Sated with love, we needed repose;
So, returning to bed, we got under the clothes.
This completed the sport for that wonderful night,
And soon sleep descended, a welcome respite.

Bym and by we arose and performed our ablutions
And washed off the stains of our recent pollution:
But while I was stripped, having just left the bath,

Frank entered the room with his soft little laugh.

He held out his arms and exclaimed with fond pride:
'I just want to admire my wonderful bride,
To feast love's eyes on her beautiful figure,
Aglow with good health and resplendent with vigour'

Though I felt a bith shy at my naked condition
I flew to his arms with adoring submission.
And between his kisses my wonderful boy
Vowed he'd nightly renew and increase all my joy.

'But now, my dear', said he, 'we must hurry our toilet,
For luncheon is served; 'twould be pity to spoil it
But after the meal, while I was changing my frock,
He crept up behind me and gave me a shock.

For, clapping my hands firmly over my head,
He compelled me to sit on the edge of the bed;
Then he pulled up my clothes until well round my waist
While he unfastened his trousers in evident haste.

Then tucking my legs right over each shoulder
He drew down my knickers, growing bolder and bolder
Then his strong rigid weapon, in perfect condition,
Seemed to enter with ease to its natural position.
Such brilliant endeavour I gladly augmented,
And almost at once we were both quite contented.
But when I suggested we do it again,
He smilingly said 'twould be best to refrain'.

For if thus we exhausted the whole of our force
When bedtime arrived we'd have no more resources.
To obtain the greatest pleasure from our wedded condition,
Naked in bed was the proper position.

Although very pleased with the way I complied
He declared love would increase if sometimes denied
So, assured my dear lover was certainly right,
I made up my mind that we'd wait for the night.

But words after all do not nearly reveal
The joys that in wedlock you are destined to feel.
So lose not a minute, my dear little Bella,
And fly to the arms of some lucky fellow.

Make haste and get married, as soon as you can,
For life's just a waste till enjoyed with a man.
He will quickly remove all your girlish dilemma
And make you as thrilled as

Your happy friend,
Emma.

THE BASTARD FROM THE BUSH. Henry Lawson.

{The
As night was falling slowly on city, town and bush,
From a slum in Jones's Alley came the Captain of the Push,
{And
Then his whistle, loud and piercing, woke the echoes of the Rocks,
And a dozen ghouls came slouching round the corners of the blocks.

{Ran
Now the Captain jerked a finger at a stranger by the kerb,
Whom he qualified politely with an adjective and verb.
Then he made the introduction: "Here's a covey from the bush;
Fuck me blind, he wants to join us; be a member of the Push!"

Then the stranger made this answer to the CotP:
"Why, fuck you dead, I'm Foreskin Fred, the BftB!
I've been in every two-up school from Wagga to the Loo;
I've ridden colts and blackgins; what more can a bugger do?"

Are you game to break a window?" said the CotP;
"I'd knock a fucking house down!" said the BftB.
"Would you out a man and rob him?" said the CotP;
"I'd knock him down and fuck him!" said the BftB.

"Would you dong a bloody copper if you caught the cunt alone?
Would you stoush a swell or Chinkie; split his garret with a stone?
Would you have a Moll to keep you; would you swear off work for good?
Said the Bastard: "My colonial, silver-mounted oath I would!"

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I got this version direct from John Meredith, in 1958. There is an article in [illegible] on the subject of the Henry Lawson attribution, which is now agreed to be probably correct: cf. folk version, p. 55.

Minor variations from Parker & Shields, via Maurice Schmauer.

"Would you care to have a gasper?" said the CotP.
"I'll {take have the that bloody packet!" said the BftB.
Then the Pushites all took council, saying, "Fuck me, but he's game!
Let's make him our star basher; he'll live up to his name!"

So they took him to their hideout, that BftB,
And granted him all privileges appertaining to the Push,
But soon they found his little ways were more than they could st
And finally their {leader addressed the member Captain of his band:-

"Now listen here, you buggers, we've caught a fucking Tartar.
At every kind of bludging, that Bastard is a start
At poker and at two-up he's shook our fucking roll
He swipes our {bloody likker and he robs our bloody fucking Molls!"

So down in Jones's Alley all the members of the P,
Laid a dark and dirty ambush for that BftB.
But against the wall of Riley's pub the Bastard made a stand,
A wicked grin upon his dial; a bike-chain in each hand.

They set upon him in a {bunch mob, but one by one they fell,
With crack of bone, unearthly groan and agonising yell
Till the sorely battered Captain, spitting teeth and gouts of b
Held an ear all torn and bleeding in a hand bedaubed with mud.

2You low, polluted Bastard!" snarled the CotP.
"Get back where your sort belongs; that's somewher in the bush.
And I hope heaps of misfortunes may soon tumble down on you;
May some lousy harlot dose you till your bollicks turn sky blue!

"May the pains of windy spasms through your bowels dart;

May you shit your bloody trousers every time you
try to fart.
May you take a swig of gin's piss, mistaking it
for beer;
May the next push you impose on (toss) heave you out upon
your ear!

"May the itching piles torment you; may corns grow
on your feet;
May crabs as big as spiders attack your balls a
treat.
Then when you're down and outed, to a hopeless
bloody wreck,
may you slip back through your areehole and break
your fucking neck!"

WRITTEN BY A NURSE (A True Story)

Typescript obtained from a journalist friend, Adelaide, 1958. The typescript was evidence in a case involving teenage hoodlums. Major alterations & additions in typescript have been corrected here.

I knew I shouldn't go with him
I knew his reputation
But the dance was very boring
And I fell to his temptation.

He took me tom his roomy car
A rug he quickly found me
And then he quickly drove away
His free arm was around me.

It only seemed a little while
Until the car was stopped
His right hand left the steering wheel
And on my knee it stopped.

And then he pressed his mouth to mine
His lips just slightly parted
And by the passion of his kiss
I knew the game was started

I tried to turn my face from his
But he showed such great persistence
And when I saw it was no use
I ended my resistance.

I slipped my arms around his neck
And gave him kiss for kiss
I hadn't thought a kiss could give
So great a thrill as this.

Then while I did by passion swayed
My lips to his surrender
I felt his hand creep up my leg
As far as my suspender.

I took my arms from around his neck
And made him shift his hand
I said I did not mind a kiss
But that I xxxxxxxx will not stand.

His roving hand being thus removed
Began another quest
He slowly moved it upwards
Until it reached my breast.

Then in spite of my resolve
Felt passion through me ripple
And as his hand gently stroked my curves
And squeezed each bulging nipple

I should have moved his roving hand
From where he had employed it
But it was doing me no harm
Besides, I quite enjoyed it.

I lifted parted lips to his
To pay for his caresses
His left hand from my waist moved up
And slid beneath my dress.

My backless gown no hindrance gave
And o'er me there came stealing
As his hand pressed my tender flesh
A most ecstatic feeling.

His right hand found my leg again
My veins seemed filled with fire
As it roved upward beneath my dress
For this time it went higher.

Then I remembered his technique
Was stopping all my will
And thought a dangerous game was his
Although it gave a thrill

I shook myself to clear my brain
And thenx removed his hand
I said I'm not that sort of girl
As you should understand.

He didn't seem to mind at all
And my fears were soon abated
He said we should be going nome
But still we sat and waited.

Then his right hand squeezed my breast
His left hand again grew bolder
It slowly found my shoulder strap
And slipped it off my shoulder.

Then as my curving bosom
From its drapings slowly slipped
He quickly bent his curly head
And pressed it to his lips.

A flame of fire ran through my veins
In most disturbing fashion
Never in my life before
Felt such a wave of passion.

While ecstasy impaired my will
His hand again was moving
And slowly moved towards my thighs
This time without reproving.

When his lips left my breast at last
I did not miss them much
As I got just as great a thrill
From his hand around my crutch.

He whispered softly in my ear
As I meekly sat beside him
But still in spite of warm desire
I was able to deny him.

He moved my hand towards himself
My nerves seemed turned to jelly
And finally it came to rest
Upon his lower belly.

Beneath his clothes I now could feel
Something that made me shy
And soon I found he had undone
Two buttons of his fly.

Temptation caught me in its grip
My will grew slowly weaker
And through that opening in his fly
My hand became a seeker.

Beneath his clothes my hand groped down
As if in search of treasure
And when it found the prize it sought
My heart grew fast with pleasure.

His hand now left my private parts
And moved towards my waist
He started to remove my pants
Without unseeming haste.

I knew what he was going to do
But I gave no more resistance
In fact I raised myself to try
To give him some assistance.

From girlhood days I'd longed to know
What manly powers could be
And now while in this loving mood
I had my chance to see.

So I brought out from beneath his clothes
This precious prize I'd found
And marvelled as I gazed at it
So long and hard and round.

And while we sat in fond embrace
My conscience in its grave
My hand played with his passion pole
While he explored my cave.

His cunning fingers teased my charm
Till I was filled with longing
And fierce desires to have his spear
Inside my tulee came thronging. [?]

He seemed to sense without a word
My wish for copulation
He left the car and quietly
He made his preparation.

He took the rug and spread it out
On a patch of clover
I gladly joined him, and then I knew
My virgin days were over.

As from my heart my heated blood
Through all my veins went rushing
I slipped out of my evening frock
To save it from crushing.

My underskirt I then removed
And naked to my waist
I laid myself upon the ground
Love's greatest joys to taste.

He knelt beneath my outspread legs
Then sank upon my breast
And brought the charm for which I longed
Towards my cosy nest.

I felt a great new wave of joy
To find that it was there
I squeezed it when my hand moved down
To part my curly hair.

One of my hands remained below
My lips to open wide
The other grasped my lovely toy
To be its steady guide.

My virgin passage amply oiled
By nature's lubrication
Its first intruder welcomed in
Without more hesitation.

The fleshy sword moved into me
With happy comforts laden
But all too soon its course was stopped
When first it reached my maiden.

It seemed a miracle to me
So tiny was my nest
That it could so accommodate
So very large a guest.

But until now I felt no pain
To dampen my passion's ardour
And then I felt a sudden twinge
As he pushed just slightly harder.

I clenched my fists as he pushed on
With ever growing pressure
The pain increased a little more
But so did my great pleasure.

A sudden sharp and bursting pain
That made me feel like squealing
And once more on its upward path
That lovely thing went stealing.

And now inside my parting form
That weapon went completely
I never thought with its great size
That it could fit so neatly.

He paused a little while to rest
And then began a motion
His body moving up and down
Like waves upon the ocean.

It wasn't very long until
I also caught the rhythm
My body too began to move
In perfect time with his.

I found within my very soul
A perfect joy abided
As in and out my cylinder
His piston gently glided.

Then while in unison we moved
In loving union mated
As steadily our joys increased
The speed accelerated.

I locked my feet behind his knee
To ~~get an extra~~ magnify the pleasure
He moved another half an inch
And gave me all his treasure.

At last I reached on love's career
The time for whixh I prayed
His lovely fountain pulsed - and throbbed
And through my grotto sprayed.

A few convulsive moments
And a final thrilling shove
And mutually we reached at last
The climax to our love.

A little while we lay entwined
To make our joy complete
Then he withdrew his shrunken tool
And rose upon his feet.

He buttoned up his fly
Now that our loving game was played
We both felt rather shy
He tucked away his softened pride.

I blushed as he looked down at me
And also quickly rose
And as he folded up the rug
I soon resumed myx clothes.

And so I lost my maiden-hood
Without a thought of sorrow
And just to show I've no regret
I'm meeting him tomorrow.

CINDERELLA. EB. This is supposed to be W2 vintage.

Act I. Scene: A kitchen. Cinderella enters, falls arse over head, and then addresses Agatha, who is on stage when curtain rises.

C: Excuse me sister Aggie, please;
I've gone and barked my bloody knees.
A: Your bloody knees just leave me cold;
You do your work and don't be bold.
C: O nuts to you, you silly cow;
Here comes my sister Gerty now.
(Aside to the audience)
To scratch their eyes out my hand twitches,
The pair of ugly selfish bitches.
G: So there you are, you little nanny;
Don't stand there picking your fanny.
A: You run upstairs: now, off you go,
And don't forget to rinse my po. (Exit C.)
She's a lazy little whore. (Offstage: a knock)
Cinder, shee see who is knocking at the door.
(C. comes on, goes to the door and returns with the Baron who is carrying a paper).
B: It's only me as you can see:
But blast it all. I have lost my key.
G: Lost your key? I'll tell you this:
You've been out on the bloody piss. [=drunk: Australian?]
B: It's on. Listen, girls, to my oration:
I've been and got an invitation.
A and G: An invitation?
B: And that's not all;
We're going to the Prince's Ball.
A: The Prince's Ball? What? Only one?
Then how the hell does he have fun?
B: Shut your necks, you pair of arses;
These are complimentary passes.

C: The Prince's Ball! Hooraxy, hooray!
This is indeed our lucky day.
B: Yes, my child, and you'd be there,
If you had anything to wear.
A, G: The Prince's Ball! You little nit,
You're only out to get a bit.
C: If I can, I'll need no urgin',
Even if I am a virgin.
BB: To the Prince's Ball we three are going;
Cinders stay and do the sewing.
(Exit B and Ugly Sisters. C. sits all forlorn, sewing in the dim light).
C: Here all day I sits and sits;
This damn place gives me the shits.
Other girls get all the breaks: (Sighs)
Perhaps I ain't got what it takes.
If only I'd a decent frock,
I'd get myself a bit of cock.
(The lights go out. There is a flash, and when the lights go on again the Fairy Queen appears).
C: Good Lord, what has happened now?
It is the Fairy Queen!
F: And how!
C: O, Fairy Queen, how nice to call;
I can't go to the Prince's Ball.
F: The Prince's Ball? Now why is that?
Did someone feed it to the cat?
C: You've got me wrong by some mischance;
It's in the hall, not in his pants.
F: I'm sorry, kid; excuse the patter,
And tell me now what is the matter.
C: O, Fairy Queen, I'm in a mess;
I've got no coupons for a dress.
F: A dress? I'll fix that in a tick
By tugging at my magic stick.
And that's not all, so please don't weep;
I've slippers, Blue Light, and a Jeep.
C: Please save me ructions,
And tell me what are your instructions.
F: Be home - or you'll exhaust my powers -
By twenty-three hundred and fifty-nine hours.
Now see you heed my midnight call,
And tonight you'll see the Prince's Ball.

(Fairy Queen touches C, with her wand. Blackout).

Act II. The Prince's Ball. The Baron is on stage dancing. Enter the Prince doing up his fly. He walks up to Agatha, who is sitting on the stage.

P: Excuse me, my delightful miss,
I simply had to have a piss. (Peeps at Agatha)
Is that a mask by any chance?
It isn't? (Shrugs) O well - let's dance.
(The Prince dances with A and the Baron with Gert).

G: Papa, he dances like a toff;
I think he's trying to drag me off.

B: I think he's dancing like a log.
I wonder where he keeps his grog.
(Offstage a dance is announced)

Voice: Her Royal Highness, Princess Charlotte.

P: Just another bloody harlot.
(Catches sight of C. who has just entered).
By crikey she's a slashing sort;
I'll offer her a glass of port. (Approaches her)
Please come up and have a spot,
And then we'll dance the next gavotte.

C: I'd love a spot, but not a dance; (Lowers voice)
I've no elastic in my pants.

P: If not a dance, then, with your pardon,
I'd love to show you through my garden.
(Exit Prince and Cinders).

A: I'm not so mad about her shape.
Like Errol Flynn he's out for a rape.

B: The Prince, I fear, 's a dirty dog;
But WHERE THE HELL'S HIS BLOODY GROG?
(The clock strikes twelve and on dashes C., carrying pink scanties in her hand, andminus one slipper, pursued by Prince with slipper in his hand. She disappears off stage).

G: O, Prince, it seems you went too far;
I think she's buzzed off in your car.

P: Shut up, you dirty stinking trollop,
Or else I'll give you such a wallop.
Just as we were doing well,
She grabbed her pants and went like hell.

A: For you I wouldn't give a damn!
You're nothing but a bloody ram.

P: You pair of trolls give me the shits.
I'll wed the girl the slipper fits.

Act III. Next morning. Cinderella is in the kitchen

C: Ah! woe to me, I've lost my frock
For staying after twelve o'clock.
My shoes, my jeep, my pants are gone,
Just because time marches on.
The Prince was fast - but the night was fadin';
I've lost my shoes but not my maiden.
(Enter Ugly Sisters very cross)

A: The Prince's Balls are overrated;
Just look at me, not even dated.

G: You dope, you should have stayed at home.
You acted like a first class chrome.

A: Shut up before you drive me nuts,
Or else I'll kick you in the guts.

C: I beg of you sisters, please desist;
You sound as though you're still half pissed.
(Enter Baron with hangover)

B: Only for you I'd be in clover.
Jesus, what a beuat hangover.
I found the cellar I'd been chasing,
And did I give that grog a lacing!

G: Your bloody mieh begins to pall;
We've had you and the Prince's Ball.
(Enter the Prince. All at once appear cheerful

A: Do come in, Your Royal Highness.
I'm almost overcome with shyness.

G: Prince, how nice to see you call;
We did enjoy your lovely ball.

P: No matter how you may approach it,
It wasn't worth a pinch of goatshit.
Balls to me don't mean a thing;
I'd rather have a wedding ring.

B: Prince, that seems a funny thing
To dabble in that sort of ting.
Don't you think you're premature
In changing from an amateur?

P: Listen here, you silly arse,
Things are at a pretty pass.
I'm looking for a [illegible] who [illegible] (= AUSTRAL-(ANISM)
Can wear this dainty little shoe.

"CINDERELLA" (missing page, here present), prob. 1950s

[= Harlequin Prince Cherrytop] (much revised!), note ref to Errol Flynn = 1940's hope case

I'll wed her, then I'll get my thrill,
You bet your bloody life I will.

B: Cut out all this dance and song;
Try my girls, and you can't go wrong.
(The Ugly Sisters try on the slipper).

A: I'll try it on, then you'll agree
The shoe will fit me to a T.

G: You'll never make the Royal headlines,
Not with them there number nines.
There you are! Just as I said;
You'll never make the Prince's bed.
(Grabs the shoe).

P: I'm sorry, girls, you both tried hard,
But I don't want a bloody yard.
I want a foot. Let's try this girl.
Here you are, you have a turl. (Points to C.)

A: That little chit? She's too unsightly.
Will her foot fit? Not bloody likely.
She isn't in the race at all;
She wasn't at the Prince's Ball.

P: Now, listen, girls, that's in your dipper;
She's going to try the bloody slipper.
(She does. It fits)

G: Well, bugger me, it's just her size.

B: Shut up, Gertie, blast your eyes!

P: It really is a lovely sight (holds up C's foot)
It was you at the ball last night.

C: I was there as the Princess Charlotte,
And I came home with my face all scarlet.

P: You should have stayed and known me better.
I always use a good French letter.

C: I must admit I had high hopes;
All day I read my Marie Stopes.

P: So, marry me, and after all,
You'll really see the Prince's Ball.

C: I'll marry you, for it's my duty. (Aside)
I've seen his prick, and it's a beauty.
(Enter Fairy Queen)

F: And that's the tale of a friendly fella;
He finished up - UP CINDERELLA!
(Curtain)

ESKIMO NELL.

V

I have a better version published as a separate (Bob Books) by 1973. I may photo this for you also. I don't recall if it differs from the version I've Thereunder some years back (U NSW student paper) - but that was a good version.

When Deadeye Dick and Mexican Pete
Were sore depressed or sad,
It was mainly cunt that bore the brunt,
But the shootin' weren't so bad.

When Deadeye Dick and Mexican Pete
Went out in search of fun,
It was Deadeye Dick that swung the prick,
And Mexican Pete the Gun.

Now Deadeye Dick and Mexican Pete
Had been working in Dead Man's Creek,
With not much luck in the way of a fuck
For nigh on half a week.

As they blazed the randy trail
No man their path withstood:
And many a bride ~~whose~~ husband's pride
Knew pregnant widowhood.

They reached the ~~banks~~ sands of the Rio Grande
Just about burning noon;
And to quench their thirst and do their worst
They sought Red Mike's saloon.

Crashing through those swinging doors
Both prick and gun flashed free;
'According to sex, you poxy wrecks,
You drinks or fucks with me.'

The men down there had heard of Pete
From the Horn to Panama;
So with nothing worse than a muttered curse
Those Dagoes sought the bar.

Now the women down there had heard of Dick
On the Rio Grande;
So forty whores whipped down their drawers
At Deadeye Dick's command.

They saw the finger of Mexican Pete
Twitch on the finger grip;
So at a fearful rate - for they dared not wait -
Those whores began to strip.

G. Paramore's service parody Re Ballad of Yukon Jake. = Untermeyer's treasury? Ribaldry.

Now forty arses and forty cunts,
And if you use your wits
In fairly quick arithmetic,
Signify four score tits.

They may be rare on Berkeley Square,
But not on the Rio Grande;
And fourscore tits are a handsome sight
To a man with a mighty stand.

He took a jump at the nearest rump
And scored a hit in one
... He shoved it hot up her twitching twat
... And damn near out her bum.

He bore that whore to the sandy floor
And there he fucked her fine;
And though she grinned, it put the wind
Up the other thirty-nine.

Now Deadeye Dick was really quick;
He cast the first aside;
He made a dart at the second tart,
When the door flew open wide.

Into that den of vice,
Into that Harlot's Hell,
There strode a maid who was unafraid,
Her name was Eskimo Nell.

Now Deadeye Dick had got his prick
Well into number two,
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell
And hollered 'Hey there, you!'

Dick sprang about with an angry shout;
His face and knob were red;
With a dexterous flick of his muscular prick
That whore flew over his head.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell
With accents calm and cool:
'You cunt-struck simp of a Yankee pimp -
You call that thing a tool?

'This 'ere town can't live that down',
She said to these quivering whores;
'But there is one cunt that can do the stunt:
Eskimo Nell's - not yours.'

She took off her garments one by one
With a smile of conscious pride;
And there she stood in all her womanhood,
And they saw the Great Divide.

She went over to a table
Where someone had left a glass;
She twitched her tits and crushed it to bits
Between the cheeks of her arse.

She lay down without fear on a table near
And flung her legs apart;
She gave a nod to that randy sod,
Which was his cue to start.

Now Deadeye Dick he knew a trick;
He meant to take his time;
A game like this is fucking bliss,
So he played a pantomime.

He flicked his foreskin up and down,
And he made his balls inflate
Till they stood out like a couple of globes
On top of a castle gate.

He dipped his tool in alcohol
To make it piping hot,
And to finish the job he sprinkled the knob
With a cayenne pepper-pot.

Now Deadeye Dick he knew a trick;
He meant to reserve his powers;
For if he'd a mind he'd grind and grind
For a couple of solid hours.

Now Deadeye Dick he took a sight
Along his gleaming tool;
The dead slow way she shoved it in
Was calculating cool.

You have seen the piston working
On the mighty C.P.R.
With the driving force of a thousand horse -
Well, you know what pistons are.

But Eskimo Nell was an Infidel,
As good as a whole harem,
With the strength of ten in her abdomen
And the Rock of Ages abeam.

Inwardly she could take the wash
Just like a water-closet;
She gripped Dick's cock like the Chatswood lock
On the National Safe Deposit.

With a dreamy smile she lay awhile,
And the grip of her cunt grew keener;
With a ~~dreamy~~ languid sigh she sucked him dry
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

Dick fell to the floor and knew no more,
His passion and instincts dead;
He gave no shout as his prick came out,
Though he certainly stripped the thread.

Pete turned about with an angry shout
To avenge his pal's affront;
With a jarring jolt he drew his colt
And shoved it up her cunt.

He shoved it up to the trigger's grip
And fired it twice times three;
But to his surprise she closed her eyes
And squealed in ecstasy.

Deadeye Dick and Mexican Pete
Slunk out of the Rio Grande,
Deadeye Dick with a useless prick
And Pete with a gun in his hand.

And ~~Eskimo~~ Nell went ~~back~~ form to the frozen North.
To the land where spunk is spunk,
Not just a stream of luke warm cream,
But a solid frozen chunk.

Back to the land where they understood
What it means to fornicate,
Where even the dead share a common bed
And babies masturbate.

× No speaking parts.

THE SOD'S OPERA. A Playlet in 3 Acts by W.S.Gilbert.

Dramatis Personae

MASTURBATION	A Demon opposed to the Fuckwell dynasty
×NERVOUSNESS	)
×INDIGESTION	)
×PLUSHING	) His attendant sprites.
×DISTASTE OF SOCIETY	)
×INVOLUNTARY EMISSIONS	)
FAIRY FAIRFUCK	A benevolent and wise fairy patron of the Fuckwell dynasty
FUCKWELL	First king of Rogeria
CHERRYTOP	His only son and heir to the throne
BIG-PRICK	Bishop of the United Seeds of Breeding. Arsehole and Sodder and Tutor to the Prince
×PERIGGS	His righthand man
SIR WHITNEY BROWN BUMFODDER	First lord-in-waiting to king f.
×TICKLEBOOT	His page
×SIR BOLUS DE CUPIDI	Medical Officer to the Court
BUDO	King of Russia
×CAPTAIN SHANKLY OF THE BLACK WASH	Forgerly, a big soft sympatletic swell
TRUSS	A Naval Officer, Capt in of the Barearscholes
×LUKE O'REA	A seedy member of the whites
×DI O'REA	A loose girl, his daughter
×PRICK	A go-between
×COLONEL COLOCTEAM	Their friend, an easy-going chap of the Spermacity
×R. SOLE	A wrinkled old chap, usually tight
×VASSY LEAN	His valet, a slippery customer
×BURS	A milkman
×GLUTT	A runner
× BOLLOCKS BROTHERS	A pair of bangermen
× SCROTUM	A bag man
× SCRATCH	His pal
× CRABBE	A bushranger
× FOX AND [illegible]OX	Twins inseparable
× MISTER LUCK	A disappointed lover

= HARLEQUIN PRINCE CHERRYTOP? Typescript obtained from Adelaide Jewellery, 1958. Same substitutions made to those by ⊗ from Wayne

PRINCESS SHOVITUPPA Daughter of King Fairfuck,
betrothed to Cherrytop
PRINCESS SYPHILIDE Daughter to King Bubo
LADY CLARA COLDCREAM First lady of the bedchamber
MERCURY A god, friend of Fairy Fairfuck
SIR SECONDARY
SYMPTOMS Russian Ambassador
CHANCRE The spirit of Pox.
CAMAROUCH **Queen to Bubo.
Solo on the horn - procured with much difficulty.
E. Rection - Voluntary on the organ
Master Bates and Miss Elpha Buce

*****

ACT I

Scene I. The cavern of the demon Masturbation in the cave of the Spermatazoa. Imps discovered in the chorus.

CHORUS OF IMPS:

All hail to our master so noble and grand;
With glee we await his returning;
Success to the noble revenge he has planned;
The result we shall shortly be learning.
Since proud Fuckwell rejected his aid,
And as a Godfather refused him,
No wife shall his son know, no widow or maid,
For with self-love our lord has infused him.
Very well done, capital fun,
Jolly good companions everyone.

Demon leaps through trapdoor and rebounds

DEMON:

Ha! Ha! my friends, returned all safe and sound;
I'll execute the world-famed lu lu bound.

IMP:

My gracious lord, I hope I am not rude
By naming my lu lu lewd. (Frigs himself)

DEMON:

I'll tell you the tale, but bring me first
Something to clear my throat and quench my thirst.

IMP:

What does your majesty desire to quaff?

DEMON:

A pot of - Ha ha! - of half and half.
Within the bowl the choice ingredients blend:
Twin moieties of male and female spend,
Then in the magic chalice mix
Sebaceous matter of both cunts and pricks.

IMP:

'Tis here!

DEMON:

Ha, ha, the drink I love so well!
I'll drain the bowl and then the tale I'll tell.

Demon drinks and imps gather round

You must all know, my friends, that yester morn
Fuckwell the First has treated me with scorn.
It was the christening day of Fuckwell's heir,
Prince Cherrytop, and I would fain be there
As Godfather. The boy I have endowed
With all those talents of which I am proud.
But ruled, as I must think, by the advice
Of Fairfuck, foe to the solitary vice,
The monarch has rejected, spurned my aid.
Ha! Ha! Revenge! No matter! I've said
A time will come - nay, from this hour
Prince Cherrytop is bound within my power.
I in disguise the palace did approach,
And found the Prince as limp as any roach.
I touched him with my wand, I spoke the curse,
And he is ours for better or worse.
To frig himself he's bound beneath my spell,
And make all others near him frig as well -
His father, mother, sisters, aunts and cousins,
Courtiers, and maids of honour by the dozens;
Nay, even the lower animals indeed
Who meet Cherrytop, must lose their seed,
And he himself, chief victim of my plan,
Must all day long pursue the frigging plan.
Soon shall consumption waste the blooming youth;
He'll die frigging, prick in hand, forsooth.

*Enter Fairy Fuckwell in a cloud of bacteria.

FAIRY FUCKWELL:

Not so! I come to ward the noxious spell,
To save the heir of him I love so well,
Who, ere this marriage, riding out alone,
Beside the wayside beheld an aged crone.
'Twas I disguised. 'Dame, how much for a prick?'
The knightly shrimpling cried. 'Make answer quick'.
'Fourpence I name'. Then leaping from his charger,
He produced a prick then becoming larger.
Flat on my back he laid me in the sun,
Fucked me three times, and paid for every one.
So I will save his son from earthly hell,
Who fucked so noble and paid so well.

DEMON:

I don't see by what right you interfere;
But I shall treat you friendly now you're here.
Besides, I'd like to know your little game
In winning Cherrytop from self-love's flame.

FAIRY FUCKWELL:

You'll have your way, as he has now begun,
Until Prince Cherrytop is twenty-one.
Then I will find a cure for all his woes
Beneath the Princess Shovituppa's clothes.
Besides, you know that while I am present
All may relax from discipline unpleasant;
And that I may in part defeat your malice,
I'm going to take some lodgings near the palace

DEMON:

Go do your worst. At all your powers I scoff.
Who once learns frigging never leaves it off.
Ha ha! do you think Shovituppa's quim
Will have the slightest interest for him,
Or Shovituppa care for any man
Whose prick has dwindled to its shortest span?

FAIRY FUCKWELL:

Well, I've no more time for further explanation,
But must be off. Ta ta, friend Masturbation!
To show however we are still friends,
We'll dance a breakdown in a couple of spands.

All dance breakdown. CURTAIN.

Scene II: Garden of Fuckwell's palace. Sir Whitney Brown Bumfodder, Courtiers and Maids-of-Honour discovered.

ALL:

Pity his courtiers, who, moaning and groaning,
Areforced willynilly to imitate a man;
Finding ourselves in the Prince's society,
Frig we all must, and we frig to satisfy;
Daily and monthly, 'tis surely undoing us;
Spermatorhhea, that's all we fear,
We shall all perish from Spermatorrhea.

SIR WHITNEY:

Oh, yesterday officially I went
To swell the opening of Parliament.
The Prince was there as usual with horn,
Kings, Heralds, Bishops, gold and lawn.
Before the court each lollywog displayed his penis
A fund of contemplation for the ladies;
And while poor clitoris they gently tickle
Bet which gent's semen would make the greatest
A bench of Bishops made a goodly show /trickle
Lawn sleeved, big pricked, well bollocked in a row.
And though no seed of martyrs they may yield,
With seed of blue blood they anoint the field.
But bright blue eyes look on askance, more's the pity
For all their penes are a trifle shitty.
The Prince's little prick looked shapp and pointed
...
He stood with crown on head and prick in hand,
Like Mars beguiled by Venus on a stand.
Their lower house then duly summoned are,
And with their semen overshoot the bar.

The speech begins and much impresses,
Though broken by the rustling of the ladies' dresses
Just as he in the middle of the speech is
His Majesty overshoots the Chancellor's breeches,
Who, thinking he might as well be tricky,
Spends over Goldstick, making him more sticky.
Goldstick the scornful calls him a low fellow,
And says his semen is greenish yellow.
The House adjourns; the maids with pails and mops
From chairs and tables wipe up the creamy slops,
And sponge without the slightest hesitation
The M.P.'s of a future generation.

LADY CLARA COLDCREAM:

About your woes you need not make a fuss;
'Tis, I assure you, quite as bad for us.
This morning I sat behind the Queen's armchair,
When down to breakfast comes the son and heir.
In came the glory of the nation,
As usual in the act of masturbation.
Ladies and the Queen turned as crimson as a rose
As all the right hands dived beneath their clothes
...
The courtiers flogged their tools; some spent,-
Some couldn't - over the table into the teapot.
If spend they must, why not use a pee pot?
The flies and wasps forsook the jam and honey
To frig themselves like thistles, tiny pricks
and many.
The big Newfoundland dog, the Prince's pet,
Embraced his knees and rubbed till wet.
The cat bestrode the pillow on the sofa
And rubbed till she got the passion over.
The goldfish swimming around so calm and dreamy
Spent in their bowls, and made the water creamy.
The parrot, double decency to shock,
Frigged his bare crying 'What a Cock';
Time the destroyer quite quiescent stands
And the clock frigs itself with both hands.
...
Many such indidents I could relate,
But as I see the prince approaching here,
We'd better hop before he finds us here.

(All run out of the palace. Enter Prince, Bishop, and attendants - all frigging).

PRINCE:

Bishop, I'm coming to an end.

BISHOP:

I'm spending.

PRINCE:

What, call that a spend?
I'm damned if I would spend at all, that's flat,
If I couldn't make a better spend than that.
(Prince dances round and shakes his prick at the Bishop).

BISHOP:

All very well, but next Wednesday come
I shall be past hope of natural sperm.
To make a jest I do not often seek,
But I feel always on Wednesdays weak;
Likewise on Monday, Tuesday, and Friday,
Thursday, all but Saturday; that's my day
For that's my holiday. So we must part,
Although I love you, Prince, with all my heart.
But I really must give it up indeed
Ere my balls are drained of all their natural seed.
You see, all day I wait upon Your Highness;
Now can you wonder at my state of dryness
As I sleep in your bedroom, wait on you at meals?
You can't tell how your injured Bishop feels!
Nay, even when you go to ease your bowels
I must go there with water, soap, and towels.
And so, Prince, I tell you to your face,
I must indeed resign from this bloody place.
I'll sing you a song. It my relieve your woes.
My heart is heavy, Prince, but still, here goes!

(Air: So early in the morning)
When I was young and used to wait
Till my prick got in a spending state,
Then to the privy I'd repair,
And toss it off in the basin there.

But when I got to man's estate
I cared no more to masturbate;

I chose instead some lusty whore,
And sheathed my prick in her whore galore.

But after I got to forty-nine
I cared no more for the female swine;
The only thing that would give me joy
Was a pretty red-cheeked chubby boy.

But as I'm old and worn out now,
No wife and baby are mine I trow;
I have to resort to the red right hand
That used to soothe my boyish stand.

So late in my existence,
So late in my existence,
So late in my existence,
It's enough to drive me mad.

(Characters dance, Bishop weeps, Prince laughs)

PRINCE:

Of songs indeed you've made a happy choise;
But frigging has rather ruined your voice.

BISHOP:

I can't help that, Sir.

PRINCE:

Tune up while I put on this stanza.

(Air: Cock-a-doodle)

My name is Cherrytop the Prince,
And heir to the throne I am, sirs,
And I'm so cursed with selfish lust,
From morning to night, sirs;
And this I say, that every day
I frig with my whole might, sirs.

(Enter Sir Whitney, who begins to frig at once)

SIR WHITNEY:

Most noble Prince, your singing cease, I pray;
Behold, the King and Queen approach this way.

(Enter King and Queen: all begin to frig)

KING:

On Wednesday week, my worthy friends,

The spell that binds the heir apparent ends;
The gracious fairy Fairfuck bids us hope
She with the Demon certainly can cope;
And we intend, with all impressing urging,
Betrothing To Cherrytop some virgin.
Choice has been made of one whose queenly charms
Bespeak her fitness for a Prince's arms.
The Princess Shovituppa, on that day,
Shall chase all frigging fantastics away. (Cheers

...

Of course you know it will make things more plea
And now to celebrate the joy before us;
We must unite in song and chorus.

(Air; Billy Taylor)

KING:

When I was young I was a fine fellow,
Brim full of vitality;
And my private parts I would not uncover
To any lady of quality.

QUEEN:

You need not boast of your early days, sir:
Perhaps you don't remember
When my lilywhite drawers you stained, sir,
With the blood of my virginity.

KING:

Well, I can't say much for your cunt at presen
It's very much like a carpet bag;
In addition to which, the smell is unpleasant,
And doesn't invite a fellow to shag.

QUEEN:

Such cheek from a half hung selfish frigger
Fills me with wonderment;
Wouldn't you look a pretty figure
With a stiff prick up your fundament!

(Dance and Exit. CURTAIN.)

X ACT II

Scene: The throne-roomm of Fuckwell's palace.

Enter Lady Coldcream.

LADY COLDCREAM:

The day has come! At length the happy day
When Cupid shall resume his wonted sway,
When, teased no more by owner's fretful hands,
Our cunts once more shall soothe our lovers'
stands.
Talking of lovers, here comes that blighted
clodder
Of ancient fame, Sir Whitney Brown Bumfodder.

Enter Sir Whitney.

SIR WHITNEY:

Good morning, Lady Clara! You, I see
Are waiting for the King as well as me.

LADY COLDCREAM:

As well as 'I' - grammar, sir, I mean.
Besides, I wait not for the King but for the
Queen.

SIR WHITNEY:

I stand corrected; 'tis the only way
That I can stand - excuse the jest - at all today

LADY COLDCREAM:

HA ha! Well done! Indeed, that's grand;
I've heard you lie, but never seen you stand.

SIR WHITNEY:

Ah, in my younger days I've fucked by scores
All in one day, wives, widows, maids and whores

LADY COLDCREAM:

I fear you are a braggart, on my life.
But talking of whores, how's that old bitch
your wife?

SIR WHITNEY:

Alas! As well might she be made of wood.
For the last fifteen years she's been no good.
No man can fuck - though my fault it may be -
A cunt that is big enough to bath a baby;
Great chunks of meat hang from its gaping mouth,
And itsm discharge would quench a drunkards drouth;
And if that's not enough to make me sicker -

LADY COLDCREAM (interrupting):

Why don't we liquor?
Liquor up - you needn't frown;
You don't suppose I want to lick her down;
I leave that job to you, it's yours by right.

SIR WHITNEY:

Thanks, I'd rather put it off until tonight.
Now tell me, pray; the question do not shirk:
Your sod of a husband: is he up to work?
You well remember - ah no, don't look down -
What fun we had when he as out of town.

LADY COLDCREAM:

Alas, he never has been since the day
He married me and took me away;
Ever since then his prick has been so limp,
Sodden yet horny, like an ill-boiled shrimp.
Besides, he never cared for quim
Ungrateful wretch! - as I it cared for him.
Not since I married him some years ago
Have I felt my husband's semen flow -
I mean within my cunt, that best of treats;
Of course, I've seen it flowing in the streets.
What think you of a man, the night he's wed,
Who steps from his wife's arms and shits upon the bed,
Who heedless of her caresses and her wiles
Turns on his arse and frigs her with his piles?
Who booted comes to bed, despite his bunions,
And belches undigested onions?
If I could have my way, God strike me stiff -

SIR WHITNEY (interuppting:

If I could? Madam, never mention if
Once a fleet hound, his quarry when he viewed,
Sprang to his feet and in a jiffy pursued;
But though he gained upon his panting prey
He stopped to ease himself, and lost the day.
Now if he had not stopped, the wise declare,
The greyhound had by rights would have caught the hare.
Now, Madam, pray take the lesson take to heart.
But here's the King and Queen, so we must part.

Enter King, Queen, and Courtiers.

KING:

At last, my friends, the happy day's arrived
When our young Prince shall worthily be wived.
So tell Her Royal Highness the Princess,
As soon as she has douched and donned her wedding dress
We shall be glad to see her. (Noise without)
What's the row? We can't stand any interruptions now.
(*To a courtier:)
Just go and see what the fuss is about.

MESSENGER enters and announces:

Sir Secondary Symptoms waits without.

KING:

Well, who is he? Just show him in. (Enter Sir S.)
Are you the cause of this bloody din?

SIR SECONDARY:

Most precious lord, I come at the command
Of Bubo, King of Russia, neighbouring land,
Who bids that you will listen to the voice
Of reason, that the Prince may take a choice.
His elder daughter Syphilide the Fair
He offers as a bride to your young heir.
None can compre with her for half a minute;
Princess Shovituppa isn't even in it.

KING:

Well, Sir, I can see but one thing in the way:
That is that the betrothal must take place today.
So let her come; perhaps my son will choose her -
/If not, then personally I'll abuse her;/
Besides, she'd quickly find another beau.
Just represent this wisely to King Bubo.
I trust that he and I may never be foes. (To servant)
Give him a glass of beer before he goes.

Exit Sir Secondary and servant.

Now he's gone let's see the wedding gifts.
Jewels, dildoes, teas and shifts -
Such gifts as these I will not spurn, I wean.
These pots of rosecream and vaseline -!
Well, this is liberal, upon my word.
But whose is this? You know we haven't heard;
You know I always like the donors to be known,
So call them one by one before the throne.

King ascends the throne.

(1st) GENTLEMAN:

Let her young spouse neglect her, as he will do;
For solace, this india-rubber dildoe.
With tepid milk and water fill the balls,
And it is ready when occasion calls.

(1st) LADY:

Now to our sex that were a base affront!
I offer him an india-rubber cunt
Wherewith to solace many hours
When she's confined or suffering with the flowers
So he may instead of ladies' labors
/Enjoy/ the 'Femme de voyage' of lively neighbours.

(2nd) GENTLEMAN:

To ease her piles when e'er her lover shall dod her,
This wondrous soft medicated bumfodder.

(2nd) LADY:

But in spite of that they still grow wuss -
This magic complicated small truss.

(3rd) GENTLEMAN:

Now, as much fucking makes it wet and squimmy,
Here's a syringe with which to wash her quimmy.

(3rd) LADY:

And when his ordure he would fain deposit:
Sir Thomas Moules' world-famous warthen closet.

(4th) GENTLEMAN:

The bridegroom's gift I have it here,
The latest invention for the catheter.
For though the Prince's prick is now a picture
No married man is ever free from stricture,
Besides the common evil which is sadder:
A little inflammation of the bladder.

(4th) LADY:

Since the sign of noble breeding
Is to cultivate a taste for reading,
I offer him the epigrams of Martial
Translated in a manner quite impartial.

(5th) GENTLEMAN:

So these ~~fine~~ so fine diapers I now bring,
That one might pass them through a wedding ring.

(~~King~~) KING:

Through any ring would this fine texture pass?

(5th) GENTLEMAN:

It would, my liege.

(3) KING:

Then stuff it up your arse.

(5th) LADY:

This aluminium patent keyless dial
The time correctly keeps.

KING:

We'll make a trial.
What's the time now? Be good enough to state.

(GL) LADYL

Sir, half past seven.

KING:

Then kiss my arse at eight.

(GL) GENTLEMAN:

This little handbag of enamelled leather
Will keep things dry, e'en in the wettest weather
Always useful at a ball or fete,
Though its contents, I own, are no light weight.

KING:

What's in it?

(GL) GENTLEMAN:

Shit! Your Majesty's sold.

KING:

Shit! When I thought it had been gold!
How darex you, sir, to mention shit,
To think vulgarity will pass for wit!
To sell a king again you'll never dare.
(To attendants) Take him out and rub it in his hair.

(GL) LADY:

I bring, great King, a small brown parcel
Containing -

KING:

But hasten, Madam, /or I'll boot your arsehole/

(GL) LADY:

Containing huckles for the future Queen.

KING:

What are huckles?

(GL) LADY:

Black men's arseholes painted green.

(Lady runs off to avoid King's anger. King throws crown at her and knocks Sir Secondary

Symptoms as he enters with Princess Syphilidex and Princess Shovituppa).

KING:

Here are the rival beauties; welcome both!
Send for Prince Cherrytop to pledge his troth.

Enter the Prince. All begin to frig. Enter Fairy Fairfuck. All cease frigging and blush.

KING:

Now which do you fancy, sonny? Do not linger

PRINCE:

One moment, father. Bishop, pull my finger.
(Bishop pulls finger and Prince farts. He then goes to the Princesses and examines their cunts

Both have elegantly moulded twots;
I can't decide, so let's draw lots.
(Draws paper with Princess Shovituppa's name on it)
Dear Shovituppa, will you be my bride?

PRINCESS SHOVITUPRA:

I first must see your prick e'er I decide.
(Prince shows it. Princess sneers)
Do you call that thing a prick? So small and flabby
I've seen a better prick upon a babby.
(Prince puts hand in pocket and pulls his balls up from his ankles).
Call those balls? They're more like peas;
I'd stuff the whole lot up my arse with ease.
Take him away.

FAIRY FAIRFUCK:

Not quite so fast, my dear.
You forget there's been enchantment here.
In opposition to the potent spell
My magic wand - and then the tale I'll tell.
(Produces large rod and says to Prince)
Take down your breeches, and kneel before the /Princess.
(Gives him a good licking)
How do you like that? See how he winces!

Now girl, before you a nine inch penis stands;
You scarce can span his balls with both hands.
You will spunk him no more.

PRINCE:

I wish my bottom wasn't so sore.
But still, the birch has made me bloody lewd.

FAIRY FAIRFUCK:

Hush, make love prettily, don't be rude.
(Presents birch to Princess).
Here, take this birch whene'er you find him lagging
/In all that appertains to shagging/.
Give him three dozen with all your might,
And you'll find he will amuse you all the night.

KING:

Now you've settled this eventful case,
At once the wedding may take place.
Now, good Bishop, while I join their hands
Will you unite them?

(Enter Chancre - through trap)

CHANCRE:

I forbid the banns.

KING:

Pray, in this matter who gave you voice?
The Prince has made a free and happy choice.

CHANCRE:

I am the incarnation of the pox;
This is my god-daughter Syphilide; shall mortals spurn her?
And bid me back to her parents turn her?
Not unless fair Syphilide be led
By Cherrytop to the nuptial bed.
And as his queen ascends Rogeria's throne,
You and I, King, have to pick a bone.

PRINCESS SHOVITUPPA:

For all your threats I do not care a fuck;

I'll never leave my darling Princey-duck.
My Cherrytop, will you desert me now?

PRINCE:

My life, my love, I'm buggered if I do.
Hook it now, you damned old /witch,
And take your poxy, rotten / bitch.
Be that your answer; you can't hurt her.

CHANCRE:

O Can't I? But I can, Sir! (Pronounces curse)
Now may the pox in every variation
Smite each inhabitant of this great nation
From head to foot with secondary spots!
The teeth fall out and the jaw bone rots,
Brains soften as the frontal bones decay
Beneath hair that's prematurely grey!
May nodes affect the knee joints, shins and toes
And knuckles too, to add to all their woes!
May rheumatism rock their weary loins
And bubos twain appear in all your groins!
May sciatica affect your hips
And chancre grow on all your penis tips,
While foul orchitis on the scrotum seizes
And swells the balls as large as Stilton cheeses!
May sloughing phagaoenda eat away
All that escape from granular decay,
And when by madness all your days are ended,
Perhaps you'll be sorry you've offended.

PRINCESS SYPHILIDE:

You see the penalty you take your duck with;
You'd better grind while you've a prick to fuck wi
Of course, your illness is but slight,
But you'll find it worse before you're right.
Don't think I'm vexed because the Prince you got;
I wouldn't have him, the nasty poxy lot.
I wish you joy of your approaching marriage!
(Exit with Chancre)

KING, to Sir Secondary:

And now, Sir, kindly show me to your carriage.
I daresay it doesn't hurt.
God damn, what's this mess on my shirt?

/Damn and blast this poxy curse!/
Sand for a doctor, I'm getting worse!

FAIRY FAIRFUCK:

Now, Fuckwell, if attention you will pay,
You may still in health live many a day.
I have a plan by which, if care is taken,
We'll cook old Bubo's goose, and save our bacon.
(Whispers to the King, who chuckles and scratches his balls).

KING:

First rate! We will an embassy prepare,
Bearing King Bubo presents rare.
Myself and Court will lead it; he'll receive us,
And when we proffer friendship, he'll believe us.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Scene: Dining room in the palace of King Bubo. King, Queen and Courtiers discovered at a table in shirt-sleeves, drinking.

PRINCESS SYPHILIDE:

This comes of making overtures. The wretch!
But still I thought his passions I could fetch.
I cannot make it out; I'm lost in wonderment,
Damn my tortoise-shell cat's fundament!

BUBO:

Well, Syphilide, it can't be helped, you know.
My dear, we'll soon get you another beau.
You'd not have much sport with him as wife,
A fellow who's been frigging all his life.
Look at old Secondary Symptoms here;
He's an example to make you boys beware.
Yet I remember him quite well and strong.
(to Sir SS) Come, lord-in-waiting, tune us up a song!

SIR SECONDARY:

I'm very old, my liege, and fain would rest.
But, as you bid me, I'll do my best.

(Air: ?)

This weak and shrunken hand
Could in past time command
Admiration for its bulkiness and grace.
But it's palsied and cold now
And shrivelled and old /now/
And no comfort is there in its back and face.
These fingers once so light
By daylight or by night
Over all my beauties have been flitting.
But now I can but shoose
These fingers poor to use
In pushing up my piles when I've been shitting.

BUBO:

I Had no idea you could sing so well.
Here, have a liquor. (Bell) Hark, I hear a bell.
Just go and see who is at the gate
While I get ready to receive in state. (Puts on Crown)
My loving Queen, let's hear your tuneful notes.

QUEEN:

Just a minute till the bell's done ringing;
I hate an interruption when I'm singing.

(Air: The Lincolnshire Poacher)

Oh, when I was young and went to school
of man I had no fear;
I used to handle every tool
that I could e'er get near;
At last I fell in love at sight,
/as you shall shortly hear;/
He was my delight both day and night
all seasons of the year.

'Twas to the under-gardner's boy
that I lost my maidenhead;
And for six months he was my joy
till I nearly fucked him dead;
And then a farmer I did invite,
at my tastes you needn't sneer;
For 'twas my delight both day and night,
All seasons of the year.

So when I wed my Royal King,
to rear up lusty stocks;

I brought no maidenhead to him,
and he gave me the pox;
What odds, we deem it right
each other's life to cheer;
For it's my delight both day and night
all seasons of the year.
(Loud applause and general encore).

BUBO:

This is a prime suggestion,
a downright smart idea;
There is no kind of question
that he to both is dear;
In marriage thus united
our families shall grow,
And I should be delighted
to see them fucking now;
Damn all expense,
Now all commence
Lots of spress, and sport, and fun;
It's infradig myself
Perhaps, to frig myself,
But still I know itts done.
(Commences frigging)

FAIRY FAIRFUCK, entering in disguise:

Bigamy, bugger me, upon my word!
Do you think I've not the project heard ?
Although I much regret to spoil the plans,
Most noble King, I must forbid the banns.
Oh kindly potentates, O Sires most regal,
Aren't you aware that bigamy's illegal?

BUBO:

Well, what the hell is that to you?
/Do you want me to go and bust you?/
Ain't I the King, and isn't that enough?
You must come interfereing, must you!
/You deserve a boot right up the arse;/
Take that! and let the Royal party pass.
(Kicks her arse, and Fairy F. throws off her disguise). the whole of the Fuckwell court enters at this signal.

FAIRY FAIRFUCK:

Ha ha! my boy, within the very hour
By that rash kick you'll lose your power.
I laid a trap for you with Fuckwell here,
And nicely you have stepped within it - dear!
You'd best say your prayers, you spiteful sod;
You've struck a Fairy, and a demigod.

BUBO:

A demi-god! Damme, here's a go.
O come, I say, how was I to know
Till of the secret you were the unraveller?
I thought you were some commercial traveller!
(Weeps, Enter Chancre)

CHANCRE:

You forgot to deal with me, fair foe;
My spells are not affected by the blow.
Though you may try,-you'll try your best no doubt -
I rather think you'll find your work cut out.
Though by your act, you fool, you soddish King -
To beat a withh is quite another thing;
For though it may not twice the parts invade,
You can'tt get ride of the pox without my aid.

FAIRY FAIRFUCK:

Can't I? You'll be sorry that you spoke,
When a god's aid I speedily invoke.
Kneel down and bow your heads, my noble friends,
Until the time the deity descends.
Then each brave and noble lady fair,
Unite with me in universal prayer.
Come, Mercury! from Olympia's height.
Save from the baneful pox each suffering wight!
Descend and hear our present supplication
And make your name resound throughout the nation!

ALL except Bubo's court:

Mercury! Ah, save us, help us, good Mercury!

FAIRY FAIRFUCK:

Teach those who scorn your aid to dread you;
A thousand lights shall on your altar blaze,
Fed with all the pills and ointments every hour,
And hospitals all screech forth your praise.

Mercury descends in a mercury bath.

FAIRY FAIRFUCK:

Ere we return and leave this foolish King,
I think it's right that somebody should sing;
And as with ardour every bosom burns,
Perhaps we'd better sing a song by turns.
(To Queen Gamarouche)
My Queen, suppose you start. I'll choose the theme
Of Love, the subject of the poetic dream.

QUEEN GAMAROUCHE:

(Air; A Tight Little Island)

With motherly joy, I behold my dear boy,
The matter no longer he misses;
I can see by his tool he is longing to cool
Your hot little twot little Princess.

ALL:

A nice little tight little Princess;
A neat little sweet little Princess;
Delighting our hearts, and exploring our parts,
Our nude little lewd little Princess.
(Chorus sung after each stanza)

SIR WHITNEYL

This talk about twot is really all rot;
At farces a wife never winces;
For his semen will fleck your saucy white neck
And your two little buds little Princess.

PRINCE:

The best of the fun I'd hardly begun
When Dad with his wicked old grin says
'Don't be alarmed, pet, if his liquid should get
In your dear little ear) little Princess'.

LADY COLDCREAM:

They will soon find out, without any doubt
What the gap betwixt your nose and your chin says;
But the hot juice will trickle, when tommy you tickle
With the tips of your lips little Princess.

BISHOP:

I'll tell you besides, what happens to brides
A bridegroom so quickly convinces;
But I'll wager long odds, that he frequently
Your plump little rump little Princess.

KING FUCKWELL:

Now we can do no better, I'll be bound,
Than to celebrate with fucks all round.

FAIRY FUCKWELL:

Not quite so fast. Before we further go
You've got another part to play, I know,
Changed from the gorgeous to the buffoon,
A weak-kneed, cunt-struck, shagged-out poltroon
(To Prince)
You, Prince, relieved of your solitary vice
May now enjoy each hole you fancy nice;
Your spots for spangles you may now exchange,
A nimble Harlequin the world to range.
And lest your bitch should leave you in the lur
As magic wand, retain the fairy birch.
(To Princess)
You, fair Princess, shall by your charms excite
Each lad who sees you on the stage tonight.
Box, pit, and gallery shall scratch their balls
And cockstands be at a discount in the stalls
When they behold you, sweet god-daughter mine,
Hot, wriggling, moist-lipped, fucksome Columbin
(To Bishop)
For you, good Bishop, I have kept a part
Well suited to the wishes of your heart;
Deprived as you have been of sexual joys,
You'll revel in policemen, geese, and boys.
So lay your shovel hat and apron down,
Be a marry, farting, bottom-loving clown.
(To All)
Before you start on your immortal shag
I must be sure I don't forget the gag.
(All advance to the footlights)
A lesson for both friends and foes
While I the moral of this play disclose.

Frigging is bad when carried to excess,
Though sweet at times to solace loneliness.
But better to frig, however the mind it shocks,
Then from promiscuous fucking to get the pox.
Still, if the desire for prudence be too great,
And chancres should bring on an infected state,
Be sure you no other remedy try
But pin your faith alone in Mercury.

*[The characters dance through their masque. The fairy stops them, and they line up on the stage as she speaks to the audience].

Our task is done, our play is at an end.
Pleasure with business let us deftly blend,
And beg, for this poor tale of cock and cunt,
The kind forbearance of our friends in front.
If you approve, you'll signify, perhaps,
Your pleasure, not by poxes, but by claps.

GOD SHAVE THE QUIM. VIVAT VAGINA.

*****

[by sado-journalist

IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

LA-HAUT SUR LA MONTAGNE.

La-haut sur la montagne,
  Mironton-ton mirontaine,
J'ai aperçu un cu...
Un cure de campagne,
  Mironton-ton mirontaine,
Qui conduisait son trou...
Son troupeau de fideles,
  Mironton-ton mirontaine,
Qui allait faire un pé...
Un pelerinage,
  Mironton-ton mirontaine,
Pour aller voir la Vierge.
(Lajos Zilahy: The Dukays).

LA PETITE AMELIE.

La petite Amelie
M'avait bien promis
Trois poils de son con
Pour me faire un veston.
Le poil est usé
L'habit est foutu
La petite Amelie
N'a plus de poil au con!
(Lajos Zilahy: The Dukays)

(Poor little Annie
Promised to take me
Three hairs from her fanny
A coat for to make me.
The coat is now fucked
And quite up-the-pole;
The hair is all plucked
And Anne's bare round the hole).

translation by Q

DEUX LIMERICKS.

Il y avait une jeune fille de France
Qui avait une bebe en enfance.
  Quand la mere lui a dit,
  — Ou l'as tu appris?
Elle a dit: Je l'ai pris pour une dance.

Il voudrait un jeune homme chinois
Ravir une jeune fille dans le bois;
  Mais celle-ci repondit:
  — Non, non, pas ici;
Je veux qu'il ait lieu sous un toit.

Q ca. 1951.

COMMENT PISSENT LES HOMMES?

Type SOCIAL - Rejoint ses amis pour pisser avec eux, qu'il ait besoin ou non, et dit "ça ne coûte rien".
Type FOLATRE - Regarde le fond de l'uninoir, pour les bulles.
Type TIMIDE - Ne sait pas pisser lorsque quelqu'un le regarde. Pretend qu'il a pissé et revient pisser tout seul.
Type INSTRUIT - Lit l'article de son journal en pissant.
Type PREOCCUPE - Pas tres tassuré sur un amour recent, fait à la derobade une inspection de son outil, tout en pissant.
Type TECHNICIEN - Fait des dessins ou essaie d'ecrire son nom en pissant.
Type PRECIEUX - Secoue son engin longuement et prolonge la remise en place.
Type DEMORALISE - Reste la un certain temps, commence a maugréer, pète, essaie de pisser, pete encore, et s'en va en grognant.
Type VIPEREUX - Pete Silencieusement, renifle l'air et regarde l'homme à côté, en somme pour l'accuser.
Type FARCEUR - Raconte des blagues en pissant, secoue son instrument comme une sonnett en criant "dilling, dilling".
Type DISTRAIT - Ouvre son gilet, sort sa cravate, lit la publicité et pisse dans son pantalon.
Type NERVEUX - Ne sait pas ouvrir sa brayette, se fâche et arrache un bouton.
Type DORMEUR - Pisse dans la jambe de son pantalon, dans ses souliers, part avec sa brayette ouverte et arrange ses boules dehors, deux minutes plus tard.
Type BRUYANT - Siffle en pissant et regarde au-dessu de la cloison pour voir le machin de l'autre.

Typescript ca. 1951. [Probably typed by compiler?]

Type VANITEUX - Ouvre 5 boutons lorsque 2 suffisent.
Type DEGOURDI - Pisse sans tenir l'ustensile en main et ajuste sa cravate tout en fonctionnant.
Type PROPRE - Use son jet a laver l'urionoir et pisse les jambes ecartés pour eviter les gouttes sur ses godasses.
Type BRUTAL - Bande comme un taureau, ne sait pas pisser, donne une claque a son queue et un coup de pied a l'urinoir, et s'en va.
Type BON - Offre sa queue a l'essai a toutes les femmes qui passent.

from = Hungarian friend at fencing club, Newcastle, 1955.

ALTER MANN.

Alter Mann will fischen gehn,
Bis zum Bauch im Wasser stehn,
0, 0;
Fische spielen schabernack,
Beissen 'm alten Mann in -
0, 0!

IN DER NACHT.

In der Nacht, in der Nacht,
Wo die Liebe erwacht,
Und der Papa mit der Mama etwas macht,
Es schauen die lieben Kinder zu,
Sagen: 'Papa, was machst denn du?'

DAS WEIHNACHTSFEST.

Die Kinder sitzen unterm Weihnachtsbaum,
Der Vater spielt mit Mutter ihrer Pflaum',
Die Mutter spielt mit Vaters seinen Eiern -
Ist das doch ein' schönen Weihnachtsfeier!

VORSICHT!

NT

In jedem Scheisshaus wohnt ein Geist
Der länger als 5 Minuten scheisst -
Und einem in die Eier beisst!

(In every shithouse lives a sprite
That takes 5 minutes for a shite -
And people's balls he loves to bite!)

Translation by Q

SCHNELL MACHEN!

NT Fünf Minuten wird geschissen —
wer länger scheisst, wird ausgeschmissen!

FILOSOFIA

Aqua fresca e vino puro
Fica stretta e cazza duro.

NT early 1950s
- not long after the
first Italian
immigrants!
[Keine Hellic
to GL. on 1938
NY

VERSE AND VERSE

SKYWRITER JOE.

Have you heard the sad story of Skywriter Joe?
While skywriting Bovril, he fell through an O,
And ended this life, for worse or for better,
And went as he came, through a hole in a letter.

JACK AND JILL (1).

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jill came down with half-a-crown -
But not for fetching water.

JACK AND JILL (2).

Jack and Jill went up the hill
For a game of hanky-panky;
Jill came down with twenty bucks -
He must've been a Yankee.

YORKSHIRE RHYMES.

1. Oop in control tower operator sits,
Girl on knee and playing with tits.
In em cooms foreman, face in smiles:
'Stop twiddlin' tits, start twiddlin' dials!'.

2. Han'some bootler, buoxom cook,
Down in pantry havin' fook.
Oop in parlour mistress squeals:
'Stop fookin' cook, cook fookin' meals!'

3. Down in bell-pit old Sam stands,
Pullin' pud with grimy 'ands.
Oop in pulpit parson yells:
'Stop pullin' pud, pull fookin' bells!'

4. Little Frances, home from school,
Picked oop baby by the tool.
Moother squealed 'You naughty Frances,
To ruin the baby's fookin' chances';

MYSTERY MAN.

There he goes upon his toes,
Whem he's going no-one knows -
After arsoles, I suppose.

SHADES OF TENNYSON.

Come into the garden, Maud,
Don't be so particular;
If you think the grass will wet your arse,
We'll do it perpendicular.

[redacted]

Source Joyce - but certainly
someone 1 - generation old Dublin wife

Have typed up these pages 7 notes — they are too hard to read.

[= PAGES OD 241-243

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ABDUL ABDUL AMIR. Army camp 1956 (Clarke, Sammy, Ray Brett)

There are many variants of this classic parody, particularly in verses 7 and 8:

7. But he hadn't a hope 'gainst the long cannibals
8. When he felt something pass up his hairy great arse
When he felt something shoot up his hairy chevroot

(Textual corruption surely? A chevroot is a cigar, and would be more accurately afflicted — Jim.)

The second half of 8 has been forgotten by all informants and has been supplied by the editor.

The skyline is lacking in stanza no 2, and many people conflate this with stanza 3; perhaps a good foundation would be

He had it decreed no one could outside
The tent were to unfurnish for it was
supplied by Warner Brook.

The original is supposed to date back to the Crimean war; that this is no indication of the date of the parody song; it is undoubtedly old, since everybody has heard it.

SAM

This is not a very good version, as I have since discovered. The tune is a jaggy one, but may not be an actual parody. Wayne Brook.

A TOAST Lindsay Miller, all lines 6 - 8 added by Cafe.

CHARLOTTE & THE NIGHTWATCHMAN.

A good parody of the popular ballad 'Villikins & his Dinah'; dating is difficult. The mention of Texas day with Market Drill is odd; it seems that 1 & 2 could be stages of a different song, a stage to which the other lines were added. Stage 2 gave the impression of being a chorus anyway.

ANOTHER TOAST.

The way such verses can be garbled is illustrated by this extreme example from a Canberra wall. The punctuation may not be quite accurate, as the text was cleaned off before I could check; but the 'Variant' can be taken as read.

Here's to the girl
I love best. I fuck her sitting,
I fuck her standing, and [illegible]?
If she grows wings I'll fuck her flying,
she's ill I'll fuck her lying and when she's dead
I'll dig her up and fuck her rotten.

THE FLICK SONG.

Suggested by the editor, who has long been of the opinion that the firm of W.A. FLICK and Co. deliberately fostered the nursery rhyme, with the W.A. clause together; see for example their product FLICK-RID which reads on the packet as FLICK-RID. The song is of course their familiar advertising jingle, which runs as follows (quoted from memory):

'How can you be sure
There are no white ants in your floor,
Rafters & the door,
Shameful plans?
Get a Flick-man, there's your answer,
One flick, and they're gone.

RRR BLUES.

The title - not editorial, but it does seem unusual for the subject. The first 6 lines were supplied by a Boston, the remainder composed by Martin Tenby. The line after 'Kidneys all aching' has been changed by the editor from 'Minds constant breaking'.

There may be more of the 'standard' version.

THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI

There [illegible] more than this version supplied by IB, though this was comparable exactly to the only known verse of the original.

LITTLE ANGELINE.

A very interesting song. Down to Hell (1) the version comes from WB, except for the line 'And the night he was made his final visit', which was told to WB by the editor from a vague recollection of a very many years old broadside. Since it was immediately accepted by him, however, it has more than doubtful authority. The original would probably help.

The remainder of the song was supplied by David Hitchcock. However, DH – using the first half left for a coalesced stanza, so that the editor was a bit pressed for the remainder; and there occurs, mine to join the words together, a DH end of line, means that the requirements of the stanza are not met. There are three gaps, for which the editor suggests:

1 The size of his prick made the girl feel sick
2.
3. And got away to a flying start.

The last lines of the last two stanzas seem hyper-metrical, but they can be sung. Emendation would however be preferable.

The song may not end here, though it does reach some sort of conclusion.

MOBIA

The same – fragmentary and unusual. There are more verses to be included here. The 'O she has ...' set were probably originally distinct. The turfpiece of 'she has a lovely country residence' is a type of pressure naturally often found: the type of song of Sweet Violets, A soldier I will be; it is also possible to end any song that ends with a sweetness with the charm of Sweet Violets, with a kind of double bluff, as we see – the following (and conta) possibly ended to A soldier once –

It split he up from arse to tit
And the whole fucking issue was covered in
Sweet Violets,
sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over in – SHIT!

The 'vale of Arden' is nevertheless a curious literary touch.

Stanza 3 is doubtful; the rhyme is also not good. There must be many more verses.

ANTONIO'S SONG

The only variants seem to come - the line
'Tease it, squeeze it, make it pie-rose now',
which often appears as

Bash it, crash it
Ram it, jam it } ... it in the door.
Tease it, squeeze it

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

To be sung with sincerity. The source is LV.; but the anatomical (or capillary!) details are often changed. Should we read 'on my wh[illegible]'?

THE WHISPERER'S SONG

The original is required to see how the parody has been. Capitalisation naturally is frequent, and the order of verses & the key lines are here systematised — a way that does not come from any one person. Even so, the influence of the first lines of 1 and 3 is not good.

PENRHYN

Some variants, but insignificant or due to confusion originally penned just by remembrance

ARSON E-CHARCOAL

A glass of beer is drunk at each verse, and the drinker is expected to have finished it by the time it has reached around the verse. Ted Brenn

THE FINEST FAMILY

An excellent parody, considering the difficult scheme. The light origin is almost certainly from Windsor Castle (a very [illegible] parody from Sullivan; or Stephan's Castle. Lines 8-9 of the first verse are uncertain in this form. The way finishes on a unusual note, and there may be more verses. This verse mainly from Lloyd Williams.

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT

A parody of The Dying Stockman, which (RL) has a long history. This version may not be as good as, and there are certainly more verses. The Ramshackle chapbook a The Dying Stockman may contain further information.

THE VERY BEST COMPANIES

All but the last two stanzas can be found in commonly overheard, with some slight variation in the wording. It is strange that the last stanzas are the only two 'unfindable' versions which have attached themselves to this song.

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KING'S CROSS HARMON'S BALL

First verse from Malcolm Bailey. Have no more verses. Some of the parody words are rather filthy.

DRURY LANE

Col per Anne Wally. Probably England. Continually pop sandy

THE BALL AT KERRY MOOR

A study of the original might throw some light on the first song. We suspect known the full 10 verses given here. There is often confusion - the suite similar verses 3, 4, 5, there is however little other textual variation stanza-9 probably makes it now almost universal 'monastery' to the cartoon of the Open Day OPUS, 1955; some suppose still sung 'and thorns around her wind, but keep on digging out, at least among Newcastle Students. Stanzas 14 & 15 are very similar, and the latter should probably be omitted.

The song of Thomas has been systematised here. The first stanza is universal; the second and fifth are variations of the editor. The third is usually attached only to the 'farmer's daughter' variant (i.e. daughter) and to the village harlot.

The verse about the village parson was supplied by Dan Arthur in conference.

Ignore this section.

BROPHY

Songs and Comments from Songs and Slang of the British Soldier 1914-1918.

SHE MARRIES A MAN. (NO BALLS AT ALL)

The squire had a daughter, so fair and so tall,
She lived in her satins and silks at the hall,
But she married a man who had no balls at all,
  No balls at all, no balls at all,
She married a man who had no balls at all.

Note. - Almost certainly a pre-War folksong... The verse tune is faintly reminiscent of Bonnie Dundee. but the chorus has a swing all its own... There is...another /version/ with three stanzas of three four verses each, and with the same chorus as in our version. But the longer version although it has great merits, is too obscene for us to attempt to give it.

TIDDLEYWINKS, OLD MAN. Tune; Hornpipe.

Tiddleywinks old man, find a woman if you can,
If you can't find a woman, do without, old man.
When the rock of Gibraltar
Takes a flying leap at Malta
You'll never find a woman in a bully-beef can.
(3 lines slightly euphemised).

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTEERS. (French Music-Hall tune)

Mademoiselle from Armenteers, Parley-vous!
Mademoiselle from Armenteers, Parley-vous!
Mademoiselle from Armenteers,
She hasn't been fucked for forty years,
Inky-pinky parley-vous.
  (There are other verses which Pattride omits).

MADAME, HAVE YOU...? Tune: As previous.

Madame have you any good wine...
Fit for a soldier of the line?

Oh, yes, I have some very good wine
Fit for a soldier of the line.

Madam, have you a daughter fine
Fit for a soldier of the line?
O yes I have a daughter fine
Fit for a soldier of the line.

Madam, I've got money to spend,
Sing song, sing song. (R)
Seldom the case with young daughter's friend.

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR'S HAVING A TIME. (As previous)

The Sergeant-Major's having a time..
Swinging the lead behind the line.

The Sergeant-Major's having a time
Swigging the beer behind the line.

The Sergeant-Major's having a time
Kissing the girls behind the line.

SKIBOO. (Tune as previous, slightly varied)

A German officer crossed the Rhine, Skiboo, Skiboo
A German officer crossed the Rhine
He was on the look-out for women and wine,
Skibboo, skibboo, ski-bumptty-bump skibboo!

O landlord have you a daughter fair
With lily-white breasts and golden hair?

O yes I have a daughter fair
With lily-white breasts and golden hair.

But my fair daughter is far too young
To be mucked about by a song of a gun.

Oh father, Oh father, I'm not too young,
I've been to bed with the parson's son.

***** (Two stanzas omitted)

It's a hell of a song that we've just sung,
And the blighter that wrote it ought to be hung.

Note:- We have slightly euphemised the refrain; a comparatively innocuous variant of the original was 'Skibboo-skiatica-hell-of-a-skittika-dam-gor-blimey'.

Skibboo may just possibly be the earliest part, the operative origin of the whole Mademoiselle from Armenteers group, for it was sung before the war; and it is, in essentials, a parody of Uhland's The Landlady's Daughter. But to show how intricate is the relationship of these four songs, we may mention that many old soldiers know a song entitled Two German Officers, which combines Madam, Have You... and Skibboo, and adds several stanzas - stanzas reading like a feeble gloss in our opinion. Moreowr, there was a pre-War version entitled Three German

Officers, which must date from before the Fran
Prussion War; this, in fact, is the version
parodying Uhland, and it may even go back to t
Waterloo campaign, when English soldiers came
close friendly contact with the Germans.

WE ARE THE BOYS.

We are the boys who fear no noise,
When the thundering cannons roar.
We are the heroes of the night
And we'd sooner fuck than fight,
We're the heroes of the Stand-Back Fusiliers.

IT WAS CHERSTMAS DAY IN THE WORKHOUSE

Recitative

It was Christmas Day in the workhouse,
And the master had brought in the duff.
Up spake a sturdy pauper,
With a face as bold as brass,
'We don't want your Christmas pudden,
You can stick it up your arse!'

It was Christmas Day in the Harem,
And the eunuchs were standing around.
In strode the bold, bad Sultan,
And gazed on his marble halls.
'What would you like for Christmas, boys?'
And the eunuchs answered, 'Balls!'

OLD MOTHER RILEY. Tune? (Cf. p.50, here)

Old Mother Riley had a little kid,
Poor little blighter, he wasn't very big.
He wasn't very big and he wasn't very small,
Poor little blighter, he had only one ball.

(Both of the above pre-War folk-songs).

MY NELLY. Tune: Three Blind Mice.

My Nelly's a goer, My Nelly's a goer!
She's got such wonderful eyes of blue,
She uses such wonderful language too,
Her favourite expression is Balls to you,
My Nelly's a goer.

MOTHER HUNT.

An eight-lined snatch, more witty than the run of soldiers' songs. But this gay and ribald commentary upon an old lady's misfortunes can hardly be printed here. There is some reason to believe that in pre-War days it existed as a ditty sung occasionally by 'the lads of the village'.

I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER.

Tune: On Sunday I walk out with a Soldier.

I don't want to be a soldier,
I don't want to go to war.
I'd rather stay at home, around the streets to roam
And live on the earnings of a whore.
I don't want a bayonet in my belly,
I don't want my balls shot away,
I'd rather stay in England, in merry, merry England,
And fuck my bloodly life away.

THE ONE-EYED RILEY.

This ballad begins:

'Out in the streets, no light at all,
Only a bloke in the shadow of the wall.'

It celebrates in gross and luxuriant detail an amorous adventure that befell him. Unfortunately it is far from suitable for general publication.

Two other such songs my be mentioned here: The Monk of Old Renown was originally a folk-song: Caphusalem (the full title was sometimes given as Kaffoozelem, the Harlot of Jerusalem, from the first two lines), a great favourite with the Regulars in Egypt in the years 1880-1900 and possibly originating in the Waterloo campaign, is referred to, we believe, in one of Pierce Egan's novels in the third decade of that century. Neither of these two songs had any military verses; both were 'bivouac'. i.e., billets-songs. A somewhat similar song was Maralto Maree: pre-War, bawdy, with no military allusions, but rarely heard outside the Proces.

SHE WAS POOR, BUT SHE WAS HONEST.

Tune: Old Ballad Melody.

She was poor, but she was honest,
Victim of the squire's whim:
For he wooed and he seduced her,
And she had a child by him.

Yes, it's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor gets all the blame,
While the rich gets all the pleasure,
Oh, isn't it a bleedin' shame!

Then she came to London city
To recover her fair name;
But another man seduced her,
And she lost her name again.

See the little country cottage
Where her sorrowing parents live:
Though they drink the fizz she sends them,
Yet they never can forgive.

But now she's standing in the gutter,
Selling matches penny-a-box:
While he's riding in his carriage,
With an awful dose of pox.

See him in the grand theayter,
Eating apples in the pit:
While the poor girl whom he ruined
Wanders round through mud and shit!

He sits in ancestral mansions,
Wand'ring through his stately halls,
While the victim of his passions
Damns and blasts his bloody balls.

See him in the House of Commons
Making laws to put down crime:
While the victim of his passion
Slinks around to hide her shame.

Now she's living in the cottage
But she very rarely smiles:
And her only occupation's
Cracking ice for grandpa's piles.
(Pre-War folk-song).

THE OLD BLACK BULL. (Traditional Somerset tune; try The Old Grey Mare)

The old black bull came down from the mountain,
Euston, Dan Euston.
The old black bull came down from the mountain,
A long time ago.

A long time ago, a long time ago,
The old black bull came down from the mountain
A long time ago.

There were six fine heifers in the pasture grazing.

And he pawed on the ground and he pissed in
the fountain.

Now the old black bull's gone back to the mountain.

And his head hung low and his back was broken.

(Pre-War, when local to Somerset).

ANOTHER 'IN AND OUT THE WINDOW' VARIANT:

His comrades don't believe him,
His comrades don't believe him,
His comrades don't believe him,
He's such a fucking liar.

WE PUSHED THE DAMPER IN (cf. Bonnie Dundee)

Oh, we pushed the damper in,
Yes, we pushed the damper in,
And the smoke went up the chimney just the same.
So we pulled the damper out,
Yes we pulled the damper out,
And the smoke went up the chimney just the same.
So we pushed the damper in... etc.

Composed in 1914 and sung in that year and until about April 1915 was this marching song:

Poor Kaiser Bill is feeling ill,
The Crown Prince he's gone barmy.
And we don't care a fuck
For old Von Kluck
And all his bleeding great Army.

Rogerum, a favourite, was pre-War and partly civilian. Now the stock anthem of Foc H.

One of the most popular marching songs of late 1916 and early 1917 was the music-hall song, The Roses round the Door. There was a special effect (the only excuse for the song being given here, for we exclude unadulterated music-hall songs) introduced by "second" voices chiming in with the small symphonic movement. "without a shirt", thus:

The roses round the door
(without a shirt) pp
Make me love mother more
(without a shirt) pp
I'll meet my sweetheart Flo
(without a shirt) ff
And friends I used to know
(without a shirt) pp
They'll all be there to meet me,
Just imagine how they'll greet me,
When I get back
When I get back
To my home in Tennessee
(WITHOUT A SHIRT) ff.

FRAGMENTS

LIFE Tune: Austria

Life presents a dismal picture,
Black and dark as any tomb;
Father has an anal stricture,
Mother has a falling womb.

Sister Sue has been aborted
For the sixty-second time;
Uncle Joe has been deported
For a homosexual crime.

Yet we are not disappointed,
Neither are we up yon spout;
Auntie Mabel has just farted,
Blown her arsole inside out.

THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM.

In Jerusalem there lived a beaut,
A famous girl of ill-repute
In fact you'd say a prostitute,
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

(In the land of king Farouk
There dwelt a girl, she was a beaut -)

Wey-hey, Methusalem. Methusalem, Methusalem,
Wey-hey Methusalem. the harlot of Jerusalem!

(She adorned the walls with tools and balls?)

There came one night an Israelite
A bastard of the filthiest type;
He vowed that he would spent the night, with -

He took her to a shady nook
And from his pants he gently took
A penis like a butcher's hook, for +
(Or: The pride of all creation!)

He whopped it up between her thighs,
It damn near reached up to her eyes,
And all she gave was a couple of sighs -
The Harlot of Jerusalem!

The floors the halls the castle walls
Were all festooned with the balls
And tools of fools who tried to ride
The Harlot of Jerusalem.

I was shearing outback at a wayside shack -
At a cunt of a place, by Jesus!
Where the pines are tall and the gins are small,
And there's never a thing that pleases.

The rouseabout was a Pommy lout,
And the boss was a wingeing bastard;

He wanted wool so he made us pull,
He expected us to scrape 'em;
God strike me blue, what a man should do
Is rear up at the cunt and rape him!

(See Quadrant, No. 8)

*****

The portion of a woman that appeals to man's
Is fashioned with considerable care; /depravity
For what seemed at first to be a simple cavity
Is really an elaborate affair.

There's the labia, and the vulva ....
And lots of other things besides;
There's the .... , and the clitoris,
And the hymen, which is sometimes found in virtues.

..... absurd,
That such a .....
Should be known by such a crude and simple word.

(Universally attributed to A.P. Herbert)

*****

Some Browniesx in the nude, A Dirty book By Freud.
Among my souvenirs.

***** WRIGLEY'S GOM

I like nothing better
Than an old french letter
With a piece of Wrigley's gum
/The peppermint flavour
Improves the savour/
And I just love the taste of cum
(Sydney Fencing Club)

*****

And there was where he met poor Nell
And sent her on the road to hell,
Doomed forever to walk the town,
A painted whore at half a crown.

(Attributed to Masefield in We were the Rats).

KING FARUK

Shufti - , Shufti -,
Ana muskeen ma fish fuloose,
Wahed whisky, etneen beer,
Talarta - , kwyees kateer.

(Show me your ?, show me your ?, I am poor, I have no money; one whisky, two b ers, three -, that's very good). (We were the Rats)

*****

The moon shone on the village green,
And on as well;

He took her on the green that night,
A thing which was unlawful;
The things he did to Poor Blind Nell
Were something fucking awful.

And did he marry Poor Blind Nell?
He did - like fucking hell!

***** Tune. John Brown's Body.

When our training's over we will all join up again(3
Like pig's fuckin' arse we will.

Glory, glory, what a wonderful way to die,
Like pig's fuckin' arse it is.

Our section leader wears two hooks upon his sleever
?

We've seen our corporal kissing babies
?

Our sergeant-major wears a crown upon his sleeve
And the ought to ram the anchor up his arse

Gory, gory, what a cunts of a way to die,
My fuckin' oath it is.

Our platoon co mander wears a lanyard round his neck
?

Glory, glory, pull the string a little tighter
And do the bastard in.

*****

Craven A, Craven A,
Never heard of fornication, doesn't believe in masturbation...

Down in the valley, down in the glen
A girl had a fuck with a fountain pen;
Nine months later this maiden mild
She gave birth to a blue-black child.

They called the bastard Stephen (3)
'Cos that was the name of the ink.

SWEET VIOLETS.

There once was a lady who swam like a duck;
You could tell by her actions she knew how to
Teach her young children to sew and to knit,
While the boys in the cowshed were shovelling up
Shavings and sawdust that lay on the floor;
If you like this little ditty I'll sing you some more.

There once was a man who lived by a school,
You could tell by his actions he played with his
Marbles and skipping with the lady next door;
If you like ... etc.

COUNTRY GIRLS.

I took my wife to the doctor,
The bloody fool was drunk,
He whipped out his Sir Roger
And stuck it up her —

Country girls are pretty,
You lay them on the grass,
You put one arm around their waist,
The other up their —

Ask your mother for sixpence
To see the big giraffe,
With pimples on his whiskers (or: shoulderblades)
And pimples on his —

Ask your mother... (etc)

I took my wife a-fishing,
The boat was called a punt;
The line got tangled round her legs
And up into her

Country girls... (etc.)

I took my wife a-fishing,
The boat began to rock;
A shark came swimming along the side
And bit off half my —

Cockadoodle doo, it's nothing to do with you;
So leave it alone and play with your own,
And paddle your own canoe.

*****

If I were the marrying kind, sir,
Which thank the Lord I'm not sir,
The man I'd wed to share my bed
Would be a Rugby forward.
For he'd break through and I'd break through,
And we'd break through together;
And there we'd be the whole night through,
Breaking through together.

(Hooker, fullback, lock, etc.)

*****

Listen all my hearties and prepare your ears for filth
As I sing to you the story of a syphilitic sylph
And all the trouble that was caused by this peculiar elf
As she kept on passing it on.

This sylph she was a mermaid and she dwelt upon the rocks
She lived by wrecking sailors and feeding on their cocks
That was how she got so much syphilis and pox
And she kept on passing it on.

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN. (Old folk-recitative?)

Put the boatswain, who always went one better... (or: cunning bastard he were)
(Does this belong??)

There we saw the Ker-Ker bird, the bird that sits on top of Mt. Everest and says 'Ker-Ker-Ker-Christ it's cold'; and the Orang-Outang, called the old man of the jungle, with two big brass balls; and as he swings through the trees his balls clash together and go 'Orang-a-tang', 'Orang-a-tang'.
And the camel, called the ship of the desert: eats sand and shits cement - hence the pyramids.
(Bank of England)
'Shit!' cried the King; and forty thousand bronzed arsoles strained in the sun, for in those days the

King's word was law. Score: Daniel one, King nil, and the drinks were on the King again. Now this made the king very angry.

'Bugger me!' cried the Crown Prince, and the palace cat fled in terror, for in those days the Crown Prince's word was law.

'Fuck me!' said the Queen, and an aged courtier who had been quietly masturbating in a corner came over and pulled her on like a well-worn Wellington boot.

(The story of the bo'sun and the witchdoctor tells how the former carried a larger number of women etc. around the arena on his penis, to 'To the everlasting glory of the Queen's Navee'). (1)

*****

O Sinbad was a sailor, you know what sailors are;
He sailed across theseven seas, and went a bit too far;
One day he met a mermaid, a-combing out her locks
He sailed across to meet her, and now he's on the rocks.

----- And the next one told her tale.

Pharaoh had a daughter...

*****

Keyhole in the Door.

A version on record comes they censored : The Hills (sid 'Hardrock' Gunther)

O gather round, you astronomers,
Who think you are so wise,
You peer through your telescopes,
And tell us of the skies;
But let me tell you one thing,
One thing, nothing more:
Your telescopes have nothing on
The keyhole in the door.

Walter Lee (Tune: Greensleeves)

On my first walk with Walter Lee
He had my skirt above my kee; EB
Before an hour he'd been with me - OD-155
A forward boy is Walter.

*****

They were tattered, they were torn, EB
Where some boy had put his horn,
Those old red flannel drawers that Maggie wore.

From over the hills from Some Arse Creek
Came a sawn-off bastard called Sore Arse Pete.

*****

Old Grey Mare verses.

!!!!!

Carriage Notice.
Man from Rangoon, girl named Fay.
Grisly Bit.
Ringa-ranga-roo. (Name of a tribe!)

Sam Hall, or The Body Snatcher. (Embroidered on an early Sam Hall version)
(also Sammy Hall, Captain Hall).
So good-bye, and damn you all,
Damn your eyes.
(very old civilian song? sung by Captain Costigan at the wedding of Thackeray's Newcomes?)

The Liner Europa.

Bye Bye Blackbird :
Parody of Frankie & Johnny
Columbus
? One a night's enough for any man } Tune: Clementine
constipated

Queen Farida:
O Farida, how the boys would ride her,
... and the jackals and the dogs and the camels and the Wogs
singing Kwaysh-kwaysh Kateer, bungaree-bah-din
(former Egyptian national anthem: WW2, Middle East campaign)

OD-156

The Afghan
Maraito Maree = Robomario

[1959 ENDS HERE]

ADDITIONS TO "OBITER DICTA"

1961-2

* TURKISH DELIGHT.

Aladdin loved a princess whom they called El Danbador,
And though Aladdin loved her, she loved Aladdin more;
She'd open wide the palace gates to let her drunken Dad in,
And who could blame her, if by chance she sometimes let Aladdin?

Pharaoh's lovely daughter went a-swimming in the Nile
When all at once she came upon the little Moses child;
She took it to old Pharaoh, said she found it by the shore;
Old Pharaoh winked a knowing eye, said 'I've heard that one before'.

Salome was a dancing girl, she danced all wrapped in gauze;
From Timbuctoo to Samarkand she earned the crowds' applause.
The chief of police arrested her for showing too much zeal -
He didn't mind the upppr deck but he douldn't stand the keel.

Abdul bought a motor car, then swapped it for a camel
He didn't like the colour so he daubed it with enamel
The enamel got all sticky while crossing the Sahara,
And now he can't get off it cos it's stuck to his ta-ra-ra.

Sindad was a sailor - and you know what sailors are -
He was sailing southwards, and one day he sailed too far;
He saw a pretty mermaid a-combing out her locks;
The naked truth upset him and drove him on the rocks.

Sheik Ali Ben Hassam had 40,000 wives;
He had to buy a charabanc to take 'em all for drives.
One day that charabanc broke down - that's where trouble starts;
His wives were waiting in a line, but he had no spare parts.

from a student Songbook somewhere.

A young commercial traveller came to Baghdad one fine day;
He climbed upon the harem walls to watch the girls at play;
He promised he'd be good, but when the bathing girls appeared
He got so agitated that he fell and broke his word.

You must have heard of Chuk Chin Choy, the mandarin from China,
Who tried to wed a fair young maid, but found she was a minor.
'All right, my dear' he said to her, 'just wait in this here cage;
My other wives will last me out till you become of age.'

* SHE WENT INTO THE WATER. (John Brown's Body) (R2)

She went into the water and she got her feet all wet
But she didn't get her ..... wet yet.

Glory, glory Hallejujah (3)
But she didn't get her ..... wet yet.

Repeat with ankles, knees, thighs,

She went into the water but the tide came rolling out (R3)
So she didn't get her ..... WET YET.

* THE TERTIARY KIND. Tune: The Roving Kind.

As I strolled out one evening
When my exams were o'er,
I spied a brightly painted yacht -
She was the local whore.
She flashed a boarding signal
Which I took for distress;
So in mistaken gallantry
I immediately said yes.

She had a crossed and bloodshot eye
And gin split down her singlet;
She was a nice girl, a proper girl,
But one of the tertiary kind.

She offered me a gin or two,
And got me, oh, so tight;
She murmured 'Darling, c'est avec moi
That you should spend the night.'
I touched her lips, I touched her hips,
Morning came in time,
And there I was, a blooming wreck,
Without a blooming dime.

Now listen all you First Year Students
Who have exams to do;
They may seem fair and innocent,
But what I say is true:
Beware of brightly painted yachts,
And hold to this idea,
That no matter what they offer
You should always stick to beer.

She had a crossed and bloodshot eye
And gin split down her singlet;
She was a nice girl, a proper girl,
But one of the tertiary kind.

FASCINATING WITCH. Tune: Glowworm.

I wish I were a fascinating witch,
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich;
I'd live ina house witha little red light,
I'd sleep all day and I'd work all night;
I'd take a vacation once in a while
Just to make my customers wild;
Oh, I wish I were a fascinating witch
Instead of an innocent child.

I wish I were a fascinating witch,
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich;
I'd have a mink coat which I'd wear on my back
And drive in a chauffeured Cadilac,
I'd have a canary with a golden voice
And a brand new limousine Rolls Royce;
Oh I wish I were a fascinating bitch
And not an illegitimate child.

Oscar Brand

BLOW THE CANDLES OUT. Tune: [redacted].

When I was apprenticed in London I went to see my dear,
They candles they were burning, the moon shone bright and clear;
I knocked upon her window to ease her from her pain,
She rose, she let me in and she barred the door again.

'I like your well-behaviour I muchly often say,
I won't rest contented, love, when you're far away;
The roads they are so muddy we cannot gang about,
Come roll me in your arms, love, and blow the candles out.

My mother and my ~~father in yonder~~ room do lie,
Hugging one another, so why not you and I?
Hugging one another, without no fear nor doubt;
Come roll me in your arms love and blow the candles out.

'And if we prove successful, love, pray name it after me,
Hug it neat and kiss it sweet and bounce it on your knee.
When my three years are ended my time it will be out,
And I will double ~~your~~ debt pleasure, love, by blowing my indentures (indebtedness) the candles out.'

SWEET FANNY ADAMS.

Sweet Fanny Adams, blithe and gay,
She carved her name on the old apple tree,
One day in May-ay.
The woodpecker came in September,
The woodpecker would peck away,
Till all that was left on the old apple tree
Was 'Sweet F... A..'.

W2

ROLLE ME OVER IN THE CLOVER.

O this is number one and the fun has just begun,
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

O this is number two, {and I asKid her for a screw / there'll be more before we're through...

O this is number three and {my hand is on her knee / we'll keep it up till tea

O this is number four and {I've got her on the floor / my mother's keeping score.

O this is number five and {she's ready for the dr / I feel more dead th / alive...

O this is number six and we're {girding up our dicks / doing it just for kicks...

O this is number seven and we're on the way to heaven..

O this is number eight and {the doctor's at the gate / this time I'll masturbate

O this is number nine and {the baby's doing fine / still we're doing fine...

O this is number ten and we'll start all over again,
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, turn me round and do it again.

THE BIG BLACK BULL

of other version - this collection

The big black bull came down ~~fxmmx~~the mountain,
McCarthy, Joe McCarthy* (~~Hoosen~~ Johnny, ~~Hoosen~~ Johnny)
The big black bull came down the mountain
Long time ago.

Long time ago, long time ago,
The big black bull came down the mountain,
Long time ago.

Now he spied a heifer in a field a-grazin',...

Now he jumped that fence and he jumped that heifer...

Now he missed that heifer and he phffft! all over...

Now he trudged up the hill with his tube a-draggin,
Menzies, Bob Menzies* [= Australian politician?]
Now he trudged up the hill with his tube a-draggin',
Long time ago.

US Grad student
ca. 196[illegible]

O THE MOON-

[Turkey In the Straw]
Tune: Arkansas Fiddler.
Source: BR

O the moon shone bright on her nipple and her tit
As she greased up her fanny with billygoat shit
And she wriggled and she giggled and she said with a roar,
'Never have I seen such a tool before.' [redacted]

JOHN BROWN'S PENIS.

from John Anderson

John Brown's penis was of inches quite eleven
He began to masturbate at the early age of seven,
Heaven,
And he still keeps rogering on.

O the hoary old seducer (3)
And he still keeps rogering on.

John Brown's standing on the Hallejujah shore,
Gonnrrhea and syphilis will trouble him no more,
For now he's got the holy Virgin Mary for a whore
And he still keeps rogering on.

For claiming to be the Trinity on insufficient grounds
And he still keeps rogering on.

Different version elsewhere

OSCAR BRAND

IF ALL THOSE YOUNG LADIES -

If all those young ladies were little white
vixen,
I'd be a fox and I'd chase 'em and fix 'em,

Roll your leg over, roll your leg over
Roll your leg over, the man in the moon

If all those young ladies were sheep in the
clover,
I'd be a ram and I'd ram 'em all over.

If all those young ladies were fish in the
ocean,
I'd be a shark and I'd raise a commotion.

If all those young ladies were bells in the
tower,
I'd be a sexton, I'd bang on the hour.

If all those young ladies were rushes a-growin',
I'd get my scythe and I'd start in a-mowin'.

If all those young ladies were bricks in a pile,
I'd be a mason, I'd lay them in style.

If all those young ladies were grapes on a vine,
I'd be a plucker, I'd have me a time.

If all those young ladies were students at
college,
I'd soon increase both their learning and
knowledge.

If all those young ladies were pigeons a-flyin',
I'd be a hawk and I'd set them all cryin'.

If all those young ladies were little white
rabbits,
I'd be a hare an' I'd teach 'em bad habits.

There some that would hide 'em, conceal 'em or
bind 'em,
But Lord, rest assured I'm the kid that will
find 'em.

Roll your leg over, roll your leg over,
Roll your leg over, the man in the moon.

LILLIBURLERO. (S.A.)

An irrelevant parody referring to University politics of the 1950s.

Ho brother Todd, hast heard the decree?
Lilliburlero, bullen-la-la.
That we are to have a new Varsity?
Lilliburlero, bullen-la-la.

Lero, lero, lillburlero,
Lillburlero bullen-la-la. (Repeart chorus).

Ho, by St. Cosgrove, Fascism reigns!
A penny for thoughts and a shilling for brains!

A crown for professors who will not be led -
They're replaced at a florin a head.

Mercury's wings are clipped to the bone,
We can ignore the philosopher's stone. (They have denied..)

Down with the Presbytery's Protestant wiles,
Ireland is virtuous, so is our Giles. (?)

Now knaves have taken to swear
Orr should retain the professor's chair.

The Tasmanian club has sent out a gent
He'll make N glad and repent.
The law's on our side and the bishop as well,
...

Now brother Todd has gone over the seas,
To beat upstart varisties down to their knees.

Now brother Todd has returned to our shore,
And we shall have commissions galore.

Varsity knaves should mind what they're at
The board is a Barbour, and Barbour a cat.

There was an old prophecy found in a bog,
Tasmania shall be ruled by an ass and a dog.

Now that old prophecy has come to pass,
For Baker's the dog and Cosgrove's the ass.

BARNEY O'FLYNN. (Cf. Brian O'Lynn).

O Barney O'Flynn had the pox and the gleet
From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.
Great globuels of mercury hung from his chin,
'Christ Jesus, I'm rotten!' said Barney O'Flynn.

PROFESSOR JOHN GLAISTER. Ballad-melody. (Pickle OD-165 & Taunton Deane)

O I am a marvel of medical ~~fame~~, Ju*
A fact which I hope to make plain unto you,
I never get worried, whatever I do,
For I am the famous Professor John Glaister -
Just bear this in mind and you're sure to get through

A self-made man I, a Glasgow M.D.,
A ~~B.Sc.~~ Cambridge and F.R.S.E., ¶
And if I live on to the next century
The first Baron Glaister they're certain to make me,
A thing that's as fitting as fitting can be.

I'm a marvellous man as I stand in the dock,
I hold with the judges on all technical talk,
I always refer to the penis as 'cock',
For I have had thirty-five years of experience,
Bear this in mind and you're sound as a rock.

I appear for the Crown in all cases of rape,
I measure the quims with a forty-foot tape,
For semen each garment I carefully scrape,
Go after each wee wily spermatazoa -
I never let one little bugger escape.

If your son aged eleven has large hairy balls,
And fornicates freely with casual molls,
And for medico-legal attention calls,
I'll publish his quite preternatural penis
In picturesque poses on lecture-room walls.

In columns of water I hunt for a clue,
In high exhumations I look for them too;
All things that are foetid and fishy and blue
Are all in the line of Professor John Glaister -
You'll note that the converse is equally true.

If a mummified foetus is found in your ~~room~~, lumb
If your wife sticks a poker red-hot up your bum,
If you cheerfully bugger an affable chum,
Then Lord Justice Hawkins and I are agreed
That into our hands you must speedily come.

* Jurisprudence

¶ Department of Public Health, Fellow of the Royal Society of

Forsaken crypt-orchidex, they flock to my door,
And husbands who think they have married a whore.
Of imperforate hymans I widen the bore,
I anaesthetize hyper-aesthetic vaginas
By methods I've frequently outlined before.

Relentless I am in my search for aquim,
And men who've wrought damage to their anal rim,
On shelves in my surgery testicles swim;
In bottles with phagocyte, foreskin and fungus
I gather my specimens grisly and grim.

The LordJJustice Hawkins holds me in esteem
When exhibit A is a bottled wet dream;
I strain out the semen and treat it with steam,
Lest the slim spirochae should screw up the scrotum
And slip syphilitically into the stream.

For penises puckered and pinched up with pain,
For prostates that piddle again and again,
For arseholes that arch as they take up the strain,
Are the pride and the joy of Professor John Glaister,
As I sit in my office and laugh like a drain.

ADDED ante 1979

If your penis and scrotum will thread through a key
And your belly swells up when you're trying to pee
Then just come along with your troubles to me,
I'll give extreme unction to all of your members
In terms Vic 2, Caput 10, Chapter 3.

Introduced to Australia by Professor John Anderson (Professor of Philosophy at Sydney University for some time: the 1930s)

(Or. Men of the West)

*BRIAN BORU. TUNE: Mush mush.

I was up to my whiskers in mud, sir,
A-doing my bit in the bog,
When my spade it struck something quite hard, sir,
Like a bit of a stone on a log.

'Twas a chest of the finest bog ~~xxxx~~ oak, sir;
And, wondering what thing it might hide,
I just said 'Well, bugger the fairies!
I'll take, sir, a wee peep inside.'

And now, sir, you'll hardly believe me,
But what I will tell you is true:
'Twas an ancient Irish french letter,
A relic of Brian Boru.

'Twas an ancient old Irish French letter,
Made of elk hide and full a foot long,
With a little gold tab on the end, sir,
With his name and his stud fee thereon.

So I turned by my mind o'er the ages
To the days of that hoary old Celt,
And I saw Gramurel on the bed, sir,
And Brian Boru in his pelt.

I distinctly heard Brian declaring,
'Now, my dear, we must get this thing right:
You had it your own way last night, dear -
It's the hairy side outside tonight.'

ML, Newcastle.
Perhaps composed by another Newcastle poet, Julian Croft.

FRANCO. Folk tune: The Fox.
(in FW Songbook)

Well Down in Spain there lived a rat
A bigger rat than any cat
A dirty rat, a yellow rat
A rat by the name of Franco.
Franco, Franco,
A dirty rat, a yellow rat,
A rat by the name of Franco.

In Barcelona and Madrid but couldn't get rid
They ~~fought~~ fought and ~~fought~~ fought ~~in~~ Spain ~~is~~ id
That dirty rat, that yellow rat,
That rat by the name of Franco.
Franco, Franco,
That dirty rat, that yellow rat,
That rat by the name of Franco.

In France and sunny Italy
They'll never rest till Spain is free
And hanging from the nearest tree
Is a rat by the name of Franco.
Franco, Franco,
That dirty rat, that yellow rat,
That rat by the name of Franco.

Now there were rats in Germany,
Also in sunny Italy
Sent men to Spain to help maintain
The rule of the rat named Franco,
Franco, Franco,
That slimy rat, that yellow rat,
That rat by the name of Franco.

L

THE MENSTRUAL BOY (Tune: The Minstrel Boy.)

The menstrual boy to the whores has gone,
In the rags of death you'll find him, [? death]
His mother's Kotex he has buttoned on,
And a Mods shoved up behind him.

POUND THE STRUMPETS (Purcell) (Sound the trumpets)

Pound the strumpets till the glistening whores rebound

Tune: One man went to mow.

IF I WERE THE MARRYING KIND, SIR.

= One Man Shall Mow My Meadow (Shirp Coll. No. 339)

If I were the marrying kind, sir
- Which, thank the Lord, I'm not, sir -
The man I'd wed to share my bed
Would be a Rugby forward.
For he'd ruck hard, and I'd ruck hard,
And we'd ruck hard together;
And there we'd be the whole night through
Rucking hard together.

--- ballboy
For he'd hold balls...

---fullback
For he'd kick hard...

---winger
For he'd run hard...

---centre
For he'd break through...

---prop
For he'd prop hard...

---lock
For he'd lock hard...

---second row
For he'd push hard...

---hooker
For he'd hook hard...

---half
For he'd put it in...

---five-eighth
For he'd pass it out...

---fan
For he'd root hard, and I'd root hard,
And we'd root hard together!

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

X
Chinese couple going wild
Want to have a pure white child,
Seek advice what can be done,
But find no way of getting one.

They watch TV, and while they sit
They find a way of doing it:
  On the job without delay -
Sideways, in the Chinese way.

Baby born midst wild delight,
Little devil's pure white;
Father, proud and full of glee,
Tells what he leanmed on TV.

'Hoolie, hoolie, me no foolie,
Me put Persil on my toolie;
Missy also very fussy,
Sprinkle Omo on herpussy -
Wonder where the yellow went,
Me sprinkle balls with Pepsodent!+

TOOTH'S STOUT

Newly married Dave and Able
Fainted at the breakfast table.
Mother says 'I gave you warning
Not to do it in the morning.'

Tooth's Stout made that right,
Now they do it morn and night,
  And they hope now, very soon,
  To do it in the afternoon.

Rhymes learnt in New Guinea 1959-60

SWEET FANNY ADAMS.

EB

Sweet Fanny Adams and I one day
Went down to the old apple tree to play;
We carved our names in the old apple tree
And left them there for all to see.

In time I went back to the old apple tree
When Fanny no longer was faithful to me;
Alas, the words had faded away!
And all that was left was S.. F.. A..

cf. Bye - Bye, All my sins, + other spirituals

* O MARY DON'T YOU WEEP.

If I could I surely would
Stand on the rock where Moses stood

'Cos Pharaoh's army got drownded.
O Mary don't you weep,
O Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn,
O Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn,
''Cos Pharaoh's army got drownded.

They'll take that man, they surely will,
Nail him to a cross on top of a hill.

Now Mary wept and Martha mourned
[And I'm gonna sing] in the presence of the Lord

Now Mary walked in links of chain
Every one with initials of her name.

One of these mornings?
Early one morning [bright and fair]
I'm gonna [take/flick] my wings and cleave the air.

I know my robe's gonna fit me well,
I tried it on at the gates of hell

O when I get to Heaven gonna sing and shout,
Ain't nobody there gonna turn me out

If religion was a thing that money could buy
Then the rich would live and the poor would die

Jordan river chilly cold,
Chill the body but warm the soul

One of these days about six o'clock
This old world's gonna really rock.

OD-171

Sung irreligiously at
L parties.

Bye - Bye

* CHARLOTTE THE HERIOT (3).

(Rat and cockroach by pet fucked)

A dirty old harlot lay dying,
A pisspot supporting her head,
All round her the bludgers were crying,
As she leant on her left tit and said:

'I've been fucked by the French and the English,
The Germans, the Japs and the Jews,
Now I've come back to Australia,
To be rooted by bastards like youse.

As sung by RFB, Canberra 1959 →

'So roll back your dirty old foreskins,
And give me the pride of your nuts';
So they rolled back their dirty old foreskins,
And played Home Sweet Home on her guts.
Aintit it bloody lovely!

@@@@@

'Roll over', said the Duke to the Duchess of Ditchwater;
'I'll be fucked if I will' said the Duchess.
'You'll be buggered if you don't', said the Duke.

@@@@@

OD-172

'NEATH THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

'Neath the shade of the old apple tree
Where Mary first showed it to me -
She said 'That's my twot'
I answered 'What rot -
It looks more like the subway to me.'

EB
(W2)

And my nice Easter bonnet,
You wiped your cock on it,
Neath the shade of the old apple tree.

See Buchanther's Songbook, Newcastle

ANTHONY CLARE.

There was a man called Anthony Clare
And he was famous everywhere,
Famous in all the music halls
As a man who could play with his balls.

RFB version, Canberra

For they were large balls, large balls,
Balls as heavy as lead;
With a circular twist of his muscular wrist
He could toss 'em right over his head,
Tiddley-om-pom-pom, tiddley-om-pom-pom.

As he was walking down the street
He saw a maiden fair and sweet,
She thought it would be such a treat
To see a man play with his balls.

As he was swinging 'em round and round
One came off with a hell of a bound
Right in the eye of her faithful hound
Who was watchin g him play with his balls.

A policeman who as passing by
He heard the maiden cry, 'Yi, Yi,
My poor hound's been hit in the eye
By a man who plays with his balls.'

He was hailed before the magistrate
Who placed him in a cellar straight
And left him there to contemplate
His pair of marvellous balls.

The case was brought on straight away,
In fact it was heard the very next day;
The magistrate was heard to say
'Why shouldn't he play with his balls?'

Now Anthony Clare has to rest
As a swinger of balls he was the best,
Swinging 'em round with zeal and zest,
He'd swing 'em right over his head,

For they were large balls, large balls,
Balls as heavy as lead,
With a circular twist of his muscular wrist

ALL THE SAINTS IN KINGDOM COME -

All the saints in Kingdom Come
Sit around and scratch their bum

With their finger, Hallejujah!
With their finger.

Gentle Mary, meek and mild
Gave herself a holy child, With her finger...

Joseph had a virgin wife,
Kept her virgin all her life, With his finger..

Jesus pokes the seraphim
And they do the same to him, With their finger...

Women, men, and children too,
Jesus Christ is after you, With his finger...

Ladies all, you must be gay,
Jesus Christ is on his way.

[from 'First Book of Fowle Hymns']

Now you may think that this is swell,
But I would rather be in hell, With my finger...

OD-175

SYDNEY BLUES.

Words & Music by John Anderson.

O those Sydney Blues, O those Sydney Blues,
I'm stuck here in Magdalen, maudlin with those
Sydney Blues.

I was pumping up the Chevrill, looking for a shady arbor,
I was pumping up the Chevrill, looking for a shady arbor,
And I said to my flaming self, 'This ain't a patch on
our 'Arbour'.

I was sitting on a hard bench, listening to Professor Ryle
I was sitting on a hard bench, getting nouns and verbs
from Ryle,
And the thought came flashing through my mind: John's got
him beat by a mile.

I was walking up the High Street, with Strawson in my hair,
I was walking up the High Street, with Strawson in my hair,
And all I could think of was old Jamieson St.; gee I'd
rather be there.

I went to tutes with Austin, and all that he could say
Was 'Make a recommendation, or else be on your way';
So I recommended Sydney, it beats Oxford any day.

I called on Doug McCallum, and he said 'It gets you
thinkin'' (2)
I said, 'Boy, it's not the college, you did better at
the Lincoln'.

They pointed out their Tom Tower, built in the time of
Pharaoh, (2)
I said, 'If you want a phallus, what about our Trocadero?'

OD-176

MIMI THE COLLEGE WIDOW.

Various tunes.

(Based on the University songs of American universities)

Mimi the College widow,
Pride of the University,
Mimi the College widow,
Taught all the boys anatomy;

She laid the cornerstone of knowledge,
In fact the whole damn College -
Mimi the College widow!

Saw of a Rambler

He was a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech.
And a hell of an engineer;
~~A Heisman Bait~~
He must have been an architect
For he left his blueprints there.

Where? Oh! There!

~~He was a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech.~~
~~And a hell~~

Lovely Rose

High above Cayuga's waters
There's a place they cáll Cornell;
Mimi met a footbáll hero,
Shot the team to hell.

She was loyal to you, Illinois!
Till she gave you a boy, Illinois!
She thought that she was protected,
But she did not expect it -
A victory from you, Illinois!

Cielito Lindo

ROTOMARIO.

Tune: (Same as Rhymes)

(Ma-roto - roto-mario)

There once was a gay caballero,
an extremely gay caballero,
and of course he had a
roto-mari, a beautiful roto-mario.

He went to a lowdown casinn,
an extremely lowdown casino,
and of course he took his
roto-mari, his ~~beautiful~~ roto-mario.

He met a fair senorita,

He caught a filthy diseaso,
An extremely filthy diseaso,
Slap-bang on the tip of his
roto-mari, his ~~beto~~, roto-mario.

An extremely fair senorita,

He went to a learned doctrano,
an extremely learned doctrano,
who ~~amputated his~~ snipped off the tip of his
roto-mari, his beautiful roto-mario.

And of course he inserted his r-

He sits by a swift-flowing rio,
an extremely swift-flowing rio,
lamenting the loss of his
roto-mari, his beautiful roto-mario.

Now listen you filthy backstreeters,
if you want to go fuck senoritas,
and you don't wan't the pox,
shove socks on the tops of your roto, roto-marios.

LILLIAN.

Her name was Lil and she was a beauty
She lived in a house of ill-repute;
Gen'lmen came from miles to see
Lillian in her deshabille.

Now she was comely and she was fair,
She had lovely golden hair,
But she drank too deep of the demon rum,
She smoked hashish and op-i-um. (R)

Day by day her cheeks grew thinner
From insufficient protein in her,
She grew deep hollows in her chest,
Why, she had to go round completely dressed!

Now clothes can make a girl go far,
But they got no place on a fille de joie;
Lillian's troubles started when
She concealed her abdomen. (R)

So she took to treatments in the sun,
And she drank up Scotts Emul-si-on,
Three times daily she ate yeast -
Still her clientele decreased.

For you must know her clientele
Rested chiefly on her belly;
She rolled that thing like the deep Pacific -
Man! it was somethin' calorific! (R)

She went to see the house physician
To prescribe for her condition;
'What you have got', the doctor did say,
'Is perni-ci-ous anae-mi-a.'

Lillian lay in her dishonour,
She felt the Devil's hand upon her;
She said 'My sins ah now repents,
But, man, that'll cost you 50 cents.'

KNEES UP... (MOTHER BROWN)

Knees up, Father Riley, take your finger from your bum,
Can't you see the English coming, can't you see the bastards come?
See them coming o'er the mountain, see them coming o'er the hill -
If you don't shoot, O'Riley, then by Jesus Christ I will!

from NL in Newcastle.
Old Irish Rebel song?

+ All the Saints... p 175

× LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE. Tune: Austria.

Life presents a dismal picture,
Full of sorrow and of gloom;
Father has an anal stricture,
Mother has a fallen womb.

Sister Sue has been aborted
For the sixty-second time;
Uncle Joe has been deported
For a homosexual crime.

Cousin Jim's a sexual maniac,
Never laughs and never smiles, His radical occupation
~~xxdxhixsxsnixxsxxxxpa~~ Spends his time in contemplation
Cracking ice for Grandpa's piles.

Uncle Charlie has ~~xxx~~ a chancre
Caught from Uncle Henry's wife;
May's in bed with menstruation,
Auntie's at the change of life.

Life presents a dismal picture -
Found a foetus in a case;
Father Pryke says it is murder;
Of Sister Anne there is no trace.

Brother Bill's emasculated
For the safety of the race;
Sister Jean is now frustrated -
No man's safe around the place.

As for me I had a discharge;
It with mercury I did anoint;
But it was not worth a cracker,
Now I've got a Charcot's Joint,

Gononcoccal salpingitis -
It has blocked my tubes for me;
So you see, my dearest doctor,
It's no use to do a D & C.

Yet we are not disappointed,
Neither are we up yon spout;
Auntie Mabel has just farted,
Blown her arsehole inside out.

× Mabel's husband's now in prison
For a childish prank of mine:
Pinching things that wasn't his'n,
Women's scanties off a line.

Dad's a man who likes bestiality,
Incest is my mother's fun,
So the whole four sleep together,
Father, mother, horse and son.

Anal-~~anal~~ trends disgust me,
Though pronounced in Tiny Tim;
I do much prefer fellatio,
He sucks me and I suck him.

Little Jim keeps masturbating,
Though we tell him it is sin;
Uncle David's the Kingsgrove Slasher,
Uncle Henry dobbed him in.

Master has a penal atrophy,
Fernanda has a sunken breast, — KGP
Mrs. Hasdell's in her menopause,
Mr. Hasdell does his best.

Little Gimmy's in the nuthouse,
Looks like he'll be there for good —
And the cause of his misfortune?
Too much pulling of his pud.

Sister's got perpetual monthlies —

HARLOT OF JERUSALEM (additional).

This prostitute she knew her part,

She let loose with a thunderous fart
And shot him out like a flying dart
Right through all Jerusalem.

He was buzzing like a bumblebee
And landed high up in a tree,
Hung by his balls for all to see,
A sight for all Jerusalem.

(This prostitute she lived for) years
Till sterilised by gonorrheas

....

....

'Twas in the days of King Canute — balls
There lived a girl of ill repute — balls
A prostitute, a bloody beaut,
The Harlot of Jerusalem

HANGING DOWN... Tune: Highland Tinker

With a yard and a half of foreskin hanging down
below his knee,
Hanging down, and swinging free,
With a yard and a half of foreskin
Hanging down and swinging free.

I UP AND I SHOWED 'ER THE WAY.

O, I ad er I ad er I ad er I-ay,
I up and I showed er the way.

RONIAN SCHOOL ? ROEDEAN ? / ROEDEAN SCHOOL

It was all right for keyholes, and little girlies'
peeholes,

But no good for Ronian School.
Up school...

VINCENT VAN GOGH. Tune: Down in the Valley

Well down in Arles, boys, Vincent and I
It's pointed upwards, towards the sky. (??)
Well it's pointed upwards....

Feeling quite randy, can't tell you why,
Let's go to the brothel, just you and I.
Well, just you and I, boy,...

Arrived at the brothel, randy and gay,
Turning to Vincent, said It's your turn to pay.

Up comes the Madam, Well, what's for you, dears?
Turning to Vincent, said What funny ears.

Well, roses are red, boys, to Vincent Van Gogh,
He ran all the way home, to cut his ear off.

Well, it fair turned me off, boys, it fair turned me off
I'll no more go a-whoring with Vincent Van Gogh.

See note in [redacted]
'Digging up the Dirt' ?
attrib. to :- John Olsen, Sydney.

THE FIRST PORT WE CAME TO -

O the first port we came to was Singa-, Singa-,
The girls wouldn't fuck but they'd finga, finga;

Ten dollars we paid, and we rode all the day
To the tune of the Spanish guitar-o.
Singing hi-jig-a-jig, hi-jig-a-jig, push-push,
Singing hi-jig-a-jig, hi-jig-a-jig, push-push;
Ten dollars we paid, and we rode all the day
To the tune of the Spanish guitar-o.

The next port we came to was Malta, Malta;
The girls wouldn't fuck but they oughter, oughter.

The next port we came to was Aden, Aden;
The girls wouldn't fuck till we made 'em, made 'em

Two dollars we paid, for a bare-arse parade
And a tune on the Spanish gitarro.
Singing jig-a-jig, hi-jig-a-jig,
frig a little pig, follow the band,
Follow the band with your stand in your hand,
Two dollards we paid, for a bare-arse parade
And a tune on the Spanish gitarro.

O the next port we came to was Port Said, Port Said

THE RINGYDANGDOO. (RFB)

O the ringydangdoo, say what is that?
It's soft and warm, like a pussy-cat.
Got a hole in the middle, that's split right through
That's what they call the ringydangdoo.

There was a girl, her name was Jean,
The sweetest girl he'd ever seen,
straight & true
He loved to play with her ringydangdoo.

~~They went back home to her father's house~~

O the ringydangdoo, now what is that?
It's round and black like a bowler hat,
Got a hole in the middle, and quite nice too -
That's what they call the ringydangdoo.

They went back home to her father's house
They crept upstaris as quiet as a mouse;
They shut the doors and windows too,
And all night they played with the ringydangdoo.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

In days of old when knights were bold
And rubbers weren't invented,
They wrapped their socks around their cocks
And screwed their girls contented.

In days of old when knights were bold
And ladies weren't particular,
They laid them up against the walls
And fucked them perpendicular. /shlong/

US grad student ca. 1961.

That same grad student's word for penis.

IF ALL THOSE YOUNG LADIES- (Additional from MIT)

If all those young laides were bats in a steeple
I'd be a bat, there'd be more bats than people.

If all those young ladies were maras in a stable
I'd be a groom who was mucky more than able.

If all those young ladies were B-29s
Idd be a fighter, I'd buzz their behinds.

If all the young ladies were up for improvement
I'd be the guy to start a ball-bearing movement.

If all the young laddes were diamonds and rubies
I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies.

If all the young ladies were fish in the ocean
I'd be a whale and show them the motion.

If all the young ladies were little red foxes
I'd be the tall grass and tickle their boxes.

If all the young ladies were singing this song
It would be five times as dirty and ten times as long.

NANCY BROWN VARIANTS. I've travelled Australia from Broome to Nambu
And my own claim to fame is my name as she

...
Who is loved by all the neighbours for miles and miles
Now the deacon in our parish he loved our Nancy too/aroun
So he took her up the mountain just to see what she co
... down the mountain by the dam /do
For in spite of all his urgin'... West Virginia Ham.

Along came a cowboy, a cowboy with a song..
...
...down the mountain by the shack
For in spite of all his urgin'... pappy's apple-jack.

Along came ----- with a hundred dollar bill
He put her in his M.G. and drove her up the hill
So she stayed up on the mountain...
She came down next morning early
More a woman than a girly
And her pappy threw the hussy out of sight.

Along came the draft and kicked ----- in the pants
He has no use for his M.G., he had no use for his Nancy
So she's back there on the mountain... feeling sore

And the cowboy and the deacon
They are getting what they're seekin'
For she's nothging buta West Virginia whore.

I WANT A BEER. Tune: I want a girl...

I want a beer just like the beer
That pickeed dear old Dad.
It was a beer and the only beer
That Daddy ever had.
A good oldfashioned beer with lots of foam
It took ten man to carry daddy home
I wand a beer just like the beer
That pickeed dear old dad.

ON TOP OF OLD SOPHIE. Tune: On top of old Smoky.

On top of old Sophie, all covered with sweat,
I've used fourteen rubbers, and she hasn't come yet.

For fucking's a pleasure, and farting's relief,
But a longwinded lover will bring nothing but grief.

She'll kiss you and hug you, and say it won't take long
But two hours later you're still going strong.

So come all you lovers, and listen to me:
Don't waste your erection on a longwinded she.

For your root will just wither, and your passion will d
And she will forsake you, and you'll never know why.

THE SWEETHEART OF SIX OTHER GUYKS.

Vs Good student ca. 196

The girl of my dreams has dyed her hair
A brilliant shade of red
She drinks, she smokes, she tells dirty jokes,
She hasn't a brain in her head.

She thinks that liquor makes the world go round
She drinks more than you or I
The girl of my dreams ain't as dumb as she seems
She's the sweetheart of six other guys.

THE AIR CORPS SONG.

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder...
CRASH!!!

Do you want a fuck for 2d? Place two pennies in the slat and draw back the knob.

THE LAST WORD?

He who writes upon these walls
Rolls his shit in little balls;
He who reads these words of wit
Eats those little balls of shit.

MICKEY MOUSE IS A JEW.
KEEP THE POPE OFF THE MOON.
FLASH GORDON IS A RUSSIAN COSMONAUT.
I am seven inches long and looking for a friend.
AND HOW BIG'S YOUR PRICK?

Don't throw your butts down the toilet.
it makes them soggy and difficult to light.

TOAST — May the blue bird of happiness shit in your Xmas pie.

Ici tombent en ruines
Les créations de la cuisine.

OD-189
[= 194]

GRAFFITI

DO IT YOURSELF.

If you want to shit with ease
Place your hands upon your knees,
Give a grunt and then a squeeze,
And out she slides like rotten cheese.

INDICTMENT

You're the cunt who fucked my daughter,
Bucked her hole and stopped her water.

A VARIATION.

I paid 2d.
and wasn't broken-hearted
cos I didn't only shit
but I also farted.

YET MORE NOTICES.

Piss if you like
Shit if you like
BUT DON'T MISS!

AN HONEST MAN!

Some come here to write their wit,
Others come here to have a fit;
But actually, without any bull,
I come here to have a pull.

BIOGRAPHY.

My name's John Brown, I drink and smoke,
And lend my bum to any other bloke.

SLAVEDRIVER!

You don't come here to pull and fuck /=jerk?/
But to have a shit and back to work.

THE PURPLE-PEOPLE-EATER.

A purple people eater is a cock sucker with high blood pressure.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS:

$B4\ I\ \sqrt{u}\ \frac{Ru}{18}$

[BEFORE I ROOT YOU, ARE YOU OVER 18?]

0410 E [OH, FOR ONE NAUGHTY!

OD-190

size of the rise + the angle of the dangle

The stroke of the poke is inversely proportional to the heat of the meat. - ANON.

I went on a diet - swore off drinking and heavy eating. In fourteen days I lost almost two weeks. - JOE E. LEWIS.

Comment of a Peruvian watching a striptease: In my country we do not regard sex as a spectator sport.

It was very good of God to let Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle marry one another and so make only two people miserable instead of four, besides being very amusing. - SAMUEL BUTLER, in a letter, 1884.

Men behove to take heed of maidens: for they be tender of complexion; small, pliant and fair of disposition of body; shamefast, fearful and merry. Touching outward disposition they be well nurtured, demure and soft of speech, and well ware of what they say: and delicate in their apparel. And for a woman is more meeker than a man, she weepeth sooner. And is more envious and more laughing, and loving, and the malice of the soul is more in a woman than in a man. And she is of feeble kind, and she maketh more lesings, and is more shamefast, and more slow in working and in moving than a man.
-From The Old Book, edited by DOROTHY HARTLEY

Abraham Lincoln reviews a book:-
To those that like this kind of book, this is the kind of book that they will like.

Some odd quotes that just sneaked in!

GRAFFITI

DISCOURAGEMENT.

If you come here at Nature's call,
Don't write your name on the shithouse wall;
For if you do attempt your wit,
You only shine where others shit.

IS IT A RIDDLE?

Be a man and not a fool:
Suck your cock and not your tool.

PSCYHOANALYST'S ADVICE.

Help yourself to overcome strain:
Pull your tool before the chain.

WHY WONDER?

Here I sit and shit and wonder
Why my prick stood up like thunder.

LAYING A GHOST.

If Shakespeare did come here to shit
The smell was stronger than the wit.

AMBITION.

A man's ambition must be great
To fuck a girl by her front gate.

A man's ambition must be poor
To write upon a shithouse door.

A woman's ambition must be worse still
To let a man just for the thrill.

NATURAL HISTORY

Don't think you can be smart and kangaroo the seat,
For these Wynyard crabs can jump fifteen feet.

THE POETIC SOUL?

Here is a penis waiting to penetrate the hairs that hide an open rose; tonight she will give me the freedom of her narrow tender loins.

MAXIMS

Don't wait, masturbate
Pull a cow's cunt over you
Have cock, will fuck

THE QUARTERMASTER'S STORE.

There was beer, beer, beer you couldn't get near
In the store, in the store,
There was beer, beer, beer you couldn't get near
In the Quartermaster's Store.

Chorus: My eyes are dim I cannot see,
I have not brought my specs with me,
I have not brought my specs with me.

There was meat, meat, squashed up on the seat.
There were flies, flies, mixed up in the pies (rats . . . fucking lady cats.)

(Barrett fucking a great big carrot;
Smithy packing a great big shitty;
Sams shitting in the hams;
Brock sucking a frenchied cock;
Miller rooting the Green Gorilla;
Johnno - what a bloody homo;
Spruce sucking maiden's juice;)

For it's beer, beer, that makes you want to cheer
In the corps, in the corps
For it's beer, beer, that makes you want to cheer
In the Quartermaster corps.

For it's gin, gin, gin, that makes you want to sin

For it's Carling's Black Label that makes you go for Mabel

For it's water, water, water, that makes you feel you oughte.

...booze, that makes you want to snooze...

...cherry pop that makes you want to stop...

...squirt that makes you want to flirt...

...hooch that makes you want to smooch...

...brandy that makes you feel so dandy...

...winexx that makes you feel so fine...

...cokexxx that makes you want to choke...

...muscatel that makes youfeel like hell...

...scotch that gets you in the crotch...

...rye that [illegible]

Do you want a {thrill / fuck} for 2d? Place two pennies in the slat and draw back the knob.

Refers to instructions on old (pre-decimal!) pay toilet.

THE LAST WORD?

He who writes upon these walls
Rolls his shit in little balls;
He who reads these words of wit
Eats those little balls of shit.

MICKEY MOUSE IS A JEW.
KEEP THE POPE OFF THE MOON.
FLASH GORDON IS A RUSSIAN COSMONAUT.
I am seven inches long and looking for a friend.
AND HOW BIG'S YOUR PRICK?

} A classic from Melbourne first reported by Ian Turner, I think.

Don't throw your butts down the toilet.
it makes them soggy and difficult to light.

May the blue bird of happiness shit in your Xmas pie.

Ici tombent en ruines
Les créations de la cuisine.

EXTRA GRAFFITI.

[=189]
OD-194

Good said Venus
(Additions)

We sailed to the Canaries
To screw the local fairees;
We got the syph
In Teneriffe
And the clap in Buenos Aires.

The cook's name it was Heman,
A great perverted demon;
He served the crew
A horrible stew
Of foreskins boiled in semen.

The cook's assistant Slater,
He was a mastrubator;
He scraped his bunk
And served up spunk
Instead of mashed potato.

The musician's name was Carter
Who tuned his arse as a farter;
He could play anything
From God Save the King
To Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

We sailed on to Felucca
And bought ourselves a fucker;
But when we saw
Her outsize bowre
We decided just to suck her.

The wireless operator
He was a masturbator
To get a jolt
He'd shoot his bolt
Across the oscillator

The engineer McPherson
To snatch had an aversion
So he stuck his cock
Up a water chock
A peculiar perversion!

~~The captains wife married~~ Dinah
While off the coast of China
The captain swore
A coach and four
Would pass up hervagina

GOOD SHIP VENUS (Additions)

Ecstatic squeals revealed that eels
Had found her sexual quarter.

The ship's cat's name was Kitty,
Her arse was black and shitty;
Her feline twot was kept red hot
By a crew who knew no pity.

The bosun's name was Andy,
A bastard bald and bandy;
They filled his bum with boiling rum
For pissing in the brandy.

'Twas at the China station,
By way of celebration, for want of occupation
We sunk a junk with jets of spunk
By mutual masturbation.

The captain's daughter Marlet,
She was a filthy harlot;
When she went to bed
Her cunt was red,
And in the morning scarlet.

The ship's mascot was Rover,
The whole crew did him over;
They pound and pound that poor old hound
From Land's End round to Dover.

*The Captain's girl Verbena
(Pregnant last time I seen her) -
At the age of six
The sailors' pricks
Were tickling her for a deener.

The bosun's name was Carter,
By Christ, he was a farter;
When the wind didn't blow
And the ship didn't go
They got Carter to fart her, to start her.

We sailed to the Bahamas
Where the girls all wear pyjamas;
They wouldn't screw
Our motley crew -
They much preferred bananas.

A.J. 7 KIRRIMUIR ADDITIONS

Jimmy Baker he was there, having the time of his life,
He put the hard word on a girl and found it was his wife.

Prof. John Anderson, he was there, a-striving hard to please,
Giving lantern lectures on venereal disease

Hilda Baker she was there, leading the free life
And all the men could testify she was a model wife.

Big Rob the Farmer cursed and swore, as then he reared and grat,
For his forty acre cornfield was nearly fucked flat.

O the ball, the ball, the ball, the ball, the ball at Kirriemuir
There was never ever such a ball in all the world before.

Princess Margaret she was there, trying to be nice,
And before the ball was over she'd only been laid twice.

The local prankster he was there, up to his usual farce,
Of sticking his head between his legs and sliding up his arse.

There was rooting in the sunshine, rooting in the rain,
And you couldn't use the toilets for the semen up the drain.

The old postmistress she was there, her cunt a letter box,
But all who posted letters there received a dose of pox.

Mickey Mouse he was there, so was Donald Duck,
But it was physically impossible for them to have a fuck.

KIRRIMUIR - Additions

The village postman he was there, with addresses
hard to find
But the only letters that he had were of a foreign
kind.

Tarzan of the Apes was there, acting like a fool,
Jumping from the rafters and swinging on his tool.

Jock the parson he was there, it was a bloody shame,
Fucked a shiela thirty times and never knew her
name.

* The village barber he was there, his razor in his
hand,
And every time the music stopped he circumcised
the band.

The village doctor he was there, with his box of
tricks,
Amusing himself between each dance by circumcising
pricks.

Auntie Mary she was there, she ran the treasure hunt
You had to guess the colour of the marble up her cunt.

The parson's son he was there, he was only eight;
He couldn't give a fuck so he had to masturbate.

The village postmen he was there, with his load of
pox;
He couldn't stuff the sheilas so he stuffed the
letterbox.

Fifth lady forward, sixth lady ~~xxxx~~ past,
Seventh lady's finger up the eighth lady's arse.

He was fucking in the haystacks , there was
fucking in the rain,
And you couldn't use the pisshouse for the semen up
the drain.

The undertaker he was there, in his cape and shroud
Squatting on the chandelier and pissing on the crowd.

The service-station man was there, down before the
fire,
Having sexual intercourse with a punctured Dunlop
tyre.

~~EVERY~~ MOBILE ADDITIONS

Little boys have
Every boy has got a horn in Mobile (2)
Every boy has got a horn;
From the moment they are born
Every little girl gets torn in Mobile. CA

when the tax collector calls in Mobile (2) CA
when the tax collector calls
They cut off both his balls
And they nail them to the walls in Mobile.

MOBILE (continued)

There's a man called Dirty Keith in Mobil (2) ✓
There's a man called Dirty Keith
And he wears a laurel wreath
Of pubic hairs around his teeth in Mobil.

There's a bastard called Strater in Mobil (2) ✓
There's a bastard called Strater
He's the biggest masturbator
Fornicator, cunt inflator in Mobil.

* There's a naughty boy called Danny in Mobil (2)
There's a naughty boy called Danny
And he likes his bit of fanny
And he gets it off his granny in Mobil.

There's a queenie boy called Hunt in Mobil (2)
There's a queenie boy called Hunt
And he thinks he's got a cunt
But his arse is back to front in Mobil.

Oh the girls all wear tin pants in Mobil (2)
Oh the girls all wear tin pants
But they takes 'em off to dance -
Everybody gets his chance in Mobil.

Gentlemen of the working classes in Mobile, (2)
Gentlemen of the working classes ~~in x m b i t~~
When you've finished with your glasses
You can stuff them up your arses in Mobile.

O they don't use boggus paper in Mobile (2) ✓
They don't use boggus paper,
They don't hold with no such caper,
They just use a putty scraper in Mobile.

There's no paper in the bogs in Mobile (2)
There's no paper in the bogs,
They just wait until it clogs,
Then they saw it off in logs in Mobile.

There's a stupid man named Green in Mobile (2)
There's a stupid man named Green
And he thinks he is a queen,
But he's got a ruptured spleen in Mobile.

O they have a pet aversion in Mobile (2)
The aversion was a virgin
But she didn't take much urgin',
Soon the penises were surgin' in Mobile.

'You're pissed, you're drunk, you silly old cunt,
You're blind and cannot see;
It's nothing but the rolling-pin
You kindly gave to me.'
'In all my years of traveling
A thousand miles and more,
I never saw a rolling-pin
With balls on it before.'

= OUR GOODMAN

* SAMMY HALL.

O my name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall } R
God damn your eyes,
O my name is Sammy Hall
And I've only got one ball
But I'll up and fuck you all
God damn your eyes and blast your soul
in bloody hell.

O I killed a man, 'tis said...
When I hit him on the head
With a fucking lump of lead...

Now I'm gonna swing
On a fucking lump of string
what a fucking awful thing

The preacher he will come,...
With his talk of Kingdom Come,
He can stuff it up his bum...

The sherriff he'll come too...
With his fucking boys in blue
They've got fuck all else to do...

And then my soul will pass... My fleeting soul will pass
Like a whiff of sewer gas;
You can stuff it up your arse...

And then in heaven I will dwell, I will dwell, } R
God damn your eyes!
And then in heaven I will dwell -
What a fucking awful sell!
All the molls are down in hell,
God damn your eyes and blast your soul
in bloody hell.

It's on the drop I stand
with my pants in my hand. (Sir S.)

DRURY LANE. Tune: One Man and His Dog. ✓

Down in Drury Lane
There are naughty women
Who will give you what you want
If you've got a shilling;
Army half-a-crown,
Air Force half-a-guinea,
Big fat men, two pound ten,
Little boys a penny.

THE WORKING CLASS. Tune: Tannenbaum.

The working class can kiss my arse - FULL
I've got a bludger's job at last. VERSION
That lurky mob can kiss my knob - EARLIER
At last I've got that foreman's job.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY.
Tune: On Sunday I walk out with a soldier.

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee;
Wednesday was success, I lifted up her dress,
Thursday she showed me her blimey, slimey!
Friday I put my hand upon it,
Saturday she gave my balls a twitch; (tweak?)
But it was Sunday after supper
That I rammed the damn thing up her;
Now she wants it seven days a week!

I don't want to join the Army,
I don't want to go to war;
I'd rather hang around Picadilly on the ground,
Living off the earnings of a high-born Limey;
Don't want to take it up the arsehole,
Don't want me buttocks shot away;
You can take me bloomin' mother,
Me sister or me brother,
But for God's sake don't take me!

(US postgrad. 1961)

THE NEW PEOPIE'S FLAG. Tune: Tannenbaum.

The people's flag's not what you think,
It is not red but dirty pink;
It is not stained with martyrs' blood,
But King's Cross Harlot's menstrual flood.

Then raise that stinking flag on high!
Beneath its folds I'll bludge or die.
I'll pimp for prosses, pimps and pervs,
And knife the poachers on my preserves.

The working class can kiss my arse,
I've got a bludger's job at last;
That lurky mob can kiss my knob,
At last I've got a foreman's job.

No more I'll have to pimp and crawl,
I sit around and do fuck all;
I wouldn't leave if they gave me bail:
I am the commandant of Long Bay Jail.

He let loose a fart, blew the prison wide apart,
And got away to a flying start;
Now he ran like shit lest the squire should split
Poor little Angeline.

When he got to the spot and saw what's what
He tied the bastard's balls in a fucking great knot,
And while he squirmed on his guts he got a kick
in the nuts From poor little Angeline!

'O Blacksmith true I do love you,
And I see by your breeches that you love me too;
So while I'm undressed you can do your best'
Said Poor Little Angeline!

THE RINGY-DANG-DOO.

O the ringy-dang-doo, it's round and fat,
It's big and round, like a pussy-cat;
It's big and round, and split right through -
That's what they call the ringy-dang-doo.

Now she took me down into the cellar;
And she told me I was a damn fine feller;
She fed me wine, and whisky too,
And she let me play with her ringy-dang-doo.

Now she went to town and became a whore,
And she hung this sign above her door:
'Three dollars down, two bits will do' -
And she'll let you play with her ringy-dang-doo.

Now mother dear, don't you complain;
You know damn well you've done the same;
From sweet sixteen to seventy-two-
You've let them play with your ringy-dang-doo.

O the ringa-ranga-roo, O what is that?
Got hair on it like a pussy-cat;
There's a hole in it that goes right through -
A real synthetic ringa-ranga-roo.

OD-205.

Note: somewhere, in an old book on Aboriginal tribes in Australia, I came across a tribe called the Ringa-ranga-roo — but I can no longer locate the reference!

AN ANTHOLOGY OF PROSE

A volume of Trollope's
A jam of tarts
An orchestra of strumpets
A firm of solicitors
(A blast of strumpets)

OBSCO

SYDNEY ORR. — R&B. Tune: Sam Hall.

O my name is Sydney Orr, Sydney Orr, God damn your eyes;
O my name is Sydney Orr, Sydney Orr, God damn your eyes;
O my name is Sydney Orr
And I've gone and fucked a whore -
That's what the bitch is for, God damn her eyes!

Says she as bold as brass...
Do I scream or do I pass?
She can kiss my royal arse, God damn her eyes!

They put her in the box...
Drawing diagrams of cocks;
May she catch her death of pox, God damn her eyes!

O they made the bitch come clean...
And the judges all turned green:
Did they think I was a queen? God damn their eyes!
-Sandy Anderson.

Professor Sydney Orr was a Professor of philosophy at the University of Tasmania. He was dismissed in 1956 for alleged sexual relations with a student. His attempts at reinstatement in the late 50s became a cause célèbre.

Sandy Anderson is the son of John Anderson — both professors of philosophy.

[LIMERICKS follow.]

OD-206

There once was a psychometrician
Who was in a frustrating position;
    His function was curved
    And no effort had served
To accomplish its rectification.

A poet named Edna Millay
Determined to write a pillay;
    What assured her of fame
    Was the dactylic name
Of Edna St. Vincent Millay. [WILL-LAY]
    Though possessed of poetical vision
    She assuredly failed of her mission,
        For she tried to produce
        In a meter abstruse
    And this made her a pyschometrician.

An odd old sea captain from Gloucester
Made love to an old feather doucester;
    Mid great clouds of doucest
    In a voice filled with loucest,
"e said 'Now we sahll see who his mouesster!'

There was a young physicist named Fisque,
Who was termed a security risque;
    For acts of perversion
    Were his main diversion,
At which one can only say 'Tisque'.

[LIMERICKS BEGIN HERE]

Limericks learned in America: [1962-63]

A remarkable tribe are the Sweenies,
Renowned for the size of their penes;
    With the hair of their balls
    They sweep out the halls -
But they don't mess with women, the meanies.

There was a young girl of Duboys,
Renowned for remarkable poise;
    She could have an orgasm
    With nary a spasm
And fart without making a noise.

- both from S.S., Wisconsin.

And another from Australia:

There once was a fellow named Bowes,
Who pleasured himself with his toes;
    This trick was so neat
    He grew fond of his feet
And christened them "Gertrude" and "Rose".

- R.J., Perth; same for Ambystwith.

A stalwart young man from Natal
was rooting a Hottentot gal
  she said 'you're a sluggard!'
  he told her 'be buggered!
I like to fuck slow, and I shall!'

Abdul who came from Algiers
Said to his harem, 'My dears,
  Though you may think it's odd o' me,
  I've given up sodomy,
Tonight there'll be fucking' - loud cheers.

(courtesy of M.W. and his father)
(Mat)

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose cock was so long he could suck it;
He said with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
'If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it'.

There was a young fellow named Claire
Who fucked his poor wife on the stair;
At the ~~thirty-third~~ poke (But the banister broke
The stairway broke So he doubled his stroke
And his gun went off in the air. And he finished her off in the air.

The episcopal Bishop of Malta
Laughed as he shat on the altar;
With infinite malice
He pissed in the chalice
And tossed himself off on the psalter.

There ~~once~~ was a couple named Kelly
Who always danced belly to belly,
For once in their haste
They used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young man ~~named~~ from McNever
Who had intercourse with a beaver;
The result of the fuck
Was a canvas-backed duck,
Two canoes and an Irish retriever.

There was a young ~~man~~ girl from Geneva
Who got a giraffe to conceive her;
The result of the fuck
Was a longlegged duck,
A horse and an Irish retriever.

There was a young girl from Blackheath
Who pulled foreskins back with her teeth;
It wasn't for money
Or anything funny
But for the green cheese that grew underneath.

There was a young man from Nass (Madras) (Degrass)
Whose balls were made out of brass;
As he clanged them together
He played Stormy Weather,
And lightning flashed out of his arse.

A young man of Westminster Station
Was found in a bad situation
Lying prone in a ditch
On - I won't say a bitch,
But a woman of bad reputation.

A vessel just out of Newcastle
Had on board a most curious parstle;
On arriving in Spain
It was found to contain
Merely shit, from my grandmother's arstle.

A braggart from eastern Far Rockaway
Kept a whore in a flat just a blockaway;
But the price became stiff
As he contracted syph
Which is eating the head of his cockaway.

There once was a lad from the Mall
Whose penis was nothing at all;
It fit only keyholes
And little girl's wee-holes,
And never pleased big girls at all.

The girls in the choir at old Wicker
Were discussing a Dean and a Vicar;
The latter, they said,
When they had him in bed,
Was thicker and quicker and slicker.

An adventuresome lass from Penzance
Once boarded a bus in a trance;
The passengers fucked her,
Likewise the conductor,
And the driver shot off in his pants.

A hopeful young girl of St Paul
Once went to a birth-control ball;
She bought all the devices
At exorbitant prices,
But then nobody asked her at all.

(A similar girl from Penzance
Went along to the very same dance;
She had all the acessories,
Douche can and pessaries,
But nobody gave her a chance).

There was a young fellow from Crete
Who jerked himself off in the street;
A chemist named Kelly
Collected the jelly
And sold it as extract of meat.

There was a young fellow from Kings
Who dabbled in women and things,
But his principal joy
Was a short-trousered boy
With an arsehole like jelly on springs.

There once was a man from Black Rock
Who tied cello strings to his cock;
When he had an erection
He played a slection
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There was a young man from the Equator
Who dissolved both his balls in a crater;
He titrated this
With deci-normal piss,
Using semen as indicator.

There was a young man from Brazil
Who swallowed an atomic pill;
They found his arse
At Bulli Pass
And his scrotum in Broken Hill.

There was a young lady of Kew
Who said as the Bishop withdrew:
'The Vicar is quicker
And slicker and thicker,
And nine inches longer than you.'

Aai, aai, aai aai-aai,
In China they never eat the chili, (Cielito lindo)
The last verse was the worst verse
So sing me another verse
And waltz me around again, Willie!

Oh here comes the next verse
It's worse than the first verse
So we'll

There was a young girl from Devon
Who was attakced by a party of seven,
Unorthodox priests,
The lecherous beasts!
For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

Skinner had the look of a winner
As he took a young lady to dinner;
At a quarter to nine
They sat down to dine,
At a quarter to ten it was in her.

(Not Skinner, but dinner;
No beginner was Skinner,
For he was in her before dinner).

A similar experience had Tupper
Who escorted a young miss to supper;
At the hour of nine
They sat down to dine;
At the hour of ten it was up her.
(Not Tupper, nor supper, but once again Skinner,
who is irrepressible).

A virtuous maiden from Lilde
For a decade reamined undefiled
By thinking of Jesus,
Contagious diseases,
And the dangers of having a child.

An idle young girl of Peru
Had little or nothing to do;
So she sat on the stairs,
And counted cunt hairs -
Three thousand, nine hundred, and two.

A young buck from southern Helameter
Had an organ of temendous diameter;
But it wasn't the size
That brought moans and cries,
'Twas the rhythm, iambic pentameter.

A frustrated virgin named Pugh
Once dreamed she was having a scrugh;
Repenting her sin
She awoke with chagrin
At finding it perfectly true.

There once was a teacher named Gullikson
Whose lectures were awfully grulicsome;
He would read from Clark Hull;
It was terribly dull,
And he never allowed any foolicsome.

A daring young midget named Maxx Shaw
Went to bed with a very large whore;
And - God rest his soul!-
He fell into her hole,
Screamed twice, and was heard of no more.

A crosseyed old painter named Jeff
Was colour-blind, palsied, and deaf;
When he asked to be touted
The critics all shouted
'This is art with a capital F!'

There was a young bachelor named Art
Who once struck a match to a fart;
The result was quited odd -
It exploded, by God!-
And blew poor Art all apart.

A fortunate lass from Detroit
At fucking was rather adroit;
She could squeeze her vagina
To a pinpoint, or finer,
Or open it out, like a quoit.

A vaudeville star from Chanute
Discovered three warts on his root;
He used acid on these,
So that now, when he pees,
He fingers his root like a flute.

There was a young man of Dundee
Who went on a hell of a spree;
He would up the clock
With the head of his cock
And screwed his young wife with the key.

An avid young lover named West
Was eating his girl with great zest;
Despite all her howls
He sucked out her bowels
And spat them out on her chest.

A jester whose last name was Gall
Once went to a masquerade ball;
He had the affront
To go as a cunt,
And was had by a dog, in the hall.

Xxxxtix

From the league of Colonial Dames
Came a dame who was fond of odd games;
Setting fire to the front
Of her grandmother's cunt,
She laughed as she pissed through the flames.

A sportive young man of Madras
Was having his girl on the grass
When the midsummer sun
Took a hand in the fun
And burned all the skin off his ass.

A colleen who came from Killarney
Had a husband whose first name was Barney.
His peter was sweeter
To her, and far neater,
Than the tools of the whole Irish Army.

A very young lad they called Cyril
Was had in the woods by a squirrel;
He thought it so good
That he stayed in the wood
Just as long as the squirrel was virile.

From a spot overlooking the bay
Came a vision from heaven one day:
A fourteen-yard cunt
From the back to the front,
Stretched out in an acre of hay.

I wooed a stewed nude from Bermuda,
I too was stewed when I wooed her;
Since it's rude to be stewed
And crude to be nude,
I got ruder and cruder and screwed her.

A string virtuoso named Locke
Had cello strings fixed to his cock;
With every erection
He played a slection
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

A maiden from Avignon, France,
Thought she'd diddle, a while, with bonne chance;
So she let herself go
For an hour or so
And now all her sisters sont tantes.

Ascetic Mahatma Gandhi
Once tossed down a snifter of brandhi;
When he lifted his sheet
To wipe of his cheek,
The barmaid cried out 'What a dandhi!'

There was a young girl of Machias
Whose panties were cut on a bias;
She opened her knees
To let in the breeze
And also the boys, once or twias.

From a tomb, in a crypt, at St Giles
Came a scream that was heard round for miles;
'O goodness gracious!'
Said brother Ignatius,
'I forgot that his Worship had piles'.

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
Just stroking the butt of his madam;
He was quaking with mirth,
For in all of the earth,
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

I dined with Lord Hewing Fitz-Blewing
Who asked 'Do you squirm when you're screwing?'
Said I, 'Simple shagging,
Without any wagging,
Brings extra delight, while canoeing.'

A heavenly lass of old Chichester
Had a form that made saints in their nichester;
Her breasts, in their satins,
One morning at matins,
Made the Bishop of Chichester's brichester.

A brass-hat Marine at La Jolla
Sought a Doctor to cure para nolla;
Said the Doc, 'To fix clap,
Penicillin's a snap,
But in this case I can't do much for-la.'

From the ranks of the army of Sparta
Came a wonderfully agile young farter;
He could fart anything
From God Save the King
To Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

A woman, through error, I hear,
Douched with tannin for over a year;
Her vagina is finer
With its peeble-grainer liner
Than at first glance the thing might appear.

There once was a maid from Madrid
Who thought she was having a kid;
So she held back her water
For a month and a quarter
And drowned the poor bastard, she did.

A seaman of South Madagascar
Met a virgin and hastened to ask her
'Are cherry by choice...?'
But the sound of his voice
Became garbled by fast-flying plaster.

A gallant young Royal Marine
Once tried to far 'God Save the Queen';
When he reached the spprano
Down came the guano
And his breeches weren't fit to be seen.

A habit both strange and bizarre
Has come over dear old papa;
He likes to take camels
And other large mammals
And give them a bang ad mama.

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno
Said 'Of buggering, yes, something I do know;
Whereas women are fine,
And sheep are divine,
Young llamas are numero uno!'

She wasn't what one would call pretty,
And other girls offered her pity,
So that no one had guessed
That her Wasserman test
Involved half the young men in the city.

A lass named Veronica Mapes
Sported mammae the size of small grapes.
She started to scratch 'em
In high hopes she might hatch 'em,
But all that remained were the scrapes.

A maiden who walked on the Corso
Displayed overmuch of her torso.
    A crowd soon collected
    But no one objected
And some were in favour of more so.

~~There was an old man of Leyre~~
There is a wild tale about Nona
who wore a black chiffon Kimona.
    Don't think for a minute
    There's anything in it —
That is, anything except Nona.

There was a young girl of Ambleside
Took corn to the mill to make grist with.
    But the miller's boy Jack
    Laid her flat on her back
And they mingled the organs they pissed with.

On the eve of a wedding at Vista,
Said the ma of the bride as she kista,
    'You're just bound to have fun
    With this young man you've won,
For since tea he's had me and your sista'.

There was an old matron of Worcester
Who dreamt that a man had sedorcester;
    'Twas only a dream
    But she woke with a scream,
For a bump in the mattress had gorcester.

A man from a farm in Moritz
Once planted two acres of tiz.
    They came up in the Fall,
    Pink nipples and all,
And he lesiurely chewed them to bitz.

A dapper young man from New York
Once plugged up his arse with a cork;
    Said he with a smirk
    As he drove home from work,
'I saved it to eat with a fork'.

A careless old man of Castine
Stood and pissed through a hole in a screen;
    While those passers-by
    Who were hit in the eye
Shouted 'Why don't you look where you're peein8!(

There was a young lady of Spain
Whose face was exceedingly plain
    But her cunt had a pucker
    That caused men to fucker
Not once, but again and again.

A fair, ripe young maiden named Lyn
Had her parents distraught with her sin;
    They plugged up her crack
    With a pint of shellac,
But the boys picked it out with a pin.

A borderline homo from Claridge
Was sickened by all thoughts of marriage;
    He ravished his mother
    And ten-year old brother
And devoured his sister's miscarriage.

A frugal young man of Dakota
Paid a prostitute less than he owed 'er,
    So with great savoir faire
    She jumped on a chair
And pissed in his whisky and soda.

An ardent young man of Montclair
Endeavoured to screw a she-bear,
    But the virtuous brute
    Turned and bit off his root,
Leaving nothing save ballocks and hair.

An unclean old maid of Parott
Lived mainly on vomit and snot;
    When she couldn't find these
    She thrived on the cheese
That she pared from the hair of her twot.

There was a young lady from Worcester
Who thought that a man had sedorcester
When looking around
She finally found
It was only the bedpost that gorcester.

There was a yo ung girl from Azores
Who went to a dance without gloves;
Her mum said 'Cecilia,
If you let they boys hold your hand,
They'll say you're just one of those typists.'

Said a lady named Meg, 'I'd consent
To roll in the hay with a gent,
But a pitchfork, ill placed,
Leaves me bruised and defaced,
With my virtue not broken, but bent.'

There was a young lady named Lisa
An open city that asked for no visa;
This red-headed wench
Was known on a bench
As the leaning Tower of Pisa.

There was a young lady named Sally

~~A~~ rows of drawers applause
The hair on her head didn't tally.

There was a young man named McLeon
Was having a fuck in a crowd;
At the height of his fun
Someone said 'I smell cum' - When someone up front removed "I smell cunt,"
Just like that - not very loud.

There was a young lady of Nantes
who was douce, petite elegante,
But her con was so small
It was no use at all,
Fit only for la plume de ma tante.

There was a young lady named Guelph
Who was wholly wrapped up in hersuelph;
It would have been kinder
To try to unwind her,
But they left her in knots on the shuelph.

Sir Percival Montague, Baronet,
Said, 'I've had a remarkable staronet:
The sweet lady Cholmondeley,
So lissome and colmondeley,
Does nothing but giggle and faronet.'

A youthful Law student called Rex
Was very minute in re sex.
When charged with exposure
He replied with composure
'De minimis non curat lex'.

In the mountainous regions of Eire
Lives a maiden who's long been the bearer
Of a belt so designed
To induce peaches of mind
And frustration immense in the wearer.

A practice incredibly vicious
Caused widespread concern in Mautitius,
For the natives got quicker
At eating each Vicar,
Whilst murmuring 'Bpy, it's delicious!'

A dashing young man from Belgravia
Cared neither for God nor the Saviour;
Whilst strolling the Strand
With his balls in his hand
He was had in, for indecent behaviour.

Food-faddy Freddie, from Leeds,
Subsisted, quite nicely, on seeds;
Great tussocks of grass
Grew out of his ass,
And his balls were all covered in weeds.

A pimply young sophomore at Yale
Hat a countenance sickly and pale;
Tis said masturbation Was his ruination
And the cause was the high price of tail.

There was a young monk from Siberia
Whose existence grew drearier and drearier;
Till one night with a yell
He burst from his cell
And buggered the Father Superior.

There was a young man from Rabaul
Who had faeces empacted in bowel;
He tried rhubarb and quills
And all manner of pills
And at last was relieved by a trowel.

A Lesbian lass from Kharthoum
Once took a young queen to her room;
As she turned out the light
She said 'Let's get this right:
Who does what, and with which, and to whom?'

There was a young Scotsman of Clyde
Who took his young girlfriend aside;
'I'm a reckless old cock' –
Then he took off his jock –
'You're a cockless old wreck', she replied.

A plumber who came from Trelea
Was plumbing his girl by the sea;
She said 'Stop your plumbing,
There's somebody coming' –
He said, 'Yes, stupid, that's me'.

O, that was a chunderous rhyme!
Tell us another-y, chund'rous as buggery,
Tell us another-y, do!

A cinema audiotorium
Is not just a visual sensorium,
But a highly effectual
Heterosexual
Mutual masturbatorium.

There was a young lady of Maine
Who liked a bit now and again,
Not once but again,
And again and again,
And again and again and again.

There was a young man from Kemphill
Who swallowed an atomic pill;
His arsehole exploded,
His balls corroded,
And his prick ended up in Brazil.

There was a young man named Mulcahey;
Whose foetus had gone all astrahey;
His prick was so long
It stretched to Hong Kong
Where a communist sucked it each dahey.

There wasa young girl of Bombay
Who got put in the family way
By the mate of a lugger,
An ignorant bugger -
The kind who spells 'cunt' with a K.

There were two young ladies of Birmingham,
And this is a story concerning 'em:
They lifted the frock
And tickled the cock
Of the Bishop who was confirming 'em.
(But the Bishop was no April fool,
For he came from the best public school;
As he finished in haste
He gave both a taste
Of his 9" episcppal tool).

There was a young girl of Montrose
Had erogenous zones in her toes;
She remained analistic
Till a foot-fetishistic
Young man became one of her beaux.

There was a young priest in a host'l
Who found a peculiar fossil;
Twas long and twas round,
As it came from the ground;
'Twas the Peter of Paul the Apostle.

'O hell!' said the King of Siam,
'For women I don't give a damn;
There are some think it odd o' me,
That I prefer sodomy;
They say I'm a bugger; I am.'

There was a young lady named Britchen
Who was scratching her cunt in the kitchen;
Her father said, 'Rose,
It's crabs, I suppose?'
She said, 'Yes, Dad, and they're itchin''.

A stalwart young man from Natal
Was rooting a Hottentot gal;
She said 'You're a sluggard!'
He told her, 'Be buggered!
I like to fuck slow, and I shall!'

Abdul who came from Algiers ('Tis said of the Bey of Algiers
Said to his harem: 'My dears, He said ...
Though you may think it's odd o' me,
I've given up sodomy;
Tonight there'll be fucking' - loud cheers!

A muscular youth from Bondi
Doing push-ups on sand soft and dry
Was annoyed by a shout
From a bystanding lout:
'Your girl's gone, mate, give 't away!'

There was a young man from Twickenham
Who took off his boots to be sick in 'em;
They said if 'If you choose
To spew in your shoes,
It's your own bloody fault if you stick in 'em.'

There was a youhg man called Peter
Who had algebraic excreta;
The length of his turd
Was a third of a surd
Plus the root of $\cos A^2 \sin\theta$. [theta]

Pan welodd llymeitiwr hi'n bwrw, [WELSH]
Ac yntau ynghand y twrw,
"Trueni", eb ef,
A'i wep tua'r nef,
"Na fydda'ir glaw yma yn gwrw".

(there no idea what this is about!)

A Hindu I met in Durban
By friends wasconsidered quite urban
Since the day he appeared
With his prick in his beard
And his bal ls hanging down from his turban.

A young man who hailed from Down Under
Had a dooley whose size was a wonder;
Three-fourths of its length
Had just enough strength
To render an oak-tree asunder.

An eccentric professor named Lavory
Had a habit most foul and unsavoury;
With insidious howls
He deflowed young owls
Which he kept in an underground aviary.

A Bosun's mate, third, out of Spithead,
The Admiralty Office outwitted;
The undisciplined lout,
Quite rude, without doubt,
Called the Commodore up and said 'Shithead'.

A disgusting old man of Patchogue
Had an intrigue, one time, with a hog;
In the midst of their frolics
It bit off his bolics,
So that now he's a eunuch, by God!

A gal whose ancestors were Pole
Had a manner exeeedingly droll;
At a masquerade ball
She wore nothing at all,
And backed in, as a Parker House roll.

The sone of an old man named Chose
Kept flipping the fat 'neath the clothes;
As the chambermaid said
While making the bed,
'He's a bugger for wiping his nose!'

There was an old monk from Siberia
Whose morals were rather inferior;
He did to a nun
What shouldn't be done,
So that now she's a Mother Superior.

A seafaring captain named Bates
Tried a formal-dress rhumba on skates;
He slipped on his cutlass
Which rendered him nutless,
And practically useless on dates.

A man from the village called Greenwich
Had testes all covered in spinach;

His horrible fool
He kept on a spool
And reeled it in and out, inwick by inwick.

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Whose existence grew drearier and drearier;
Till one night with a yell
He burst from his cell
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They say I'm a bugger; I am.'

Hast gehört von der Braut, deren Truhe
Enthielt was was gab ihr kein' Ruhe?
    Woher ich nicht weiss
    Kam dies englischer Scheiss,
Und darunter die Titel: manure.

While having tea with a lady at Lea
She asked 'Do you fart when you pee?'
    I replied with much wit
    'Do you belch when you shit?'
And considered this one up for me.

There was a young man from Rangoon
Was carried up in a typhoon.
    He shot on the stars,
    Fucked Venus (not Mars!)
And buggered the man in the moon.

There was a young lady from Kew
Who filled her vagina with glue;
    She said with a grin
    'If they pay to get in,
They can pay to get out again too.'

The episcopal bishop of Kings
Had his mind set on heavenly things,
    But his heart was afire
    For a lad in the choir
Whose arse was like jelly on springs.

A loose-living monk from Dundee
Winced as he stood up to pee
    He said 'Pas vobiscum;
    I can't make the piscum;
Perhaps I have C-L-A-P.'

There was a she-giant from Iran
Who was screwed by a midget for fun
    The poor little runt
    Was engulfed in her cunt
And was reborn the twin of his son.

A wanton young lady from Wimbly
Reporached for not acting quite primly
    Answered 'Heavens above,
    I know sex isn't love,
But it's such an attractive facsimile'.

There was a young lady from Greene
Who grew go abnormally lean
    And flat and compressed
    That her back touched her chest
And sideways she couldn't be seen.

Es war ein' süss' Mädel das fickte
So häufig dass fast sie erstickte.
Die männliche Jugend
Fand das eine Tugend,
Und fickte's sooft sie's erblickte.

Es war ein' süss' Mädel das fickte
Sooft wie man es erblickte;
Die männliche Jugend
Fand das eine Tugend,
Und fickte's so oft es erstickte.

Es gab eine Magd, derer Mütze
Auf dem Kopf hatte gar keine Nützze;
Daher, zum Gebraach,
Sie hängt' sie am Bauch,
Und dabei beschützte die Fütze.

Ein Mensch, der beliebt war bei Huren,
Brachte sie stets auf die Fluren;
Er rasierte das Gras
So glatt wie ein Glas,
Und dabei verliess keine Spuren.

Ein ältender Mann, dessen Mast
Schwoll wenn er fickte mit Hast,
Schwor, sich zu halten;
Er fickte nur Alten,
Einmal, und langsam, mit Rast.

Eine Stenographin aus Berlin
Reiste auf Kosten nach Wien;
Sie lässt sich verführen
Sobald die Gebühren
Bedeutend abzufallen schien.

Ein tüchtiger Knabe, dessen Nase,
So gross war als der Schwanz einer ~~Hase~~ eines Hasen!
Verbarg das Gesicht
Mit 'nem Papiergewicht,
Aber das war nur eine Phase.

A serious thought for today
Is one that may cause dismay:
Just what are the forces
That bring little horses
If all of the big ones say Nay?

An attractive young lady named Myrtle
Had quite an affair with a turtle;
What is more phenomenal
A swelling abdominal
Showed Myrtle the turtle was fertile.

There was a young lady named Twilling
Who went to the dentist for filling
Because of depravity
He filled the wrong cavity
Now Twilling is missing the filling. (?) (nursing?)

There was a young lass from Bryn Mawr
Who committed a dreadful faux pas:
She loosened a stay
In her decolleté
Exposing her je ne sais quoi.

There was a young lady from Spain
Who demurely dressed on the train;
An eager young porter
Did more than he orter;
She promptly cried 'Do it again!'

God's plan had a hopeful beginning,
But man spoiled his chances by sinning;
We trust that the story
Will end in God's glory -
At present theother side's winning.

There was a young man from Dundee
Who was fucking an ape in a tree;
The results were most horrid
All ass and no forehead
Six balls and a purple goatee.

There was a young man named Racine
Who invented a fucking machine,
Concave and convex,
To fit any sex -
But o what a bastard to clean!

THERe was a young dago named Tony
Whose magnificent prick was a phony;
He'd made it of rubber,
A cork and some blubber,
Padded out with some old macaroni.

A prostittuee down on her luck
Was musing while hunting a fuck:
'The birds in the park
Do it morn, noon and dark -
I wish to Christ I was a duck!'

There was a young Lady named Maud
Who at parties just never was bored;
When the party got dead
She'd just go to bed -
Lord, how that bored broad Maud whored!

The boys urged a damsel named Lois
'Let's see it! Come on, girl, now show us!'
When at last she complied
'It's a baaat', they replied,
'But you're not quite as big there as Flo is.'

There was a young creature named Joy
Who in the presence of men would be coy;
An intrepid youth
Discovered the turth
That Joy was not coy, but a boy!

A revivalist preacher named Seth
Preached that 'The Wages of Sin is Death';
But a girl said 'To whore
Keeps the wolf from the door -
Your talk is just wasting your breath'.

An actress who once had a past
Was finally past it at last;
When they asked 'Did you scrape?'
She replied 'Like an ape!
But never as star, just as cast.'

There was an old lady named Ruth
Saw something nasty in the woodshed in youth;
It must have been male,
To judge by her tale,
And the leer on her face told the truth.

There was a youngSwede called Roberta
Who got a young surgeon to convert her;
Now young Rob
Has a bircklayer's job,
But his periods each month still hurt her.

There was a dumb cutie named Nellie
Was raped while watching the telly;
The poor girl was had
While engrossed in an ad
For Durex's vaginal jelly.

A travelling showman called Tex
Had a structure extremely complex;
A prick and a breast,
A cunt and a chest
Made it hard to determine his sex.

The wife of a witty old Quaker
Ran off to the West Indies with a baker
'She went voluntarily'
Said the husband quite merrily
When his friends all asked him 'Jamaica?'

A man who thought it effete
To eat anything else but raw meat
Refused a soft kiss
With a 'No thank you, miss;
I need all of my strength just to eat.'

There was a young girl from Angoram
Who'd sleep with young men and then score 'em;
Ten in a night
Was rated 'All right' -
But three wasn't even a quorum.

A one-legged soldier named Pape
Was almost convicted of rape;
He was fully acquitted
When the lady admitted
She had only to run to escape.

There was a young farmer named Daniel
Made a beast of himself with a spaniel;
He said to the bitch
'I don't know what's which,
But if your arse don't soon ache then your fanny'll'.

There was an old roue named Leicester
Whose penis had started to fester;
The great flood of pus
Turned over a bus
And wrecked the night train down from Chester.

A young man about town from Melbourne
Insisted to all he was well-born;
He outfucked all his betters
With platinum letters -
There never was quite such a swell born!

A discouraged surveyor from Adelaide
Said he'd never seen any town madder laid;
The streets were too straight
For walking a date,
And at none of the windows a ladder laid!

There was a young lass who enjoyed
Reading Havelock Ellis and Freud,
But Kinsey and Chesser
Did only depress her
Because of the big words they employed.

There was a young lady named Sue
Was ordered to bed with the flu';
When she came out
She was over the bout,
But 98 men had it too!

There was a young nun with a past
Who confessed all her sins at the last.
When they said 'Did you do it?'
She said, 'Yes, but I rue it -
I'm past all that now, - Damn and blast!'

A girl overcome with remorse
Confessed she'd been fucked by a horse;
'It would have been fun,
Except for the run
As a warm-up, three times round the course.'

A Mason extremely intellectual
Wrote his friends;'Dear Sirs, we expect you all
At out next general meeting
To arrange a group beating
Of all those wives who've henpecked you all',

There once was a charming old maid
Who confessed that in youth she had played;
'But I yielded to none
Just simply for fun -
I always made sure that they paid!'

A daring young pilot named Bader
Lost both of his legs in a raider;
When he came back, his wife
Said 'Not on your life' -
But he strapped her in the cockpit and made her.

A country girl short of a lover
Made the best of a bad job with a plover;
She laid in his nest
Three eggs of the best -
But was shot while emerging from cover.

There was a young teacher named Dove
Who got lost in the Tunnel of Love;
They'd never have found her
Except for the bounder
Who was spying on them from above!

A vicious old vicar named Crumpet
Was caught in the pew with a strumpet;
As he strode down the nave
He said 'That's how I behave,
And if you don't like it then lumpet'.
('But, of course,' he added, 'I don't like to blow my own trumpet'.)

There was a young lady of Birnam
Whose tits were too small to discern 'em;
She made up for this lack
By the size of her crack
And two swollen glands on her sternum.

There was an old nigger named Digger
Whose trigger hung low on his figure;
When he rubbed it with vigour
It grew bigger and bigger,
And bigger and BIGGER and BIGGER!

There was a poor junker from Munich
Who was born an incurable eunuch;
He lamented the curse
That has given our verse:
He had nothing at all 'neath his tunic.

There confessed a young maid from the coast,
She'd been had by the Holy Ghost;
The priest in the pew
Said humbly, 'Me too;
And though I'm the least, he's the most!'

A sorcerer named Aristotle
Kept seamen corked up in a bottle;
He said 'I'm no queenie, I
Know these seamen are genii;
If I let one escape then the lot'll.'

It seems that all our perversions
Were known to the Medes and the Persians,
But the French and the Yanks
Earn our undying thanks
For inventing some modernised versions.

Now Lot was a drunken old sot,
A bod who deserved what he got!
He shot and he shot
On his wife's salty twot,
Then licked the hot salt off the spot!

There was a young girl from Marulan
Who said to her boyfriend 'Quit foolin;
I didn't mind crotchin'
When I wasn't watchin',
But I won't have you dipping your tool in.'

A young essayist seeking for status
Modelled all of his essays on Pater's;
He expired as wind,
The Devil just grinned,
And carriedhim off as a flatus.

The vice of a particular brewer
Was to live in a cunicular sewer;
He made all his beer
From the scunge he found here,
He stirred with his peppendicular,
squat and lenticular,
hirsutely follicular,
extracurricular skewer.

A postgraduate medico's thesis
On the Hygienic Removal of Faeces
Was put to good use
Upon a nail, loose,
In a shithouse, in four-by-four arsehole-sized pieces.

You can guess what the sultan of Xanadu
Tried to make the lovely Sultana do;
But my pen won't repeat
The place she in her heat
Referred him in a most forthright manner to.

There was a young schoolboy in torment
Because he could not work out what 'haar' meant;
He blushed a birght scarlet
When told it meant 'harlot' -
They thought he had asked them what 'whore' meant.

A linguistically-minded young Mexican
Who worked on a Mazatec lexicon
Choked on a sanguage
When a reviewer in Language
Showed he left out the lexeme for 'hexagon'.

[Don Laycock]

There is a lady of Cheshire
Who'll take on the boys without measure;
But though it is nice
There's a price on her vice -
It's pleasure for treasure, not leisure.

There ~~was a young~~ A lecherous friar of Markham
Who'd take nuns out in cars and then park 'em;
When taxed with this sin
He replied with a grin,
'Cucullus non facit monacum'.

There once was a troop of Girl Guides,
Were splitting their sides to be brides;
When they encountered some scouts
The air rang with their shouts:
''Tis an accident that Heaven provides!'

A windedrinking girl from Seattle
Was addicted to sucking off cattle
Till a bull from the south
Left a wad in her mouth
That made both her ovaries rattle.

The sacrosanct Bishop of Kings
Had his mind set on heavenly things,
But his heart was on fire
For a lad in the choir
With an arsehole like jelly on springs.

A lady in Munich, for Fashhing
Was noted for wit and for passion,
They claim that she said
As she joined Jack in bed,
'Here's one thing those bastards can't ration!'

A graceless young rip of Calcutta
Once tried to write 'Cunt' on a shutter;
He'd got the C-U-
When a pious Hindu
Knocked him arse over ear in the gutter.

A sensuous miss from East Wheeling
Awoke with a very strange feeling;
She rolled on her back
And tickled her crack
And proceeded to bounce to the ceiling.

A lecherous man from Ногиск (Noginsk)
Preferred Мурманск to Валдинск (Murmansk, Valdinsk)
'I give thanksk for the flanksk
Of the swanksk in Мурманск (Murmansk)
But the minxk in Валдинск, они вонять! (Valdinsk)
(oni vonyat - well, they stinksk

An exceptionally considerate Master
Surrounded his arsehole with plaster;
He said, 'That's right,
It feels a bit tight,
But it makes all my boyfriends come faster'.

There was an old harlot named Nellie
Whose vagina was frequently smelly;
Nevertheless
Her private address
Was known to a large clientele.

A giraffe who lived at the zoo
Went out on a spree with a gnu;
He said, 'Let's agree:
The highballs are on me,
But the rest of the drinks are on you'.

There was a young girl who used Knuschen
To perform ~~a vaginal~~ an internal ablution; (an/her internal)
She said 'It feels queer
To have cunt-diarrhoea,
But its a surefire method of douchin'!'

An old brothel-whore from the Bosporus
Refurbished her fanny with phosphorous;
She said 'In the night
It glows like a light,
And the Byron Club boys swim across for us.'

Said he as he proffered the Roquefort
'If you want some you must suck my cock for 't';
Said she 'Cheese is nice,
But I don't like your vice -
What if I just lift up my frock for 't?'

A looseliving nun from Canberra
Confessed to the priest in great terror;
Said he 'If it's true
You're a month overdue,
It must be a clerical error.'

There was an old miser named Max
Who for 30 years never paid tax;
They wrote him; 'Dear Sir,
You were wrong to defer;
The knife takes less flesh than the axe.'

There was a young lady named Nancy
Who fucked whenx it tickled her fancy
She mangged to score
More than the average whore -
But she had to admit it was chancy.

There was a young bodgie named Godfrey
When tried for rape got off scot-free;
He'd have had no chance,
Except his tight pants
Had prevented him getting his cod free.

A dirty old Taoist named Ch'ang
Did abominable things with his tongue;
He said with a grin
'But they won't get my Yin;
For I'm studying ways to keep Yang'.

A dirty old Taoist named Ch'ang
Was learned in matters of T'ang;
He said (wiping his Ch'in)
'They won't get me Yin,
For I'm studying ways to keep Yang!!

An erotophile named Young
Said ' This author ought to be hung!
He's followed the pattern
Of writing in Latin -
I thought French was the vulgar tongue!'

倡 湯 淫 陰 陽

唐² name of dynasty

嘗² to taste, experience

Odds and Ends

This just about exhausts my main material.
There are still a few fragments uncollected.

Omitted from photocopies are:

1) a couple of ephemeral verses + fragments of my own
2) non-bawdy songs collected for general interest,
   or as originals of parodies
3) some songs + notes from readily accessible songbooks
   + other printed sources (many from University Institute)

[Q. 1979]

OBITER DICTA Handwritten notes (pp. 134-141).

Abdul Abulbul Amir : Army Camp 1956: Blanche, Savins, Brock.

There are many variants of this clever parody, particularly in verses 7 and 8:

7. But he hadn't a hope 'gainst the long even stroke.
8. When he felt something pass up his hairy great arse
-- When he felt someething shoot up his hairy cheroot.

(Textual corruption surely? A cheroot is a cigar, and would be more accurately applied to a penis).

The second half of 5 has been forgotten by all informants and has been supplied by the editor. The rhyme is lacking in stanza 2, and many people confuse this with stanza 3; perhaps a good emendation would be

He had it decried no one could outride...

The last verse is known to comparatively few; it was supplied by Warren Brock.

The original is supposed to dateback to the Crimean war; but there is no indication of the date of the parody, though it is undoubtedly old, since even very old people know it.

Sam

This is not a very good version, as I have since discovered. The tune is a jazzy one, but may not be an actual parody. Warren Brock.

A Toast

Lindsay Miller, with lines 6&8 added Army Camp.

Charlotte & the Nightwatchman

A good parody of the popular ballad 'Villikins & his Dinah'. Dating is difficult. The mention of Texas along with Market & Pitt is odd; it seems that 1 & 2 could be stanzas of an independent song, or stanzas to which the others have been added. Stanza 2 gives the impression of being a chorus, anyway.

(Later note ca. 1962: Cf. Way out in Speewah - (Bold Tommy Payne). Speewah is the Australian Texas (folkloristically speaking, as the home of the large and the incredible).

Another Toast

The way such verses can be garbled is illustrated by this extreme example from a lavatory wall. The punctuation may not be quite accurate, as the text was cleaned off before I could check; but the 'Wortlaut' can be taken as exact:

Here's to the girl
I love best. I fuck her sitting,
I fuck her standing, and
If she grows wings I'll fuck her flying
she's ill I'll fuck her lying and when she's dead
I'll dig her up and fuck her rotten.

The Flick Song

Composed by the editor, who has long been of the opinion that the firm of W.A.FLICK and Col deliberately print the surname in capitals, with the L & I close together; see for example their product FLICK-RID, which reads on the packet (almost) as FUCK-AID. The sogg is of course their familiar advertising jiggle, which runs as follows (quoting from memory):

How can you be sure [shore]
there are no white-ants in your floor
borers in the door
silverfish galore?
Get a Flick-man, there's your answer,
one Flick, and they're gone.

Obiter Dicta handwritten notes - 2

RRR Blues (1962 note: see Oscar Brand for best version)

The title is not editorial, but it does seem unusual for the subject. The first 6 lines were supplied by Ian Barton, the remainder composed by Martin Temby. The line after 'Kidney's all aching' has been changed by the editor from 'Minds constant breaking'. There may be more of the standard version.

The Road to Gundagai

There may be more than this version supplied by IB, though this verse corresponds exactly to the only known verse of the original.

Little Angeline

A very intersting song. Down to hell (1) the version comes from WB, except for the line 'And the sight he saw made his prick red raw', which was told to WB by the editor from a vague recollection of a single hearing of another group. Since it was immediately accepted by him, however, it has more than doubtful authority. The original would possibly help. The remainder of the song was supplied by David Hitchcock. However, DH in singing the first half left gaps and coalesced stanzas, so that the editor was on his guard for gaps in the remainder, and these occur, since to run the words together, as DH did at times, means that the requirements of the stanza are not met. There are thus 3 gaps, for which the editor suggests:

1. The size of his prick made the girl feel sick
2. --
3. And got away to a flying start

The 2nd lines of the last two stanzas seem hyper-metrical, but they can be sung. Emendation would however be preferable. The song may not end here, though it does reach some sort of conclusion.

Mobil

The name & pronunciation are unusual. There are more verses than included here. The 'O she has.. ' set were probably originally distinct. The tailpiece of 'she has a lovely country residence' is a type of prurience reasonably often found in this type of song; cf. Sweet Violets, A Solder I wil be; it is also possible to end any song that ends with a swearword with the chorus of Sweet Violets, with a kind of double bluff, as we see in the following possible (and common) end to A Soldeer Once - :

'It split her up from arse to tit
And the whole fuckin' issue was covered in
Sweet Violets,
Sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to toe,
Covered all over in - SHIT!'

The 'vale of Arden' is nevertheless a curious literary touch. Stanza 3 is doubtful; the rhyme is also not good. There must be many more verses.

Antonio's Song

The only variants seem to come in the line 'Tease it, squeeze it, make it give some more', which often appears as:

Bash it, crash it)
Ram it, jam it) jam it in the door,
Tease it, squeeze it)

Silver Threads among the gold.

To be sung with sincerity. The source is LW; but the anatomical (or capillary!) details are confusing. Should we read 'on my whl-' ?
(Note 1962: Cf. Reeves: The Idiom of the People ('O No John').

OD-243

The Woodpecker's Song

The original is required to see how the parody is done. Confusion naturally is frequent, and the order of the verses and t-e tag lines are here systematised in a way that does not come from any one person. Even so, the duplication of the first lines of 1 and 3 is not good.

Penfriends

Some variants, but insignificant or due to confusion. Originally formed part of a narrative.

Arsole-Charcoal

A glass of beer is drunk at each verse, and the drinker is expected to have finished it by the time he has marched around chanting the verse. Ted Brennan.

The Finest Family

An excellent parody, considering the difficult stanza scheme. An English origin is almost certain, particularly when Windsor Castle can be occasionally, though very rarely from Australians, (be heard) as Elephant and Castle. Lines 8-9 of the first verse are uncertain in this form. The song finishes on an unusual note, and there may be more verses. This version mainly from Lloyd Williams.

Charlotte the harlot

A parody of The Dying Stockman, which itself has a long history. This version (RL) may not be a good one, and there are certainly more verses. The Ramskull Chapboook on The Dying Stockman may contain further information.

The Very Best Companies

All but the last two stanzas can be found in any University songbook, with some slight variations in the wording. It is strange that the last two stanzas are the only two 'unprintable' versions which have attached themselves to this song.

King's Cross Harlots' Ball

First verse from Malcolm Bailey. There are more verses. Some of the parody words are rather futile.

Drury Lane

Col, per Anne Waly. Probably English. Eventually from Sandy.

The Ball at Kerry Moor

A study of the original might throw some light on this fine song. Few singers know the full 16 verses given here. There is often confusion in the rather similar verses 2, 4, 5; there is however little other textual variation. Stanza 9 probably owes its now almost universal 'mousetrap' to the cartoon of the Open Day OPUS (note 1979: journal of Newcastle University College) 1955; some singers still sing 'and thorns around her cunt', but they are dying out, at least among Newcastle Students. Stanzas 14 & 15 are very similar, and the latter should probably be omitted.
The varying choruses have been systematised here. The first chorus is universal; the second and fourth are inventions of the editor; the third is usually attached only to the 'farmer's daughter' (sometimes the 'vicar's daughter') or to the 'village harlot'.
The verse about the village postman was supplied by Don Aitken in Canberra.

Note 1979: The cartoon referred to, in the student newspaper, showed a man with a mousetrap on his fingers, whisking his hand from under a girl's dress with the comment 'What a hell of a place to put a

Further note 1979: Some of these notes are embarrassing in their naïveté. But remember their age! [D.Laycock]

OD-244

FRAGMENTS AND ADDITIONAL MATERIAL (first typed up 1979)

ROTO-MARIO [Spanish Nobility]

THE GAY CABALLERO (Tune: Cielito Lindo?, or something similar)

There once was a gay caballero, an extremely gay caballero
and of course he had a roto-mari, a beautiful roto-mario.

He went to a low-down casino, an extremely low-down casino,
and of course he took his roto-mari, his roto, roto-mario.

He caught a filthy diseaso, an extremely filthy diseaso,
slap-bang on the tip of his roto-mari, his roto, roto-mario.

He went to a learned doctrano, an extremely learned doctrano,
who amputated his roto-mari, his beautiful roto-mario.

He sits bya swift-flowing rio, an extremely swift-flowing rio,
lamenting the loss of his roto-mari, his beautiful roto-mario.

Now listen you filthy back-streeters, if you want to go ---- senoritas,
and you don't want the pox, shove socks on the tops [fuck]
of your roto, roto-marios.

Tune: Habanera (from 'Carmen)

When you're up her you will shoot your bolt
And you will shoot it with a hell of a jolt
The sperms mix in with the hairs round her cunt
You can do it in a boat or in a punt!

--

(The above, + Lillian versions, + Roll your leg over, from MW, Canberra, 1961; Boyd Roll your leg over from Oscar Brand record).

FOUR OLD WHORES (ML: Newcastle, Canberra)

Four old whores sat talking, as they sat down to dine,
Each unto the others said 'none is bigger than mine.

So bend to the sheets, my hearties,
and water the decks with brine,
So bend to the oars you lousy whores
none is bigger than mine.

'You're a liar' cried the first old whore,
'Mine's as big as the air;
The ships go in the ships go out,
and never tickle a hair'.

'You're a liar' cried the second old whore,
'mine's as big as the sea;
the ships go in, the ships go out,
and they're never a trouble to me'. (/with all their rigging free).

'You're a liar' cried the third old whore,
'mine's as big as the moon;
the ships go in in January,
and never get out till June'.

'You're a liar', cried the fourth old whore,
'mine's the biggest of all;
the ships go in in January
and never get out at all'.

OD-245

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND (ML, Newcaslte & Canberra, ca. 1961)

O the minstrels sing of an English king
a thousand years ago
He ruled the land with an iron hand,
but his mind was weak and slow
He was awfully fond of hunting the stag
throughout the royal wood
He was equally fond of shagging the queen
and pulling the royal pud.

His balls were warty and covered in fleas
His dong hung down below his knees
So God save the Bastard King of England!

The Queen of Spain was a merry dame
and the soul of lechery
She long to fool with the royal tool
of the king across the sea.
So she sent a special message
by a special messenger
inviting the King of England
to spend a week with her.

The King of France he shat his pants,
and vomited on the floor;
he swore that he was jealous,
and he sent for the royal whore.
He sent the Duke of Suffering Sap
to give the Queen a dose of the clap
just to spite the Bastard King of England.

When news of this fould deed
had reached old England's shore
the King, he swore by the crown he wore
he'd have the Frenchman's balls.
He offered a thousand crowns
and a crack at the fair Hortense
to any fool who'd take his tool
and nut the King of France.

The Duke of Southampton saddled his horse
and galloped away to France;
he swore he was a poofter
so the King pulled down his pants,
he whipped a thong round the Frenchman's dong,
straddled his horse and galloped along
back to the Bastard King of England.

When the ride was over the people/gasped in awe,
for during the ride fair France's pride
had stretched to a yard or more.
The King of France sits on his throne
his scepte is the royal bone
with which he beats the Bastard King of England.

"THE ESKIMO'S DEATH KNELL"

This is 'The Eskimo's Death Knell' —
as far as I have written it. As
you see by the plot outline, there is
lot more to come — and I don't write
more than about 20 stanzas a year!
Anyway, pretty soon we get a chance to
break the ballad metre, by introducing some
songs. For these I will use existing bawdy
songs and poems. The winner of the 'dirtiest
song' competition will be Aleister
Crowley's 'Leah Sublime' — at least, I
don't know of a dirtier song (or more that
don't also have the redeeming features of
extreme wordsmithing skills).

Don Laycock

[DON LAYCOCK]
"Q"

TOP 2

THE ESKIMO'S DEATH KNELL - Don Laycock

PIT THE FIRST (1)

OD-247

The Eskimo clan had come to a man
To pay their last respects
And hold a wake for an Arctic rake -
The Prince of Eskimo sex!

For brought so low was Tomahawk Joe,
Once the pride of the logging huts;
Now, out of breath and close to death,
He lay with a pain in his guts.

And by his side was his erstwhile bride
Who stood by, firm as a rock;
For forty years she had shared his fears,
His hopes, his joys, and his cock.

Forty years or more this pensioned whore
Had performed her duties well;
Though now Mrs. Joe, those in the know
Still called her Eskimo Nell.

But time had played on the Eskimo maid
Its usual cruel tricks;
You'd hardly know that Arctic pro,
The toast of a thousand pricks!

Her once-blond hair was thin and spare,
And white as a Polar mink;
Her toothless gums, like weasels' bums,
Emitted a fearful stink;

Her once-proud norks were thin as forks, [norks, breasts]
And hung like four-bags;
Her rump was spare, add sparse of hair,
And spotted about with dags;

And that lovely quim, like the canyon's rim,
Was shrunk to a twisted cone.
In short, Old Nell was shot to hell,
A knock-kneed, withered crone.

In similar state was her lifetime mate,
A withered old bag of skin;
But his dying cramps, in the whale-oil lamps,
Still gave rise to an evil grin.

The Eskimo crowd, to do him proud,
Were standing silent around,
When the sick man stirred and uttered a word,
With a kind of wheezing sound.

But the word was soft as he wheezed and coughed,
And none might know what he meant;
So they ~~xxxxx~~ bent down low to Tomahawk Joe,
For his will and testament!

Each strained ~~his~~ ear to try and hear;
They turned his face to the front;
And at last they heard that whispered word,
- A ferocious, squeezed-out 'CUNT".

'CUNT' he said, and his eyes went red,
And his breath came thick and fast,
And his weakened brain, like an emptying drain,
Rushed back to events of the past.

He was thinking, in truth, of the days of his youth,
The good times and the bad.
And a twitch of the crutch (it wasn't much)
Showed he thought of the fucks he had had.

From his withered lips came blotchy drips
As he dribbled in lecherous glee,
As he cast back his mind to each lustful grind,
And dwelt on it lengthily.

But most of all, he tried to recall
That great night, long ago,
When he'd earned his fame, and his very name,
When they nicknamed him Tomahawk Joe.

O a wondrous sight is the Polar night
By the light of the hazy moon!
But Tomahawk Joe couldn't see for snow
As he left Yukon Jake's saloon.

(He says it was snow, but those in the know
Will recall a thing or two;
We'd been swilling rum with Rattlesnake Bum,
Sam McGee, and Dan McGrew.

He was blind as a bat as he tripped on the mat
And staggered into the street;
But that other eye, hanging down his thigh,
Was alive and in a raging heat.)

Though his eyes were dim, his search for quim
Drove him on with relentless force;
And, hard as a rock, his pointing cock
Steered an unerring course.

Now this was the time - well known in rhyme -
Of Eskimo Nell's great trick,
When that Yukon bawd had been thoroughly floored
By the southerner, Deadwood Dick.

To re-tell that tale would be somewhat stale,
And not come up to scratch;
Suffice it to say that that very same day
Eskimo Nell had met her match.

As she left the saloon in a sort of swoon,
And a rosy glow in her breast,
Who should she see but that randy Cree,
With his prick pointing nor-nor-west!

He did not choose to be introduced -
Such was not the Arctic way;
With an Injun yell he fell on Nell
And started to pound away.

There was no escape, so, resigned to rape,
Nell dropped her fur-lined drawers,
And Tomahawk Joe dropped her flat in the snow,
In accordance with Arctic laws.

(For Arctic law here is crystal clear,
So you may know what's what;
It says if you meet a woman on heat
You must fuck her on the spot).

Now you must know that Tomahawk Joe
Had a weapon of prodigious size;
And try as he might, he couldn't that night
Get it between Nell's broad thighs.

OD-248

THE LOCAL BREW

Introduce song sung by TJ?

DMc?

Insert: the other event was Rio Grande!

Now a standing cock, when it meets a block,
Whatever the cause may be -
A maidenhead, or a tampon, red,
Or a hung-up, uptight she,

Or a hole too small, or not there at all,
Or a sewed-up, glued-up cunt,
Or (as here) a prick that was much too thick -
Can be said to meet an affront.

Now Tomahawk Joe was a little bit slow
When it came to things of the ~~mxx~~ brain
But in the heat of a grind his cretin's mind
Ran as fast as a stormwater drain.

He did not wait to meditate,
Philosophise, dream, or muse,
Nor speak nor talk; his tomahawk
Seemed the only thing to use.

For Joe was a whiz with that axe of his
And at forty paces or more
He could shave the hair off a polar bear
Or pin a ~~gaat~~ to the door.

Yes, his tomahawk grim was part of him,
And had given him his name;
Not a man in the North but~~xkmaxx xfxxxxxxmxxxxxx~~ respected its worth,
And knew of its owner's fame.

~~&xhxxxxxxxx~~
So without more ado his axe he drew,
And swung it around for luck,
Then made two chops at poor Nell's box
That denied him the right to a fuck.

In using that tool Joe was no fool;
It was never hit-or miss,
And those two swift whacks of his flint-honed axe
Excised her clitoris!

In a moment more he was in the whore
And grinding fit to burst
While Nell, in a dream, could only scream
As ~~xxx if it were her first.~~ AS IF THIS TIME WERE HER FIRST.
Some seconds passed (for Joe was fast}
It was the North that made him so),
Then he shot his bolt with a mighty jolt
And passed out in the snow.

But Nell lay back on the icy track
With her brown eyes open wide,
As it came to her mind this violent grind
Had left her satisfied.

Never befofe ~~xx~~ had that pretty whore
Attained this degree of bliss;
And she could see the reason must be
The loss of her cliteris.

'That button of mine was out of line,
And needed a bit of trim;
Now I've met a ~~He~~ that can satisfy me;
I think I'll marry him!'

'I've been fucked', she said, 'upon a bed, ON MANY A BED
Against a wall, and in the snow,
By a thousand men, and a girl now and then,
But ~~not as good as~~ Tomahawk Joe!'

'I've been fucked, I say, by the Ojibway,
By the Jew and the Heathen Chinee;
By the Crow and the Fox, by a thousand cocks,
And now by a randy Cree!'

'In my girlish way I thought that they
Were all of them much the same;
But I didn't know that Tomahawk Joe
Had more than an axe to his name'.

So she lay in the snow in a sizzling glow
That melted the tundra ice,
And thought of a home (a garden with gnomes)
As a change from her life of vice.

She was feeling sore, but every whore
Can think of a trick or two
To ease the pain of a cut or sprain,
~~Or over-active screw.~~ (Or make a cunt like new).

She rubbed her slit with tobacco spit,
By chewing an old cheroot
(An Eskimo cure that is swift and sure,
And convenient, to boot).

Now it came to pass as she lay on the grass
That peeped thru the melting slush
That Pastor Birch of the Baptist Church
Sledded up with a pious 'Mush!'

(He was heading home from a night in Nome,
At the Baptist temple there,
Where the night was spent in innocent,
Devout, and holy prayer).

Now Pastor Birch of the Baptist Church
Was a man upright and true;
He refused each slice from the cake of vice,
As the godly are wont to do.

He did not smoke, or crack a joke,
Or play at cards or dice;
His only lays were hymns in praise
Of the Lord of Paradise.

He shunned the rum, he shunned the bum,
He spurned the tempting quim;
The wicked and lewd, the drunk and rude,
They had no charms for him. ~~(?His life was austere and grim).~~

So you may believe he was greatly grieved
By the sight that met his eyes:
An Eskimo squaw who was stripped half raw,
With luscious, tempting thighs.

And by her side (and still pie-eyed)
A staring Tomahawk Joe,
With his thick squat cock (like a chopping block)
Turning blue in the mounting snow.

(How different the scene from where he'd been,
At the Baptist Temple Hall,
Where the ladies think ~~xxxx~~ cherry cheer's a drink,
And just never screw at all.)

With one swift glance he observed that pants
Were lacking upon the Cree,
And (Nell as well; so he could tell
There'd been some fiddle-de-dee.

~~He saw the blood, the cum, the crime,~~
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx,

55/65 (5)
OD-251

He saw the blood, the come, the crud,
And imagined the scene in his mind:
A maid waylaid, and then betrayed,
- That must be it, he opined.

Now a maid seduced (and not just goosed)
Aroused his reverend ire
And he dreamed wild dreams of tormented screams
Of the damned in eternal fire.

It made him itch, it made him twitch,
It made him groan to think
Of those damned souls in their sulphurous holes
(With their buttocks all rosy pink).

Nell saw him flush, and heave, and blush,
And straightway saw her way
To spend her life as her lover's wife
- So she began to pray.

She turned her eyes up to the skies
(As befits a convent maid)
and in pious tones, with modest groans
Told of innocence betrayed.

'O pastor Birch, remove the smirch
This man has cast on me;
This very night, our souls unite
In holy matrimony!'

Birch turned his eye from her naked thigh
And glared at Tomahawk Joe
(Propped up, in fact, by his logging axe,
To make a better show).

'Do you take this maid to be your bride?'
He thundered in parson's tones;
In a deep voice Nell replied 'I will'
(Masking Joe's waking groans).

'And do you Nell...' -'Yes, sure as hell!'
She cut in like a knife;
He was shocked to find such an uncouth mind,
But pronounced them man and wife.

But Pastor Birch had felt an urge
Which overmastered him now;
And with a sob, whipped out his knob,
(No more holier than thou)

And before the whore could run or withdraw
(Not expecting this turn in the plot)
He had rammed his prod (with a soft 'My God!')
Up Nell's tobacco-stained twat.

'Well, what the hell', said carefree Nell,
'I've never refused a fuck;
It's my wedding day, so I'll be gay,
And have one more for luck.'

But meanwhile who was coming to?
You're right - the randy Cree.
He opened his eyes in mild suprise
At the sight that he could see,

The parson's arse was revving fast
As he neared his moment of bliss;
And Joe grew erect; he did not expect
To get a chance like this.

Now do not fear that Tom was queer
Or even somewhat bi;
He has never heard those fanny words;
He simply was not shy.

He would pierce the rim of a her or him,
A mouth, a cunt, or a jar;
In short, in spott of the sexual sort
He was not par-tic-u-lar.

Joe smeared his prick with the oily slick
That greased the dog-sleigh reins
Then rammed it hot up the parson's blot
Till it nearly reached his brains.

On the man of God the effect was odd;
He felt less pain than glee;
When that weapon great extended his date [date; anus]
He dissolved in ecstacy.

Suffused with shame the parson came
As he never had done in his life;
He came and came - it was not the same
With Martha, his lawful wife.

He did not know a blow could so
Transport him with delight;
Try as he would, he never could
Forget that halcyon night.

But to his chagrin the thought of sin
Turned half his joy to dust;
He could not enjoy a sexual ploy
That derived from unnatural lust.

For the rest of his life, in bed with his wife
He lived like a man obsessed;
He secretly longed to be anally pronged,
In a way that the Church had not blessed.

Remorse and desire, the moth and the fire,
Warred in his tortured brain
As he slunk away that fateful day
(Never fear; we shall meet him again).

******

* * *

FIT THE SECOND+

We dissolve the scene (as you've seen on the screen)
back to that cabin rude
where Tomahawk Joe was preparing to go
from the land of the sinful and lewd.

He made no sound as he lay in a swound
lost in his world unseen
and nobody knew if he lived or died
or was somewhere in between.

Then there stepped up little Buttercup
a maid wise beyond her years
with arse and tits to send in fits
even misanthropic queers.

She was just fourteen, and had to be seen
to be appreciated;
she was Tomahawk's niece, a virgin piece
who had scarcely masturbated.

A lamp she took from a hanging hook
that had come from the whaling ships;
she exposed the flame and held the same
to Tomahawk Joe's pale lips.

Not a flicker or flutter disturbed its splutter;
its flame burnt steadily red,
red as the eyes of those whose cries
now proclaimed old Joe to be dead.

His soul had passed to its rest at last
where we all go when we die,
to the Great Manitou and his motley crew
in his igloo in the sky.

Then a wail went up like an Arctic gale
that freezes the blood and bones
As the tribe, bereaved, lamented and grieved
in no uncertain tones.

The chill went round Prince Edward Sound
through the evening dews and damps;
to each son-of-a-gun 'neath the Midnight Sun
it brought the death-watch cramps.

Then the word was out that the wake was on
and it travelled like Elmo's fire
around the girth of the mighty earth
- and lower, too, and higher.

And they passed it on by word of mouth
to friends, and foes, and impartials,
to kings and earls, and scores of girls,
and two United States marshalls.

Tarzan heard the call in Senegal
and the apes passed it to Gibraltar
right up through Spain, and back again,
via Greece and Rome, to Malta.

They took to the seas in the Hebrides
and to camels in Samarkand,
to junks and dhows in Gabon and Laos,
and sleds in Baffin Land.

They came in hordes, they came in Fords,
they came in Chevvies and utes;
they came in trains, they came in planes,
in slippers, and Wellington boots.

They came in trhongs, they came in thongs,
they came in scarves and muffs,
in mufti and lace, in a state of grace,
and also in dudgeons and huffs.

Some came to mourn, and some to scorn,
some just to dine or sup;
some came for beer, and some for cheer,
and some for Buttercup.

And the heroes came - men of such fame
as Ivan Skavinsky Skavar,
and Abdul as well, and Little Nell,
King Farouk, the Tsar, and the Shah.

There was Jean-Baptiste who was thoroughly pissed,
and his sister, from Armentieres,
there was Venal Vera from Gezira,
Ali Baba and forty queers.

There was Dan McGrew and Sam McGee,
Fritz the cat, and my old dog Tray,
Aleister Crowley (by all that's holy!),
and Nell from the Great White Way.

(Little Nell from the Great White Way
was only a two-bit whore;
you could get the same from a livelier dame
but 'twould cost you a whole lot more).

Barrie McKenzie and Aunt Edna came,
with some mates of Barrie McKenzie's
(the champion chunderer of the Arctic tundra)
- and Sir Robert Gorden Menzies.

Kluckoo the Human Corkscrew too,
Johnny Appleseed, Pecos Bill -
I'll continue the list; it's all good grist
to a poetaster's mill.

There was Deadwood Dick, and Crooked Mick,
and a group from the Speewah station;
Helen Blavatsky arrived in a taxi
with a pamphlet on reincarnation.

There was Mexican Pete (who was rather effete,
in spite of his he-man pose,
for on his crutch, for a sensual touch,
he sported a big red rose.

In that sightless place his friends would face
a multifoliate flower,
the singular plan of a hollow man
for showing off in the shower.)

But Mexico Pete, to the man in the street,
seemed nevertheless well-hung ;
beneath the rose, his penile hose
was as fourteen inches lung.

Who else was there? Yes, Yogi Bear,
Donald Duck, and Carrie Nation;
and Confucius, I think - or some other Chink
(or another slant-eyed Asian).

There was one Hindu, a Pope or two,
and an IRA man (famed for his learning);
some Elders of Zion (who kept a close eye on
the Arabs - who kept the lamps burning).

I think I've missed the anthropologist
who came as a neutral observer
(but performed the analysis of ill-hidden phalluses
with academic fervor).

He wore blue jeans (which he kept unclean
for occasions such as these)
made by the House of Levi Strauss
to give his low bottom ease.

There were Danes and Greeks, some circus freaks,
and the corps de ballet de Nîmes;
the Beatles, ~~and~~ Stones, some Princes and Thrones,
Archangels and Seraphim.

From the Court of St. James - Enough now of names!
I tell you I'll name you no more!
These facile rhymes are a waste of time
and are almost becoming a bore.

I'll mention the rest when I feel I'm pressed
for a rhyme or a twist in the plot;
but I must now get on with the test of my song
- (can I mention the Akond of Swat?)

No, no, no, a thousand times, no!
This is more and more asinine!
I've written a score of stanzas, or more,
with scarcely a dirty line.

There's a limit, I know, to what my slow
and indulgent reader can take.
With this in mind, I am now inclined
to lead you back to the Eskimo wake.

FRAGMENTS — for later! (10) LAST.
OD-256
[END]

Then our Indian friend with his massive end
Would cleave St. Peter's bum,
While Nell at the front, with her reborn cunt,
Could make St. Peter come.

If that won't pay their adulterous way
Into the teepee in the sky,
We might as well go straight to hell,
Or just refuse to die.

For if fucking's denied on the other side,
We might as well stay here,
And do what we can, as maid and man,
To fuck without favour or fear.

The local brew was a noisome stew
of fermented catfish brains
But it packed a punch like a naked lunch
or jet-fuel in the veins.

But I'm carried away from my lengthy lay,
Which at last is almost done
....

VIVAT LINGAM — NON RESURGAM!

Tomahawk Joe: Before their very eyes.... his prick began to rise

Eskimo Nell: reborn in truth, in her lovely youth.

Lake Siskitlichiwan

in the Eskimo tongue...

'The lake with the furry rim',
Though some translate it as 'The lake
with the fur around the quim'.

However that be...

Carrie Nation
Mary Baker Eddy
?

I have my gen from philologist men
Who are up to their ears in words
But who can't compose a page of prose
That is worth a barrel of turds.

I deigress, I fear, with that sidelong sneer,
And return to my epic song... [see 9]

General outline of plot (after page 5): TJ buggers the parson, who rides off into the night. Flashes back to funeral scene, and dies. The wake: All the folk heroes are there - Ned Kelly, Speedy Gonzales, Kluckoo the Human Corkscrew, perhaps Deadwood Dick, Mexican Pete, Dan McGrew, Sam McGee, Johnny Appleseed, Pecos Bill, Barry McKenzie (the champion chunderer of the Arctic tundra), The Great Beast; Alice Blue Gown (singing her song), John Brown (singing his); John Peel, Mr. Wittgenstein. Pastor Birch is there - for ever afterward tormented with piles and guilt. He pronounces a prayer when TJ dies, and the party is on for young and old. A prize - sexual of course - is offered for the dirtiest song, and many are the lays that are produced. As the night gets wilder, competitions are held - extinguishing candles by ejaculating over them; the negro who takes part in the masturbati competition and comes first, second and third. Blizzard starts up; they have to cram into the hut, where thereis little room. Complicated sexual acts - and don't forget the huskies. Polar bear? AuroraBorealis; Northern Lights. Buck - the Call of the Wild. Pass out. Next day dawns bright and clear, and they make their way to the field and bury TJ. Pastor Birch oration. A problem: his prick frozen solid and erect in the blizzard. Bury him thus - 100 feet below ground, and 100 feet above - Nelson's column, Cleopatra's needle. Carve it as totem pole. Introduce logger song here? Nell, a bit pissed, tries to climb to the top to give it one last kiss, and dies of a heart attack just as she makes it. Renewed morning. Introduce Clementine song? Bury EN, lake forms. Souls go to heaven. Epilogue.

(*Aleister Crowley and Les Sublime)

X Another song: TJ can be singing one when he first meets EN.

Canberra, Australia, Donald Lyons 1979

Your harrowing praise.
Well, it was well
To hear you such things speak,
And I could tell
What made your eyes a growing gloom of love,
As a warm South-wind sombres a March grove.
And it was like your great and gracious ways
To turn your talk on daily things, my Dear,
Lifting the luminous, pathetic lash
To let the laughter flash,
Whilst I drew near,
Because you spoke so low that I could scarcely hear.
But all at once to leave me at the last,
More at the wonder than the loss aghast,
With huddled, unintelligible phrase,
And frightened eye,
And go your journey of all days
With not one kiss, or a good-bye,
And the only loveless look the look with which you passed:
'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.

Arbor vitæ

With honeysuckle, over-sweet, festooned;
With bitter ivy bound;
Terraced with funguses unsound;
Deformed with many a boss
And closed scar, o'ercushioned deep with moss;
Bunched all about with pagan mistletoe;
And thick with nests of the hoarse bird
That talks, but understands not his own word;
Stands, and so stood a thousand years ago,
A single tree.
Thunder has done its worst among its twigs,
Where the great crest yet blackens, never pruned,
But in its heart, alway
Ready to push new verdurous boughs, whene'er
The rotting saplings near it fall and leave it air,
Is all antiquity and no decay.
Rich, though rejected by the forest-pigs,
Its fruit, beneath whose rough, concealing rind
They that will break it find

From: A. N. Jeffares, ed. Seven Centuries of Poetry: Chaucer to Dylan Thomas. Longmans Green & Co. (Melbourne 1955).

I have not checked on Allingham, but this poem contains the greatest collection of blues-ballad clichés I have ever seen. Query: is the poem reworked folksong, or did the folk productions draw on this?

—[Don Laycock]

Heart-succouring savour of each several meat,
And kernelled drink of brain-renewing power,
With bitter condiment and sour,
And sweet economy of sweet,
And odours that remind
Of haunts of childhood and a different day.
Beside this tree,
Praising no Gods nor blaming, sans a wish,
Sits, Tartar-like, the Time's civility,
And eats its dead-dog off a golden dish.

[American culture]

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM (1824—1889)

The girl's lamentation

With grief and mourning I sit and spin;
My Love passed by, and he didn't come in;
He passes by me, both day and night,
And carries off my poor heart's delight.

There is a tavern in yonder town,
My Love goes there and he spends a crown;
He takes a strange girl upon his knee,
And never more gives a thought to me.

Says he, 'We'll wed without loss of time,
And sure our love's but a little crime';—
My apron-string now it's wearing short,
And my Love he seeks other girls to court.

O with him I'd go if I had my will,
I'd follow him barefoot o'er rock and hill;
I'd never once speak of all my grief
If he'd give me a smile for my heart's relief.

In our wee garden the rose unfolds,
With bachelor's-buttons and marigolds;
I'll tie no posies for dance or fair,
A willow-twig is for me to wear.

& r.

90 + 257

For a maid again I can never be,
Till the red rose blooms on the willow tree.
Of such a trouble I've heard them tell,
And now I know what it means full well.

As through the long lonesome night I lie,
I'd give the world if I might but cry;
But I mus'n't moan there or raise my voice,
And the tears run down without any noise.

And what, O what will my mother say?
She'll wish her daughter was in the clay.
My father will curse me to my face;
The neighbours will know of my black disgrace.

My sister's buried three years, come Lent;
But sure we made far too much lament.
Beside her grave they still say a prayer—
I wish to God 'twas myself was there!

The Candlemas crosses hang near my bed,
To look at them puts me much in dread,
They mark the good time that's gone and past:
It's like this year's one will prove the last.

The oldest cross it's a dusty brown,
But the winter winds didn't shake it down;
The newest cross keeps the colour bright;
When the straw was reaping my heart was light.

Now summer or winter to me it's one;
But oh! for a day like the time that's gone.
I'd little care was it storm or shine,
If I had but peace in this heart of mine.

Oh, light and false is a young man's kiss,
And a foolish girl gives her soul for this.
Oh! light and short is the young man's blame,
And a helpless girl has the grief and shame.

To the river-bank once I thought to go,
And cast myself in the stream below;
I thought 'twould carry us far out to sea,
Where they'd never find my poor babe and me.

Sweet Lord, forgive me that wicked mind!
You know I used to be well-inclined.
Oh, take compassion upon my state,
Because my trouble is so very great.

My head turns round with the spinning-wheel,
And a heavy cloud on my eyes I feel.
But the worst of all is at my heart's core;
For my innocent days will come back no more.

A mill

Two leaps the water from its race
  Made to the brook below,
The first leap it was curving glass,
  The second bounding snow.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828—1882)

The bride's prelude

Although the lattice had dropped loose,
  There was no wind; the heat
Being so at rest that Arnelotte
Heard far beneath the plunge and float
Of a hound swimming in the moat.

Some minutes since, two rooks had toiled
  Home to the nests that crowned
Ancestral ash-trees. Through the glare
Beating again, they seemed to tear
With that thick caw the woof o' the air.

OD + 259
very last!

"occasional" (tiresome) parody on censorship
[author: by one "RYLAH" in Australia
BANNED
c. 1960]

the one-eyed rylah

Sitting outside Old Rylah's store
Adding fluoride to his water,
Suddenly the thought came into my head,
Why not corrupt his teen-age daughter?

Tiddley-ay-ay! Tiddley-ay-oh!
Hip Hooray! for the one-eyed Rylah!
Rub-a-dub dub, books and all,
Hey zig-a-zig, Trey Bong!

So I took that sweet girl by the hand,
And led her to the Penny Dreadful Band,
Dropped Lady Chatterley into her lap
With the Bible, Hansard and Dolfin.

But no Boy Hughes stirred her cheek
She just sniggered as he turned the pages
"Get with it, Dad," was all she said,
"It's all old stuff to a teen-ager."

"If you're the one-eyed Rylah's daughter
Books can't give you satisfaction
Practical work is what I need,
So come on, Dad, make with the action."

But I heard a siren in the street
It was Rylah in the rescue speeding,
"Don't panic!" the sixteen girl said, "we're sweet
So long as he doesn't catch us reading."

So I grabbed old Rylah by the ears,
And booted him in his God's Little Acre,
And said, as I kicked him down the stairs,
"When I've finished the chapter, you can take her!"

Now this is the moral to my tale,
That you can lead a horse to water,
You can even lead a whore to culture,
But you can't corrupt a teenage daughter.

Tiddley-ay-ay! Tiddley-ay-oh!
Hip Hooray! for the one-eyed Rylah!
Rub-a-dub-dub, books and all,
Hey zig-a-zig, Trey Bong!

the bomb



OBITER DICTA

Bibl.: Untermeyer, Louis A Treasury of Ribaldry

To TYPE / PASTE: PAGE (see other photo-copy)

4 The Breezes (note)
5 Arsehole Chorus
6 Finest family
Last stz – note - IN LIM 2:)
7 Dirty Lone (+tune)
9 My God (note)
21 Big Blue Eyes
22/3 Mokole
24 Prick Song
25 Dog Named Ben
26 Last Night I Stayed
29 The Monk
30 These Foolish Things
31 The First Time I Saw
34 Good Ship V (var: kitty)
35 Sing a Song of Syph.
36 John Brown Pens
36 Soldiers' Church Service
36 Soldiers' Johnny Batiste (not French!)
38 ~~Johnny Bee~~
49 Old Kitty Bee
50 Bit of a Party (II) cf p. 144 ex Brophy
50 Bills of O'Leary
50 Don't Get Around (=Mussels)
51 One Hundred and One
52 Ballocks (Hitler)
~~52~~ A Big Black Sausage
(Gregorian chant)
55 Bastard of Bush

Additions to Obiter Dicta

1962

1961-62 ← see page 241

1961: see p. 00-186.

begin page 157.

~~00~~ to P. 206

Limericks [1962-63]: 207—239 (240 blank)

[+ IN ORIG. of 1959: pp. 39-47]

"ODDS & ENDS" (Fragments II) p. 240

1979

Don Lay-Cock 1959 Austra-lia

ORIG: 1959 (pages 1-156)

57: Mile (3 Ger. stanzas: end)
58: The Ash Grove (= Lord Derby's Day Ter)
60: Down a Dark Alley
61: Deadwood Dick
61: Toronto boomdeay
61: Don't Tucker Ed
62: Municipal Dump-Cart
64: I gore = When I Cf. Shippensburg, PA '1979 + Donts p. 55

~~256~~ END.

81: Bastard of B (* already?

LACKS p. 91 ~~92~~ REC'D ~~X~~ D Underlined

131: Yorkshire (= ②) RING THE BELL
145: One-Eyed Fish
145 (?) Mother Aunt
147: OLD BLACK BULL = John Huston
147: KONKLUCK
148: Ten-Tennessee
157: SHEARING SONG
157: WIGGLY GUM
152: GLORY GLORY (WON)
153: COUNTRY GIRLS

Photocopy only

LACKS p. 123-124 end of song (Hardegan operetta) (Brophy p) (Brophy p) (Brophy p

hatma Gandhi
d down a snifter of brandhi;
he lifted his sheet
pe of his cheek,
d cried out 'What a dandhi!'

a young girl of Machias
ies were cut on a bias;
pened her knees
t in the breeze
he boys, once or twias.

b, in a crypt, at St Giles
eam that was heard round for miles;
odness gracious!'
brother Ignatius,
that his Worship had piles'.

den of Eden sat Adam
king the butt of his madam;
s quaking with mirth,
in all of the earth,
e only two balls, and he had 'em.

ith Lord Hewing Fitz-blewing
'Do you squirm when you're screwing?'
I, 'Simple shagging,
out any wagging,
tra delight, while canoeing.'

y lass of old Chichester
n that made saints in their nichester;
breasts, in their satins,
morning at matins,
Bishop of Chichester's brichester.

at Marine at La Jolla
Doctor to cure para nolla;
the doc, 'To fix clap,
cillin's a snap,
is case I can't do much fo[illegible]la.'

(paranoia) Asked the said Penic- But in this

ranks of the army of Sparta
nderfully agile young farter;
ould fart anything
God Save the King
ven's Moonlight Sonata.

Dupl of OD-215

A woman, through error, I hear,
Douched with tannin for over a year;
Her vagina is finer
With its peeble-grainer liner
Than at first glance the thing might appear.

There once was a maid from Madrid
Who thought she was having a kid;
So she held back her water
For a month and a quarter
And drowned the poor bastard, she did.

A seaman of South Madagascar
Met a virgin and hastened to ask her
'Are cherry by choice...?'
But the sound of his voice
Became garbled by fast-flying plaster.

A gallant young Royal Marine
Once tried to far 'God Save the Queen';
When he reached the spprano
Down came the guano
And his breeches weren't fit to be seen.

A habit both strange and bizarre
Has come over dear old papa;
He likes to take camels
And other large mammals
And give them a bang ad mama.

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno
Said 'Of buggering, yes, something I do know;
Whereas women are fine,
And sheep are divine,
Young llamas are numero uno!'

She wasn't what one would call pretty,
And other girls offered her pity,
So that no one had guessed
That her Wasserman test
Involved half the young men in the city.

A lass named Veronica Mapes
Sported mammae the size of small grapes.
She started to scratch 'em
In high hopes she might hatch 'em,
But all that remained were the scrapes.

1962

OBLITERATED

Dupl of OD-216

OBITER DICTA — Shot 2 —

201 + Mobile
202 Gwinnett Ave
203 Drury Lane
203 I Don't Want To June
204 New Peoples Play
204 SYDNEY ORR
~~204~~

The .x. wife began her tale, and said, I have one of the smale,
Was windowed

(?)

private for David bag

containing two candy chains

+ + 1 milk chocolat bar w/ noisettes

+ → 1 bar w. almonds

+ → 1 fingers of chocolate biscuit.

Records, more books if wanted.

+ JF.

NOT DONE

J. TO FIND!

+ grandmother's stuff ex yr.

+ feutre SARA

1 PACKS pencils feutre colored

R2 2 glues

D - saw, green pen, + cartouches, mecanical goose, + bonhomme.

R. sabot, brown pen + cartouches

~~red~~ blue binder + paper (plain + squared + one set dividers) + old-fashioned car + bonhomme.

☆ [étau + book] ← BIRTHDAY ON TABLE

S. yellow pen + cartouches, ~~blue~~ red BY WINDOW

binder + paper as above baby

bottle for doll, harmonica, bonhom(me) SPEAKER

+ Fall pair of things in back room

+ extra volants.

O.D. p. 9

I think I've missed

He wore blue jeans

I have my gen

I digress, I fear, with tha t sidelong sneer,
And return to my epic song
Where Tomahawk Joe
Lies dead in the snow,
In that night that is six months long.

For before their eyes Joe's prick did rise
In that Land of the Midnight Sun
And my tale ends here
For both straight and queer
When I thought it barely begun.

Yes! His prick was reborn in
in truth, youth
In Nell's Lake-with-the-furry-rim,
Though some translate
As the perfumed-lake-
With-the-fur-around-the-rim.

---

85 84 Not a flicker 5
86 85 Then a wail
87 86 The chill
• 87 ~~The local brew~~
88 Then the word 15
89 Some came
90 And the heroes
91 There was Jean-B
92 There was Dan McGr
93 Little Nell
94 There was Deadwood
95 Th re was Mexican Pete
96 In that sightless place
• 97 But Mexico Pete 4
98 I think I've missed
99 He wore

100 I have my gen
101 I digress I fear
102 For before
103 Yes! his prick
104 Then our Indian
105 If that
106 For if fuckin
107
~~108~~ 6

84. 7/1 works, breasts.

start on 8

"I too am distressed, Gentlemen, by this thing that God has placed in my soul."

-- André GIDE, on the cry of "Pederast" raised during his investtiture in the French Academy.

2 18 percent. 102 − 9 to change 18 per cent. +2 lead = 187 104 108

18 | 102 | +5 | 90 | 12

3

4 THE ESKIMO'S DEATH-CAVE By Don Laycock

5

6 97) For Now before her eyes Joe's pride did recede Reborn anew lovely youth, As in that last day of seeking of sun. For Nell in her lovely youth To for Nell la beauté-fure him, it Haste-take (Though love translate it Haste-take 20 be for sound the green. However not be

7

8 100 +87A +97ABCDEG Andrebom in Truth of Tomorrow's Hope / Lyric deed that is In Nell's lovely youth In this present day. 106 1891

9

by Don Laycock

CONFUCIUS SAYS....

[Collected from a man in a bar in Bloomington, Indiana (1962). The spelling has been corrected].

1. Baby conceived on back seat of car with automatic transmission grow up to be a shiftless bastard.
2. Man who lay girl on hill not always on level.
3. Man who have titty in mouth makes clean breast of things.
4. He who fishes in other man's well often catches crabs.
5. Wife who puts husband in dog house may find him in cat house.
6. Boy who goes to bed with sex problem on mind may wake with solution in hand.
7. Girl who douches with vinegar walk around with sour puss.
8. Virgin like balloon, one prick all gone.
9. Girl who go to bed with detective must always kiss dick.
10. * Woman who puts rooster in freezer has frozen cock.
11. Man who lays girl in field has piece on earth.
12. A man who sells Kotex is crack salesman.
13. Blonde girl have black hair, by cracky.
14. Girl must not marry basketball player, for he dribbles before he shoots.
15. Man who lets fart in church must sit in own pew.
16. Man who fucks cook in pantry may find ass in jam.
17. Man who marries girl with no bust has right to feel low down.
18. Woman who cooks carrots and peas in same pot not very sanitary.
19. Man who sucks on titty gets bust in mouth.
20. Woman who springs on innerpsring this spring, gets offspring next spring.
21. Kotex not the best thing on earth, but next to it.
22. Squirrel lays on rock and cracks nuts, man lays on crack and rocks nut.

* [from an Egyptian bookkeeper, army staging Camp Gaffney, N.Y. 1942: "What do you get/ have if you put a rooster and a cat in the refrigerator? — A stiff cock and a frozen pussy."]

Some additional Kirriemuir verses, by Don Laycock,

Dizzy Gillespie he was there, and so was Sarah Vaughan;
He blew upon his trumpet and she sucked upon his horn.

Among the many people there was Dr. Marie Stopes
She made no fancy promises but she raised a lot of hopes.

Woody Guthrie he was there, singing of the ~~dxxxx~~ dust
Till he throwed his old guitar away and yielded up to lust.

Oscar Wilde he was there, bowed down with age and caries,
Digging round the toadstools and looking for the fairies.

Joe McCarthy he was there, looking in the beds,
But they were filled with heteros, and not with pansy reds.

* Of all the genital characters there, the best was D'arcy Waters
He'd raise a vaginal orgasm in a corpse with rigor mortis.

Two other libertarians there were Les and Betty Hiatt;
They would have both been noisy, but the fucking kept them quiet

* Reichian (? Freudian) jargon common among the libertarians. D'Arcy Waters (brother of Edgar Waters, the folklorist) was known as 'Horse' Waters, from the (reputed) size of his member.

c.1950.
from and by
Donald LAYCOCK
Australia

A NOTE ON 'root'. pron? boot or foot ?

"root' (n.& v.) is the commonest Australian low-class & vulgar synonym for 'fuck'. However, it does not parallel 'fuck' in all its usages; in particular, it cannot be used, as 'fuck' & 'screw' can, in non-sexual abuse ' fuck you', screw you' but not *'root you'. It gives rise to some particularly Australian expressions & puns, set out below.

1. verb

'She roots like a rattlesnake' = 'she bangs like a shithouse door in the wind' = is sexually promiscuous.

'I looked round and there was this bloke rooting his sheila right in the middle of the beach'.

'I'm rooted' = buggered = fucked = physically exhausted (said by people who would not use any of the other meanings of 'root'.)

2. noun

'Jeez I could go a root right now'.
'She's a good root, that one'.

(When I was about 9 I read the May Gibbs children's book 'Snugglepot & Cuddlepie', the story of two gumnuts in the Australian bush, with a lot of peculiar and no doubt psychoanalysable fantasy. The lizard in this story often says 'Good root!' meaning 'well done, good show' - even at 9 I thought this was thoroughly obscene!)

3. puns.

a) with US 'root' = cheer. The idea of cheerleaders 'rooting for the home team' is always good for a laugh in Australia.

b) with 'root' = hunt for roots (as pigs & wombats); also 'root' as the root of a tree.

OBSCENE

Definition of a vegetarian bachelor: eats roots and leaves.

The favourite dish of the American GI stationed in Australia during WW2: honey turnover and lettuce root.

At age 18 I was standing with a date outside a petshop window, watching some pups. Two of them were going thru copulatory motions (one mounted on the other), the others were digging around in their straw. Said my date: 'Look, they're rooting'. She was referring to the ones digging in the straw, but I nearly died of embarrassment.

'pig-root' probably comes here: this is the action of a recalcitrant horse trying to dislodge its rider by suddenly stopping, planting its forefeet firmly on the ground, lowering its head, and optionally kicking with its hindfeet. It is regarded as a misdemeanor in a horse (like going too close to walls or under low branches, also to dislodge a rider), and is thus distinguished from 'bucking' (removing all four feet from the ground and arching the back), a very serious fault.

c) with 'route'. 'Air-routes/roots' = air hostesses. 'I was routed through Sydney on my return' may well bring a comment. (note: always pronounced as 'root' never as (some) US 'rout'). Whence joke: the old farmer was drinking with a mate in a Brisbane bar. "Yair, we had a pretty good year, so I thought I'd go down to Sydney & have a bit of fun.' Friend: 'What route are you taking?' Farmer: 'Aw, the wife, she stuck by me during the drought'. (A joke particularly appropriately set in Brisbane, as there are two major road-routes from there to Sydney).

d) miscellaneous. $\frac{(b4i\sqrt{u})ru}{16}$ = 'before I root you are you over sixteen?'

'Money is the evil of all roots'.

FRAGMENTS AND ADDITIONAL MATERIAL (first typed up 1979)

THE GAY CABALLERO (Tune: Cielito Lindo?, or something similar)

There once was a gay caballero, an extremely gay caballero
and of course he had a roto-mari, a beautiful roto-mario.

He went to a low-down casino, an extremely low-down casino,
and of course he took his roto-mari, his roto, roto-mario.

He caught a filthy diseaso, an extremely filthy diseaso,
slap-bang on the tip of his roto-mari, his roto, roto-mario.

He went to a learned doctrano, an extremely learned doctrano,
who amputated his roto-mari, his beautiful roto-mario.

He sits bya swift-flowing rio, an extremely swift-flowing rio,
lamenting the loss of his roto-mari, his beautiful roto-mario.

Now listen you filthy back-streeters, if you want to go ---- senoritas,
and you don't want the pox, shove socks on the tops
of your roto, roto-marios.

Tune: Habanera (from 'Carmen)

When you're up her you will shoot your bolt
And you will shoot it with a hell of a jolt
The sperms mix in with the hairs round her cunt
You can do it in a boat or in a punt!

--

(The above, + Lillian versions, + Roll your leg over, from MW, Canberra, 1961; Roll Roll your leg over from Oscar Brand record).

FOUR OLD WHORES (ML: Newcastle, Canberra)

Four old whores sat talking, as they sat down to dine,
Each unto the others said 'none is bigger than mine.

So bend to the sheets, my hearties,
and water the decks with brine,
So bend to the oars you lousy whores
none is bigger than mine.

'You're a liar' cried the first old whore,
'Mine's as big as the air;
The ships go in the ships go out,
and never tickle a hair'.

'You're a liar' cried the second old whore,
'mine's as big as the sea;
the ships go in, the ships go out,
and they're never a trouble to me'. (/with all their rigging free).

'You're a liar' cried the third old whore,
'mine's as big as the moon;
the ships go in in January,
and never get out till June'.

'You're a liar', cried the fourth old whore,
'mine's the biggest of all;
the ships go in in January
and never get out at all'.

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND (ML, Newcaslte & Canberra, ca. 1961)

O the minstrels sing of an English king
a thousand years ago
He ruled the land with an iron hand,
but his mind was weak and slow
He was awfully fond of hunting the stag
throughout the royal wood
He was equally fond of shagging the queen
and pulling the royal pud.

His balls were warty and covered in fleas
His dong hung down below his knees
So God save the Bastard King of England!

The Queen of Spain was a merry dame
and the soul of lechery
She long to fool with the royal tool
of the king across the sea.
So she sent a special message
by a special messenger
inviting the King of England
to spend a week with her.

The King of France he shat his pants,
and vomited on the floor;
he swore that he was jealous,
and he sent for the royal whore.
He sent the Duke of Suffering Sap
to give the Queen a dose of the clap
just to spite the Bastard King of England.

When news of this foul deed
had reached old England's shore
the King, he swore by the crown he wore
he'd have the Frenchman's balls.
He offered a thousand crowns
and a crack at the fair Hortense
to any fool who'd take his tool
and nut the King of France.

The Duke of Southampton saddled his horse
and galloped away to France;
he swore he was a poofter
so the King pulled down his pants,
he whipped a thong round the Frenchman's dong,
straddled his horse and galloped along
back to the Bastard King of England.

When the ride was over the people/gasped in awe,
for during the ride fair France's pride
had stretched to a yard or more.
The King of France sits on his throne
his scepter is the royal bone
with which he beats the Bastard King of England.

= CANAL STREET

MRS. MURPHY Tune: Country Girls.

(I don't think this was in Obiter Dicta - but I can't think why, as it is just about the oldest dirty song I know - so old I haven't heard it in 33 years. I remember walking home from school in 5th class (grade), along the railroad tracks, singing this out loud).

79
-33
1946

Good morning Mrs. Murphy, bless your heart and soul,
I came to fuck your daughter but I couldn't find her hole.

And when I found her hole, all wet and round and slick,
Be buggered, Mrs. Murphy, I couldn't find my prick.

And when I found my prick, all long and red and thin,
Be buggered, Mrs. Murphy, I couldn't get it in.

And when I got it in, and wriggled it about,
Be buggered, Mrs. Murphy, I couldn't get it out.

And when I got it out, all stiff and red and sore,
Be buggered Mrs. Murphy, I'll never fuck her no more.

(*stiff in the penultimate line is wrong, but what can you expect from primary kids?)

I think I wrote in an earlier letter that Australians sing limericks to Cielito Lindo. This was an unfortunate lapse, as a result of my contamination by US culture. The tune is, of course, what you have referred to as a degenerate form of The Spanish Nobilio - which I know as the Gay Caballero, and also as the tune of The Spanish Guitar-o.

Did I mention that the tune 'Country Girls' is also a degenerate form of 'We are three bums, three jolly old bums, we live like royal Tukks..'? Included in Obiter Dicta is the original song of Country Girls are Pretty; the Australian version of Our Goodman also goes to this, as does:

Ask your mother for sixpence, to see the big giraffe,
with pimples on his whiskers, and pimples on his - shoulderblades

which also turns up sporadically in recitations of The Wild West Show.

On the Ringy-dang-doo: somewhere, many years ago, I read, in an old book on Australian aboriginals, of a tribe called the Ringarangaroo. I have never been able to locate the reference since.

I think 'Colombo' and 'The Good Ship Venus' are basically different songs, tho they interchange verses. 'Colombo' always has some plot, whereas 'Venus' just has an infinite series of verses. The melodies differ; 'Venus' is 'In and out the Window', 'Colombo' is perhaps related, but as Oscar Brand sings it, it differs considerably.

---

not quite

(Newcastle University College student paper)

OPUS #12, June, 1956.

THE WEAKER(?) SEX

THE GEOGRAPHICALES OF WOMEN

10 years and under:	Like Greenland; Totally undeveloped but shows promise of great potentialities.
10-15 years:	Like New Zealand; Still too small, but undergoing rapid development.
15-20 years:	Like Central Africa; Partly virgin and partly explored.
20-25 years:	Like India; Hot and mysterious.
20-30 years:	Like Brazil; Lush and beautiful.
30-40 years:	Like America; Very attractive indeed, but extremely dollar conscious.
40-50 years:	Like Europe; Mostly devastated, but still interesting in isolated spots.
50-60 years:	Like Central Australia; Everyone knows where it is but few would wanta go there.
60-70 years:	Like Arabia; Extremely dry, in fact definitely rather barren.
70 years and over:	Like United Nations; It functions, but that is about all.

PRINTED RACETIAE

Italian ~~postcards~~ seen at Pisa, March 1964:

Oh Dick please do not park the car here.
Oh Dick please do not park the car.
Oh Dick please do not park.
Oh Dick please do not.
Oh Dick please do.
Oh Dick please.
Oh Dick.
Oh.

.Z.

LA DONNA
è come la terra:
A 20 anni è come l'AFRICA
semi-inesplorata
A 30 anni è come l'INDIA
calda, lussureggiante,
misteriosa
A 40 anni è come l'AMERICA
tecnicamente perfetta
A 50 anni è come l'EUROPA
tutta una rovina
A 60 anni è come la SIBERIA
tutti sanno dov'è
ma nessuno
ci vuole andare.

WOMAN
is as the earth
At 20 years she is as AFRICA
semi-unexplored
At 30 years she is as INDIA
warm luxuriant
mysterious
At 40 years she is as AMERICA
technically perfect
At 50 she is as EUROPE
all a ruin
At 60 she is as SIBERIA
all know where she is
but nobody
want go there.

PRINTED FACETIAE

ITALIAN ~~POSTCARDS~~ SEEN AT PISA, March, 1964:

L'UOMO
è come il tren:
A 20 Anni
è come l'accelerato;
si ferma
a tutti le stagioni;
A 30 è come il diretto;
si ferma
solo nei capoluoghi;
A 40 è come il direttissimo;
si ferma
solo nelle grancittà;
A 50 si ferma solo
a fare un po'... d'acqua
A 60 non parte più
e piano piano
... va al deposito.

MAN
is as the train:
At 20 years
he is as the ordinary train:
stops at every station
At 30 years
he is as the fast train:
stops only
in the chief town;
At 40 years
he is as the express train:
stops only
in the large town;
At 50 years
he stops only to leak;
At 60 years
he starts no more
and slowly slowly
goes in the deposit.

L'HOMME
est comme le train:
A 20 ans
il est comme le train
de voyageurs s'arrête
dans toutes les stations;
A 30 il est
comme le train direct
arrête seulement
dans les chef lieux
A 40 il est
comme l'express
arrête seulement
dans les grandes villes
A 50 il arrête seulement
pour faire un peu... d'eau
A 60 il ne part plus
et pas a pas...
va dans le dépôt.

(Text & punctuation, & line division accurate, but not necessarily indentation)

Also, on small ceramic toilet:

Saranno grandi i papi,
saranno grandi i re
ma quando si siedono
son tutti come me.

And on a plaque:

L'ospite è come il pesce, dopo
tre giorni puzza.

EIN APRILSCHERZ!

PRINTED GERMAN FACETIAE seen + copied Berlin 1963.

Eine Berlinerin erzählte ihrer Freundin, wie sie von ihrem Mann auf folgende Weise in den April geschickt wurde: „Seen Se, meine Liebe, dat war also so. Ick lag schon längst in de Forzmolle, et kann vielleicht Uhre zwölwe jewesen sind. Kommt doch der Olle wie imma, voll wie so'n Pisztopp besoffen nach Hause. Ick janz mausestille warte nun ab, wat er nun anstellen wird. Kommt er doch zu mia ant Bette jekrochen und stottert: I-I-Ick will ficken. Ick denke mia laust der Affe. Seit zwölf Jahren hatta mia mit seene Soffnille keene Numma untert Hemde jezwitschert, und nu kommta uff eenmal anjeschissen. Na, denk ick mia, wirst det Ding mal bekieken. Ick leje also ufft Kreuze, hebe mein blumenreichet Hemde hoch und mach de Beene ordentlich breet, damit meine Punne recht scheen bequem vor ihm liegt. Mia juckte det schon in alle Glieda und ick denke, nun wird er seinen Schwanz rausnehmen und mia de Votze bis an de Schamlippen vollrotzen, jawohl, Scheisze - ; nimmt doch det Aas seine Pelznudelmütze, haut ma uff de Pflaume und brüllt: April - April, ick ficke wenn ick will!

(Cf. Oysters is amorous!)

SHE WAS ONLY -

the jazzman's daughter, but boy! could she hum in ragtime.
(hum = smell).

the admiral's daughter, but her navel was full of discharged semen.

the electrician's daughter, but she lit up the whole town.

the jeweller's daughter, but she didn't like stones near her ring.

the greengrocer's daughter, but she wouldn't lettuce.

the grocer's daughter, but she said, 'No, but Marmite'.

the bookmaker's daughter, but she knew how to lay the field.

the jockey's daughter, but all the horsemen knew her.

the butcher's daughter, but she cocked up her undercut, which was dripping, and said 'Fill it!'

the forester's daughter, but she gave all the boys little circular saws for Christmas.

(Australia/New Guinea 1960).

SHOP-RITE SUPERMARKETS



— THE CANBERRA TIMES, WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1977



47¢

THE NATIONAL TIMES, MAY 16—21, 1977

PORNOGRAPHY

Each month, about 20 hard-core colour magazines, cum booklets, worth an average $6.50, are issued, with an average sale of 2,000 copies. This means a retail gross of over $3 million.

Korchnoi into eliminator

EVIAN, France, Tuesday (AAP-Reuter). — Russian defector Viktor Korchnoi qualified last week for the final world chess championship eliminator, clinching victory over Soviet grandmaster Lev Polugayevsky in their semi-final match here—

THE CANBERRA TIMES, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1977

cum booklets is classic, I think! [=stroke books]

T H E E S K I M O ' S D E A T H - K N E L L

B Y D O N L A Y C O C K

The Eskimo clan had come, to a man
To pay their last respects
   And hold a wake
   For an Arctic rake,
The Prince of Eskimo Sex!

For brought so low was Tomahawk Joe,
Once the pride of the logging huts,
   Now, out of breath
   And close to death,
He lay with a pain in his guts.

And by his side was his erstwhile bride
Who stood by, firm as a rock;
   For forty years
   She had shared his fears,
His hopes, his joys, and his cock.

Forty years or more this pensioned whore
Had perfo med her duties well;
   Though now Mrs. Joe,
   Those in the know
Still called her Eskimo Nell.

But time had played on the Eskimo maid
Its usual cruel tricks;
   You'd hardly know
   That Arctic pro,
The toast of a thousand pricks.

Her once-blond hair was thin and spare,
And white as a Polar mink,
   Her toothless gums,
   Like weasels' bums,
Emitted a fearful stink.

Her once-proud norks were thin as forks,
And hung like flour-bags;
   Her rumps was bare
   And sparse of hair,
And spotted about with dags.

And that lovely quim, like the canyon's rim,
Was shrunk to a twisted cone.
   In short, Our Nell
   Was shot to hell,
A knock-kneed, withered crone.

In similar state was her lifetime mate,
A withered old bag of skin,
   But his dying cramps
   In the whale-oil lamps
Still gave rise to an evil grin.

The Eskimo crowd, to do him proud
Were standing silent around,
   When the sick man stirred
   And uttered a word,
With a kind of wheezing sound.

But the word was soft as he wheezed and coughed,
And none might know what he meant,
   So they bent down low
   To Tomahawk Joe,
For his will and testament.

Each strained an ear to try and hear,
They turned his face to the front,
   And at last they heard
   That whispered word:
A ferocious, squeezed-out CUNT!

CUNT! he said, and his eyes went red,
And his breath came thick and fast,
   And his weakened brain,
   Like an emptying drain,
Rushed back to events of the past.

He was thinking, in truth, of the days of his youth,
The good times and the bad;
   And a twitch of the crutch
   (It wasn't much)
Showed he thought of the fucks he'd had.

From his withered lips came blotchy drips
As he dribbled in lecherous glee,
   As he cast back his mind
   To each lustful grind,
And dwelt on it lengthi-ly.

But most of all, he tried to recall
That great night, long ago,
   When he'd earned his fame,
   And his very name,
When they nicknamed him Tomahawk Joe.

*

((NOTE: Only 8 stanzas in Column 2
on Page 1, to allow title
to run across whole page.))

O, a wondrous sight is the Polar night
By the light of the hazy moon,
   But Tomahawk Joe
   Couldn't see for snow
As he left Yukon Jake's saloon.

He says it was snow, but those in the know
Will recall a thing or two;
   We'd been swilling rum
   With Rattlesnake Bum,
Sam McGee, and Dan McGrew.

The local brew was a noisome stew
Of fermented catfish brains,
   But it packed a punch
   Like a Naked Lunch,
Or jet-fuel in the veins.

He was blind as a bat, as he tripped on the mat
And staggered into the street,
   But that Other Eye,
   Hanging down his thigh,
Was alive and in raging heat.

Though his eyes were dim, his search for quim
Drove him on with relentless force,
   And, hard as a rock,
   His pointing cock
Steered an unerring course.

Now this was the time, well known in rhyme,
Of Eskimo Nell's great trick,
   When that Yukon bawd
   Had been thoroughly floored
By the southerner, Deadwood Dick.

To retell that tale would be somewhat stale
And not come up to scratch;
   Suffice it to say
   That that very same day
Eskimo Nell had met her match.

As she left the saloon in a sort of swoon,
And a rosy glow in her breast,
   Who should she see
   But that randy Cree,
With his prick pointing nor'-nor'-west!

He did not choose to be introduced —
Such was the Arctic way —
   With an Injun yell
   He fell on Nell,
And started to pound away.

Don C. Laycock — to: G. Legman

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

IN REPLY PLEASE QUOTE:

THE RESEARCH SCHOOL OF PACIFIC STUDIES

BOX 4, P.O., CANBERRA, A.C.T., 2600. TEL. 49-5111
Telegrams "Natuniv" Canberra

Dept. of Linguistics.

18 February 1980.

Dear Gershon,

Altho you are probably erotically bilingual, or multilingual - no bad jokes, please! - in understandi-g the sexual terms of both the American- and British-speaking world, there are still gaps in your understanding of British English, as in Limerick 2 where you gloss 'spanner' as 'monkey-wrench' (instead of just 'wrench'), and 'sausage & mash' as 'frankfurters & mashed potatoes' (as if there is not a world of difference between the British beef or pork sausage and a frankfurter, which we call a frankfurt). So if you have any troubles with any of my Australian material, or any other Australian or British lexicon, try asking me. I think I have already commented on 'date' for 'arsole' (which is my preferred spelling, since the 'h' is never pronounced). My theory of its origin: not only physiological resemblance (cf. 'prune'), but also as a rewording of the old Pommy catchphrase 'in (or: up) your bum, chum'. As 'mate' in Australia replaced 'chum' as the new word for male solidarity a new rhyming phrase was created, picking the most semantically appropriate word: 'in your date, mate'. I can't prove this yet, but I may come across some evidence in my task of reading for a new OED-type dictionary of Australian English.

Which prompts me to make a guess at the languages you probably know. French certainly - not only from your scornful comments on bad French limericks (of which I have also written a couple!), but also because I think you would scorn to be part of the France- (mainly Paris-) dwelling expat American fraternity of pseudo-writers for at least the last 50 years, most of whom never acquired a really sound knowledge of Frog. Yiddish probably, but not absolutely necessarily - I have a friend who is an international telephone operator in Tel Aviv who missed out on Yiddish, altho he speaks Hebrew, Russian, Japanese, Arabic, French, and a bit of Armenian and Finnish. German moderately well, since you usually quote it accurately (except where your printer introduces errors). Hebrew - to bar-mitzvah standard, probably not much more. Russian you probably learnt later in life - unless it was part of your family background - and probably not much beyond a basic reading knowledge. Italian certainly, since so much beatufiful and erotic folklore survives in the language. Spanish perhaps less well, tho the folklore content is also great. Occitan - a smattering? Scandinavian languages hardly at all, except what you can figure out from German. The erotic vocabulary is of course easy to pick up from the porno magazines. (Här är min rumpa och fitta. Och massor av sats. Said my friend Flikka). Dutch - anyone who can read English & German can read Dutch & Afrikaans, but it is hard to take seriously as a language for speaking. Some Latin (esp. medieval) is of course essential. For the rest: Indian languages (including Sanskrit), Arabic, Farsi, Armenian, Georgian languages, Caucasian languages, Amerindian languages, Papuan languages, Austronesian languages, Chinee (the heathen variety), Japanese, Korean, Vietnamese, Thai - probably zilch. Am I close? (.... Approximately!.... GL)

Think about idealization?

Something that seems worth taking issue with you on. You have a tendency to label people and grounds as homosexual somewhat facilely. Take Limerick 2, where you speak of the 'homosexual order of the Golden Dawn' in World War II. People are going to think you mean the original GD, which was defunct by WWI (see Francis King: Ritual Magic in England). Most of the offshoots didn't call themselves GD,

[DCL, died of AIDS 1988, caught in Rome or Vienna, after unsuccessfully trying to seduce GL in Cannes!... BRRRR...]

but I suppose there may have been one in WW2 that did. The original GD was certainly not a 'homosexual order', tho of course it had its proportion of homosexuals. Which brings up Aleister Crowley, whom you also too easily label 'homosexual'. AC's first sexual involvements were certainly with girls (maid-servants, like Walter), and later with prostitutes. He certainly took up homosexuality, mainly with Victor Neuburg, but as much from a desire to try everything as from native urge. Thruout his diary the bulk of his sexual contacts are with women - tho, of course, not always vaginally. But is it just the fact of some homosexual activities that makes a homosexual? If so, what quantity? One thinks of Voltaire - Une fois philosophe, deux fois sodomite - a principle I have followed in experimenting with a large variety of sexual activities which are not part of my usual habits. Take also T.E. Lawrence, whom you also describe somewhere as homosexual. Do you have good evidence? Whatever I have read suggests he was essentially asexual, and shrank from physical contact. You cannot lay at his door the fault of being buggered in Akkaba (or was it Damascus?). I think you tend to use the word 'homosexual' to mean 'afraid of, or reluctant to undertake, sexual activities with women' - which perhaps has some psychological justification, but is not very accurate.

Some of this arises from the fact I am currently reading my way right thru Limerick 2 - about 100 limericks per morning, to wake me up. I think you will agree that there are very few good limericks in this collection - all the classics are in Limerick 1. Virtually all new limericks consist on ringing the changes on existing ones - a paractice I have exploited in the past, as well as the familiar tricks of making dirty limericks of clean ones, and clean limericks of dirty ones. (For the latter, substitute 'kiss' and 'ear' thruout - unless it's in the rhyme-scheme!) But limerick writing is too easy, unless one has a particular target in mind. Whence:

A bluestocking lady named Whitehouse
tried to set herself up as a lighthouse
which is fine maybe
for the people at sea
but the man in the street needs a shitehouse.

If God had meant man to play cricket
he'd have given him legs like a wicket,
(stumps, bails and all),
a cork-covered ball,
and a bat, and somewhere to stick it.

Remarquait une jeune fille: Alain,
nous arrivons bientot a la fin?
Je me suis rejouie
deux fois et demie -
tu commences a deconner, hein?

which last is intended (not very successfully) to bring in the other meaning of deconner as 'stop talking nonsense'.

Enough of limericks. I enclose a few pages of items of interest to you - some comments on the bawdy monologues, a copy of 'The World's Greatest Whinger', etc.

Re your letter: you said 'you didn't know how my material got into Snatches & Lays'. I thought I made that clear in my letter to Sun Books (as yet unanswered - I am about to send them a reminder). I made my material available for the original mimeo version, thru an intermediary, the editors being unknown to me. It is the later commerical publication without acknowledgment that I was objecting to.

Also, you said something about my Enochian dictionary as showing the mark of the 'true believer'. I am glad you read it that way, but I was coppering my bets - trying to ensure a ready sale to occultists, as well as having it taken seriously as a contribution to 16C. history (which last has not yet eventuated). Altho I have 'dabbled' in the occult - which, besides the dew and the stockmarket, is one of the few things one can dabble in - I am far too much of a sceptic to be a 'true believer' of anything. Like the time I was chatting with Gerald Yorke about Aleister Crowley - and an ornamental plate fell off the wall. I asked him casually if he were much troubled by poltergeists - and he was amused and said that most of his visitors would either have cowered in terror, or read great significance into the event.

Which reminds me: do you have a copy (photo or otherwise) of AC's Snowdrops? I read the copy in the Warburg, and copied out some of the better poems - but I want to read the pornographic novel again, as this is one of the few funny things that Crowley ever wrote (except, of course, for the magic textbooks!) I hesitate to write to the Warburg librarian for a complete photocopy or microfilm - they made some difficulties when I was in London in 1972, in spite of my having Yorke's go-ahead. Actually, it is about time someone brought out a new edition of this - you, perhaps? I am all in favor of having rare books & manuscripts reprinted - in fact, I think there should be a world-wide organisation dedicated to reprinting, accurately, everything of which there are less than ten copies in the world. The risks with such rare material, from wars, neglect, and larceny, are just too great. The BM library has lost an enormous amount of material. Their euphemism for 'can't find it' is 'Destroyed by bombing in the war - which I got as a notation on books with a publication date of 1948. It is only about 1948 or so that the staff at the BM started checking on people leaving the place - before that it was assumed that scholars & gentlemen did not nick books. In 1972 they instituted also a check of bags going in, for IRA (and PLO?) bombs. I figured out a way to beat the system - I used to smuggle books in and bombs out. (MUCH LATER: STILL NO CONTROL IN 1954) (=GRAFF)

I may have a few books that you have not seen, or do not have ready access too. I have a fair folksong & erotic verse collection, tho none of it old - all 20C. except for The Horn Book (not yours, of course), and La Cazzaria, which I picked up in a porn bookshop in NY last year (8th Ave. & 42nd St). And of course readily available items like 1601, Pills, and the Ragionamenti. But one thing I do have that you don't seem to mention anywhere is Songs of Roving & Raking - 1962 mimeo from ~~Indiana~~ Illinois U: some original folk bawdry, as well as a lot of stuff from Oscar Brand/Ed McCurdy/Arthur Argo/Ewan McColl (Merry Muses) records. I also enclose the contents pages from The Combined Universities songbook - if you would like a photocopy of the lot, just let me know. I also have Queensland U songbooks of the 60s, and the Otago U (NZ) songbook for 1948: total yield of these is slight, but there are always a few interesting pieces. Also A Sydney U songbook from the 60s. I am trying to lay my hands on a copy of McAuley's First book of Fowle Ayres - but even the National Library doesn't have a copy. I may be able to find one thru an acquaintance in Adelaide.

I picked up a copy of the Oxford Song Book the other day, and was horrified to note that many of the folk songs - also Stephen Foster songs - were copyrighted to ~~Aberdeen University~~ The Scottish Students' Song Book, and other places. Arsoles to them, I say.

Incidentally, there is a reason for my letters to be postmarked in odd places. The ANU uses a courier service to cut down on postage.

I am pressing on with verses to The Eskimo's Death Knell - tho I am having more fun with the satire than the clearly necessary erotica.

e.g. Compton Rees, Clematine, John Brown's Body, Old Folks at Home, Poor Old Joe, Massa's in de Cold Cold Ground, Landlord fill the flowing bowl.

I am trying to keep sex-hatred and sex-violence out of it, tho I have no objection to normal male sexism. Reading back, the excision of EN's clitoris is a bit violent; but what I had in mind was the endless debates on clitoral vs. vaginal orgasms, the myths surrounding these, and the guff put out by women's libbers. In palliation I added these verses at that point:

For you may be glib about women's lib
but modern researches have shown
that of women, some can certainly come
by penile thrusting alone.

O cherchez la femme who can certainly come
by penile thrusting alone!
and when you have found her, pound her & pound her (Some enchanted evening)
if you cannot make her your own.

This is in reaction to the lady I dubbed Sheer Hide, after seeing her on a TV interview here. She said 'Isn't it strange that the English language has no word for digital manipulation of the clitoris?' Well, I had what she was thinking of on the tip of my tongue last night, but I couldn't quite put my finger on it ... Finger! that's the word she wanted! Stupid bitch. = diddle; dirkytootle; digitate

Andit is going to be necessary for the men in the ejaculation contest to come over little Buttercup, because I can't resist the lines:
...and ran out in the snow
Where she gleamed like a prism with frozen jism

Pretty soon I have to retype all of EDK so far, as I want to use some of it in a talk to Sydney Mensa ('On the value of a dirty mind'), so I may send you some more. But I'll probably wait till I've written a few more fits.

Would you like a cassette copy of RF Brissenden singing limericks, Australian style, Edgar Waters singing Vincent Van Gogh, Tex Moreton singing a clean version of Barnacle Bill, John Andersen sining Joking Jesus, and a few similar items? I could knock it together some time.

Was noch? I take issue with you on the denial of the attribution of 'The Bastard from the Bush' to Henry Lawson. Maybe he got the final curse from an older Scottish tradition, but, as he certainly wrote the clean version, he may well also have written the bawdy version - esp. as in this case, the two versions side by side do not read like parody, but independent creations of the same mind. Which came first, is of course another question. I enclose John Meredith's article on it, which you may not have seen.

GRAFFITI

On graffiti: I have never yet met a graffiti collector who will also admit to writing graffiti. So here is one that I created and did write on the University shithouse walls a few years ago: I am 40 years old. I smoke pot and fuck schoolgirls. Who says you can't put an old head on young shoulders? This attracted the perfectly justifiable topper: Well, you can certainly put an infantile head on old shoulders.

Well, that's enough for this letter, with enclosures. Buy your Christmas stocking for paraplegics (sign seen in Sydney! - They haven't a leg to stand on) and "Don't eat your Beef Vindaloo." Next letter, if any, will be many months away - I really have to work on my Buin dictionary.

(... In the Loo)

Regards,

Don Laycock

Don Laycock

PS Have just bought Alan Bold, ed. The Bawdy Beautiful (Cyphers Books 1979) - some useful, if predictable, material.

Canberra, 26 May 1980.

Dear Gershon,

Your letter of 29 April prompted me to fish out the letter I started to you on 28 Feb. I had put this one aside until I found your address (temporarily mislaid, but finally found when I discovered one of your letters, surprisingly enough, under L in my letter-file!). Anyway, I had also put it aside till I could enclose a few more comments & odd items, some of which you will find enclosed.

Either in this package, or seprately - depending on bulk - you will find a copy of a recent Aust. novel 'Puberty Blues', which tells it like it is/was among the surfies, and contains a lot of good Australian erotic slang. I enclose also a note on 'root', which Partridge gets somewhat wrong in Slang & Unconventional English.

Re the missing page from 'Cinderella' - I found this among my original papers when I went looking; it just missed out on the original collating. Are such playlets really rare? Admittedly I have only seen this one & 'Harlequin Prince Cherrytop', but I would have thought there were others. Something I haven't seen in over 20 years are the typescript prose stories that used to circulate among schoolboys - perhaps rendered unnecessary now by the ready availability of porn novels. The one I remember vividly from the time I was about 15 was 'Prudence': an account of a girl being fucked by a US GI. I wrote a sequel called 'Priscilla' which, as the subtitle laboriously explained, was pronounced 'Prick-silly'. This is Prudence's younger sister who gets erotically aroused by peeping on her older sister, and who gets laid herself. I can't remember the details, but remember including a piece of purple prose about the giant prick of a stallion. I am sure this piece of youthful porn is full of inaccurate anatomical details of the female - at that stage I had not been close enough to one to use anything but my imagination. I suppose too this work has not survived - but if it (or Prudence) ever comes your way, please let me know.
I was also involved (tho most was provided by another friend) in a bawdy ballad and comic strip called 'Blue Light and the Seven Little Perkins', of which I also remember nothing except that it was highly scatological. A man I met in Broken Hill in 1959 had seen a copy. It may still be about. 'Blue Light' - also mentioned in 'Cinderella' - was, as I recall, a wartime urethral ointment for the pox (= clap).

Re 'Lea Sublime': This has probably been published several times recently. A friend in London had a published copy, with minimal info on publisher, date, etc. I bought another copy - different format, but possibly same publisher - for £1.50 in London. I can't locate my copy at present - I hope it's not been nicked, but just put away in a safe place; TP read

Aleister CROWLEY/ Leah Sublime/ IZ Publishing, 1976 (no place, but I think British; perhaps Canadian). 'Limited edition of 500 copies: No. 463'

My copy came from the Atlantis Bookshop, 49 Museum Street, London WC1A 1LY, and I am sure they have more. Text varies very slightly - punctuation, spelling mainly - from the one I copied out in Gerald Yorker's handwriting, which is now in the Warburg Library, London. Both retain AC's idiosyncratic spelling of 'bum' as 'bumb' (on the analogy of 'numb' and 'dumb' - perhaps AC had never seen it in print before?) If you can't locate one, or find out any more about the publisher, I could photocopy my texts when found. You realise, of course, that the copyright on AC's material is in turmoil: it is claimed by Russell, as OTO head, by the other head of the OTO whose name I have forgotten, but who has a few books on magic to his credit, by Symonds, AC's journalistic biographer, and perhaps also by Gerald Yorke, who has turned all his material over to the Warburg. As a result any publisher who can get his hands on any Crowley material is just quietly pirating it, with little fear of prosecution.
By the way, my talk to Sydney Mensa on 'The value of a dirty mind' went off very well.
I have a number of comments on the notes to Limerick I & II that can wait for another letter.

Regards,

COMMENTS ON G. LEGMAN: Bawdy monologues & rhymed recitations (SFQ, 40.59-123, 1976. (Don Laycock) 1980.

66 Ker-ker bird: sits on top of Mt Everest, saying Ker-ker-kerist, it's cold.

Wild cat: now the peculiar thing about the wild cat is he ain't got no arsehole.
Little Boy: How does he shit?
That's what makes him so wild.

67 Fuckawi tribe. Note that the Indian tribe in the otherwise forgettable US comedy series 'F troop' were called the Hakawi (spelling?) - which I think is more than coincidental.

oomi-gooli bird: has no legs, and when it lands it says 'oo, me goolies'.

sphinx: lives in the desert, eats sand, shits cement - hence the pyramids.

the winky-wank: its foreskin is attached to its eyelid, so when it winks, it wanks.

68 rhinosaurus: ... rhino meaning money, sorearse meaning piles, hence the Bank of England.

elephant: ... get that boy away from the elephant's arse... too late, get a shovel.

70 Fuck me, said the Queen, and an aged courtier, who had been quietly masturbating in a corner, came over and drew her on like a well-worn Wellington boot - for in those days the Queen's word was law.

..

Bugger me! said the king, and the palace cat fled in terror (for in those days the King's word was law).

..

Score: Daniel one, king none; and the drinks were on the king again, and this made the kind very angry.

(I will try & record the versions of the above two from a friend of mine, who I think has a complete text in his head.)

Then in came Daniel with his balls over his shoulder....

Shit! said the King, and 50,000 arsoles strained in the burning sun, for in those days the King's word was law.

73 Goddam Islaes: You don't mention the text in Snatches & Lays (mimeo version.)

81-2. Oysters is amorous. Compare the Berlin Aprilschez (enclosed).

88 Samari Sal shd be Samarai Sal - Samarai is an old British colonial island station off the eastern end of Papua New Guinea (Milne Bay.) I haven't seen a text of this, but have heard it referred to in WW2 soldier's reminiscences from the New Guinea campaign - I think this is when it dates back to.

90 'The portion of a woman' is definitely A.P. Herbert, but well before the 1930s - I think from his navy days in WW1. Details of time and authorship are given in the intro to a biography (or perhaps auto-biography) of APH I saw in the bookshops a year or two ago, but did not buy.

91 'The Great Australian Adjective' was always bloody, not 'fucken. CJ Dennis also has an early poem on extensive use of bloody. And 'fuckin' is not from 'an obsolete past participle' - fuck has always been a weak verb. The so-called g-dropping derives from the other Middle English (& Anglo-Saxon) present participle in -and/-end (as in the

Goon film The Runnand, Jumpand and Standand Still Film?)

92 Camel & Sphinx - is the attribution of (at least the original verses) sound?). Usually heard these days are the additional verses about the hedgehog:

Recent extensive researches
by Darwin & Huxley & Ball
have conclusively proved that the hedgehod
cannot be buggered at all.

Thus these extensive researches
have incontrovertibly shown
that comparative safety on shipboard (or: at Keble, etc.)
is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

But further extensive researches
at Harvard and Princeton and Yale
have shown the hedgehog can be buggered
by lifting the end of its tail.

(and I think there is one more stanza)

93 Lay of the 4 Bastards is also definitely Ogden Nash: Untermeyer's Treasury of Ribaldry gives the attribution and a copyright date in the 1930s.

95 I am puzzled as to why Snatches & Lays gave John Glaister as a recitation. They got the text from me, & I got it from John Anderson, who sang it - and in later years made some attempt to trace the melody, noting it as being very similar to 'Richard of Taunton Dene' (in Penguin Songbook).

100 Eskimo Nell isn't killed by the gun - she not only enjoyed it (!), but went back to the frozen north afterwards! See any text.

104 'Look at the flowers' we knew as a sort of family song (with bowdlerised text) of WW2 vintage - it may not be much older, and I think derives from a cockney music-hall song. There were other verses, but I can't remember them. Just fragments: (I know the melody)

Look at the flowers, bloody great orchids,
(coffin?)
Look at the people, bloodywell crying,
Ain't it grand to be bloodywell dead.

Look at the parson, bloodywell ?

109 O please do not ... see other sheet of facetiae enclosed. I have also seen this on a German scarf, ca. 1959: 'O bitte tu nicht küssen' - which strikes me as a translation from English. Cf. the deletions in 'Sir Roger of Kildare', a favorite among girl students in the 50s/60s (in any Uni songbook).

110 Josephine, not Josefine, Mutzenbacher. These have recently been republished in 'Exquisit Bücher' (Wilhem Heyne Verlag, München, as 'Meine 365 Liebhaber' (1974) and 'Mein Leben' (1976). Fancy Felix Salten writing them! And I just recently saw the Walt Disney version of Bambi again too! An ex-student of mine, a German, keeps me supplied with such things - including the same press's 'Frau Wirtin' and 'Sanitätsgefreiter Neumann' verses, which I find dreary compared with English-language erotica. Date of first edn of 'Mein Leben' is given as 1906.

112 Grose: Vulgar Tongue. See entry 'Miss Laycock' ('the monosyllable'). It is interesting that the son of Capt. Grose was Major Grose, the first officer in charge of the NSW Corps, which came to Australia

with the prisoners in 1788. With that Corps was my greatx3-grandfather, Sergeant (later Quartermaster) Thomas Laycock, whom we can trace back to 1790. It is a fair bet that he was at Horsham Barracks in London when Grose (elder) was compiling his dictionary, which has a lot of soldiers' slang in it, so there is a good chance that this entry represents a local in-joke of the time (apart from the obvious punning on the name).

113 Ordeal toasts. I witnessed a performance of one of these in Angoram (Sepik River) in New Guinea in 1959. A local patrol officer was getting married; after an afternoon of heavy drinking ('otherwise it would be too easy') he was put to the following recitation, with actions as stated:

'Here's to the health of Cardinal Puff for the first time tonight'
(take one sip of beer (3-quarter-pint glass), knock glass once on table, stand up once, salute once, knock glass once on table'.

'Here's to the health of Cardinal Puff for the second time tonight'
(actions as above, with once replaced by twice)

'Here's to the health of Cardinal Puff for the third time tonight'
(drain glass completely, and do all actions thrice).

At every mistake - watched for avidly by the drinking cronies - the glass had to be drained, was refilled, and the whole process started again from the beginning. Of course, this led to further mistakes. It was said that the man who got through it three times without error (after having drunk at least 6 pints beforehand) was entitled to call himself a Cardinal; six times thru without error made one a Pope, and nine times Jesus Christ himself. As far as I know, no one ever got so far. (Note: the participants were, for the most part, Australians).

The same group of drinkers also introduced me to the game of 'Crow' - some Australian ballads refer to 'copping the crow' as indicating bad luck. John Greenway in a lecture in Indiana once equated this with 'eating crow', but this is bullshit - or rather, ignorant folklorist exegesis. Here's the real gen: a newcomer to a drinking group is invited to join in the game of Crow. Everyone, it is said, will write the name of a bird on a piece of paper, calling out its name as he does so; one person calls out 'Crow', and the one who draws the 'Crow' slip pays for the round of drinks. The slips are drawn out, and each person calls out the name of the bird he has drawn; the newcomer draws his, and gets the 'Crow' - since this is what is written on all the pieces of paper, except the one he put in! This can sometimes be repeated two or three times before the newcomer wakes up - but I almost threw a spanner in the works by suggesting names of birds in New Guinea Pidgin, which no one could remember! I have to admit that I bought two rounds of drinks before I caught on.

119 'dirty slit'. I heard this long ago with first line 'Cunt, o cunt, thou grisly bit' - but did not remember any more.

120 cursing etc. Are you familiar with the Barry Humphries films, comic strip ('The Adventures of Barry McKenzie', in Private Eye) and monologues? These exploit some old Australian curses - may chooks (=chickens) as big as emues kick your shithouse down - and invent some new ones.

...

genl: Do you have a good text of the WW2 song 'Queen Farideax' (to the tune ofthe former Egyptian national anthem? Wannan gives a text on p.95, but I heard it differently:

King Farouk, King Farouk, with his bollocks in a hook,
singing kwaish kwaish kateer, bungaree bar-din

He's the King of all the wogs and the jackals and the dogs,
singing Kwaish kwaish kateer bungaree bar-din.

O Farida, gibbit baksheesh (2)
O Farida, how the boys would ride her,
and the jackals and the dogs and the gyppos and the wogs,
singing kwaish kwaish kateer, bungaree bar-din.

Still on Wannan: He gives a ~~Sweetxxviolets~~ rhyme-suppressing song on page 93, that resembles the one I learnt in primary school:

There once was a farmer who lived by a school
you could tell by his actions he played with his

marbles and skipping with the lady next door;
if you like this little ditty I'll sing you some more.

There once was a lady who swam like a duck
you could tell by her actions she knew how to

do sewing and knitting... ? (by the score)?
if you like this little ditty I'll sing you some more.

There was a young lady who knew ~~xxxx~~ how to knit
while the boys in the cowshed were shovelling up

shavings and sawdust that lay on the floor;
if you like this little ditty I'll sing you some more.

This and other songs of the same type (including 'The Great Big Wheel') would often do a double-bluff at the end, by ~~xxx~~ going into 'Sweet Violets':

(The Great Big Wheel)

Arsole to breakfast she was split,
and the whole fucking issue was covered in

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
covered all over from head to toe,
covered all over in SHIT.

Wannan has something of this type of ending on page 91.

Note also that 'The Wild Colonial Don' on page ~~xxx~~ 119 of Wannan was written by Dr. Robert F. Brissenden. The melody is 'The Airy Bachelor', so Bob tells me.

These few pages are as long as a bawdy monologue themselves. Let me finish then with a short poem of my own, partly on the differential fucking rates of men & women that you often comment on (Don Juan & la moindre fille des batiments):

= Lim Notes 2:625

the poet's epitaph in middle age

If all the girls I ever loved
strewed roses on my tomb
it would make a pretty pile enough (of stuff)
but there'd still be lots of room.

Finally, on the sexual symbolism of numbers - an American friend gave me a new one for 68: it is the response of the normally (or putatively) heterosexual male (note how readily I fall into your style) seeking ~~xxxxxxx~~ homosexual fellatory relief: You blow me and I'll ~~xxxxx~~ owe you one.

Also: B4IYu (RU/16) : Before I root you, are you over 16?

[Error Flynn's quote] (root is Australianism)

ARTHUR J. DEEX
Box 365 Moffett CA 94035
25 August 1990

Dear GL,

Yes, I am eager to dedicate an issue of the newsletter to Don's limericks. We were good friends - he spent a number of days with us on the last leg of his round the world trip. Without an author's name, each limerick occupies six (five plus a blank line) lines so I can get about 9 limericks times two = 18 limericks per page.

And yes, I am ready for more manuscript . . . [nice crisp manuscript].

I don't think I told you that Michael Polo, the guy who sent in OK limericks and sexy art work (mostly nudes) poured gasoline all over himself and lit it off. I've heard that that's what too many limericks will do to a person - and then you go blind . . .

I am enclosing copies of the bibliography & source pages from *TL* and *TNL* with the books I DO NOT HAVE highlighted in yellow.

Cliff Scheiner & I have been trying to back track *The "Wrecks"*. My copy has no title page, but other than that seems to be identical to his. Do you know anything about its history? And whether it and *Reno Wrecks* are really one and the same, or whatever?

Yours,

Arthur

NOTE FOLLOW-UPS FOR HIM IN MARGINS OF BIBL-2; note he has my Zip wrong on computer 60560 Ed. 60560 Jr.

The Limerick:
Yellow-lining = books NOT owned by Deex (1990).

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Anecdota Americana. Being, explicitly, an anthology of tales in the vernacular. Elucidatory Preface by J. Mortimer Hall [*pseud.*] Anecdotes collected and taken down by Mr. William Passemon [*pseud.*] Pen and ink drawings by Anton Erdman. Woodblocks drawn & cut by Bruce MacAile. Printed and published by Humphrey Adams for The Association for the Asphyxiation of Hypocrites, solely on subscription of its members. 'Boston' [New York: Printed by Guy d'Isère for David Moss, 1927]. (2), xxv, 202 p. 8vo.

Limericks at numbers 200, 206, 211, 428, 436, 479, 481. Reprinted [New York, 1928?] with an extra poem, p. 202, beginning "When I was young," and the large phallophoric initial A of the original edition (p. 1) omitted. (Note: The pen and ink drawings attributed here to 'Anton Erdman' are reproduced from a French [1920's] edition of Verlaine's *Œuvres libres.*) Expurgated edition (New York, 1933); reprinted, omitting the Preface (1934); revised as *The New Anecdota Americana* (New York, 1944). The first of these contains nineteen limericks expurgated from 'Falmouth'; the revision contains nine.

Anecdota Americana. An Anthology of tales in the vernacular. Edited without expurgation by J. Mortimer Hall [*pseud.*] Second Series. 500 more. With 37 illustrations. 'Boston: Humphrey Adams' [New York] 1934. 224 p. 8vo.

Limericks at numbers 33, 438, 440-446, 503. Not compiled by the editor of the original series.

Anthropophyteia. See SUSRUTA.